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November
1927

The BOOKMAN

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Florentine Journal
by ARNOLD BENNETT

Mr. Mencken Calls on Me
by UPTON SINCLAIR

Nellie Bloom: A Story
by MARGERY LATIMER

Other Contributors

D. H. LAWRENCE RAY LONG JOHN FARRAR
VALENTINE WILLIAMS HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

And

A Theatrical Department by
ROBERT BENCHLEY

Edited by
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In the Next (the Christmas) Number of

The BOOKMAN

The Alleged Posthumous Writings of Great Authors
by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Even the most sceptical will be attracted by the reasonableness and lucidity with which Sir Arthur discusses the merits of some of the leading claims that writings have been received from authors who have passed on. The authenticated facts and quotations which he adduces are amazing and, by ordinary means, inexplicable. Among the authors treated are Dickens, Jack London, and Oscar Wilde. The result is a study that is no less fascinating as literary criticism than as abnormal psychology.

The Irritating Archangel *by* THOMAS BEER

Bronson Alcott is treated to a little of the close scrutiny which is being given these days to the illustrious dead by the very much alive — and by none with more amusing and penetrating reports than by the author of "The Mauve Decade" and "Stephen Crane".

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The author of "The Worm Ouroborus" and "Styrbion the Strong", who is a distinguished scholar of Icelandic and the Scandinavian literatures, tells how the sagas originated and how they are retold today.

The Real Broadway *by* WALTER WINCHELL

None knows better than the conductor of the column "Your Broadway and Mine" the lowdown on all the rackets of the main-stem. He gives them in an article full of the flavor of America's most famous thoroughfare.

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"Illustrated by Arthur Rackham" *by* ELMIRA F. GROGAN

Of all the books that will be given away this Christmas, probably more will bear the name of Arthur Rackham than of any other single person. This article concerns the artist whose colorful, imaginative, and highly individual work is a part of everyone's Christmas.

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by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

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London Groups and Coteries *by* J. B. PRIESTLEY

The distinguished English essayist and man-of-letters shows how British individualism is reflected in the social life of creative workers, making it quite different from that of other countries.

Business in the American Novel
by CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

By the author of "Bread and Fire". A searching study of the interaction of literature with the major American activity.

The Battle of the Books *by* HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

An account of the book guilds of Germany, from which came the idea of the Literary Guild and the other recent developments in American book distribution that have introduced new factors into the publishing world and raised questions as to its future course.

And Also

ROBERT BENCHLEY'S reviews of theaters and amusements

JOHN FARRAR'S provocative personal department

ARNOLD BENNETT'S Florentine Journal, the second half

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In the BOOKMAN OFFICE

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

MARGERY LATIMER writes us: "I am twenty-eight years old and I was born in Portage, Wisconsin. I went to school in Portage for a very long time and hated every day of it. Then I went for three months to Wooster College. We sang hymns and parsed poetry. Next I went to the University of Wisconsin. I staid for two years, taking only philosophy and literature. Almost everyone assured me that I would never be able to support myself and that I didn't know 'reality'. So I came to New York, went to Columbia, and looked for a job for three months. I got one in the fashion department of The Woman's Home Companion and was fired in six months. I went back to the University as the Zona Gale Scholar. Before that the professors had told me that my mind was too set and determined. I returned in a chaotic and impressionable condition, but they didn't approve of that either. Not one of my questions was ever adequately answered. I hate all schools and book-publishers — but those are the only things I hate. I have two unpublished novels. My first stories were published in The Reviewer through the good offices of Mr. Hergesheimer. Next, several appeared in The Echo, a Denver publication, and then in The Century, New Masses, and Transition. One of my stories is in 'The American Caravan'. I am supporting myself by reading for Brandt & Brandt, typing novels for my friends, and reviewing for The World and The Herald Tribune — when I have a chance. The people who have influenced me are Zona Gale, A. R. Orage and Kenneth Fearing. The writer that satisfies me completely is Euripides."

HELENE MULLINS is a poet who is a frequent contributor to F. P. A.'s column in The New York World and to the magazines. She lives in New York.

DAVID CORT, who is on the staff of Vanity Fair, writes for that magazine and The New Yorker. He is also a contributor to that literary miscellany, "Morrow's Almanack, for 1928". The new edition of Stendhal's "On Love", the starting-point of his article, is published by Boni and Liveright.

A. G. SIMKINS is a painter. He tells us considerable about himself in the record of his experiences published in this issue.

What is perhaps the most interesting fact revealed by ARNOLD BENNETT'S diary is his astonishing capacity for work, and his incredible literary fertility. He can, for instance, write 2,500 words for a novel as fine as "Clayhanger" before breakfast, write a newspaper article before noon, chat with friends at lunch, dash off a few sketches in the afternoon, go to the opera, and set down the record of his activities in a notebook before retiring. This becomes all the more amazing when it is known that he writes manuscript which is a marvel of calligraphy, and that he illuminates the first letter of each chapter in designs of beautiful colors.

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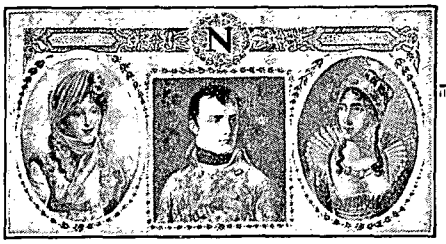

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Foreword by FRANK BRANGWYN

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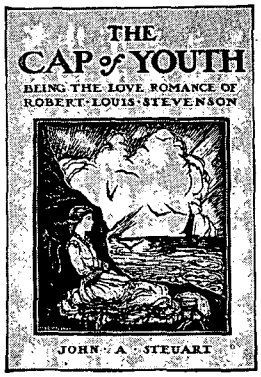

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UPTON SINCLAIR dropped into our office the other day on his way to Boston, where he is gathering material for a novel to be called "Boston" and to be based upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Mr. Sinclair's article, "My Friend George Sterling" in the September issue of THE BOOKMAN aroused a great deal of comment, quotations from which we give below. His peculiar capacity for irritating people by what he writes seems never to desert him, yet personally he is one of the kindest and gentlest of men. When we told him, upon accepting that article, that many readers would find it in bad taste, he replied in his soft and musical voice, "I am used to that. It is too late in life for Upton Sinclair to learn how to be what people consider in good taste".

The caricature of H. L. Mencken is one of a series on literary figures done by WILLIAM H. COTTON. Two of them, on Sherwood Anderson and Thomas Hardy, were reproduced in the September BOOKMAN. Others have appeared in the New York World. Mr. Cotton, who is a portrait and mural painter with caricature as a hobby, is just now abroad.

VALENTINE WILLIAMS is an English writer who is one of the best craftsmen in work of contriving mystery thrillers. His latest mystery novel is "The Eye in Attendance".

WILLIAM GERHARDI, who gives an account of himself elsewhere in this issue, first achieved fame as a very young man with his novel, "Futility", which Mrs. Wharton thought so highly of that she volunteered to give it her imprimatur with a preface. The late Katherine Mansfield, who read "Futility" in manuscript, was also enthusiastic enough about it to get Mr. Gerhardi a publisher.

ARTHUR B. MAURICE needs no introduction to Bookman readers.

GEOFFREY KERR is a frequent contributor to Vanity Fair and other magazines.

DOROTHY PARKER, whose book of verse, "Enough Rope", is that rare thing, a book of poetry that is also a best seller, was recently appointed literary critic of The New Yorker.

DWIGHT CLARKE is a native of California, where lived George Sterling, the subject of Mr. Clarke's anniversary elegy. He lives in Bakersfield.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES is celebrated in many ways but perhaps everybody does not know that he once edited a successful daily newspaper printed in Spanish in Mexico City without knowing twenty words of Spanish; that he did some ghost writing for the late Elbert Hubbard; that he was once a proof-reader on The New York Herald and that while earning his living in that way he wrote the poems contained in "The Shadow-Eaters" which won praise from James Branch Cabell and Remy de Gourmont; that he used to be the late James Huneker's most serious rival in beer-swilling, but he is now a teetotaler and drinks vicariously by writing about the Gargantuan old days; that he holds the world's championship for long-distant words; and that as a movie-title writer he first gave currency to that horrible phrase, "Came the Dawn", though he held his nose and had his tongue in his cheek when he did it.

BERNARD SOBEL started out in life with a very serious purpose — that of educating the boys who wear raccoon coats and the girls who go around with them to hops and football games in the learned precepts of Kant, Schopenhauer, Spinoza and Descartes. He was graduated in philosophy and for a while taught the subject. He saw that he was just wasting his time to little purpose, so threw up the teaching profession and (by degrees) became a press-agent. For some years he has been one of Mr. Ziegfeld's most valued aids in glorifying the American girl. But many a night, with the old nostalgia upon him, he may be found alone in his apartment at the Whitby with his books. And what books! The girls he helps to glorify would never be able to spell them out, let alone pronounce them.

RAY LONG, as the editor of The Red Book, made that periodical one of the most successful business properties in the magazine field, through his ability to develop authors who were still on the make. If not the actual discoverer of such authors as

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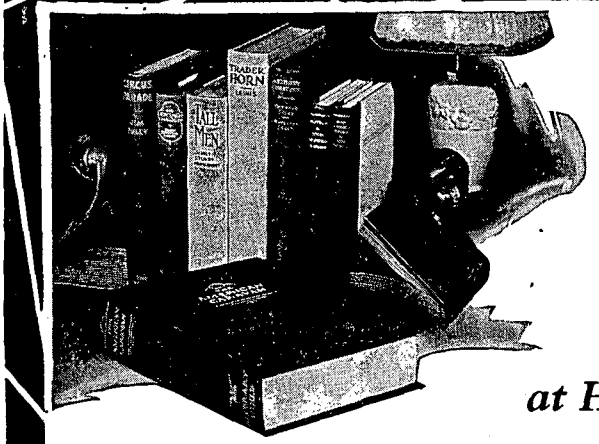

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2. ***Mr. Fortune's Maggot*** by Sylvia Townsend Warner. "There is health in Miss Warner's ink; gaiety, tonic, wit, tenderness, never lacking real power."—Christopher Morley.

3. ***Tristram*** by Edwin Arlington Robinson. And, in addition, *Edwin Arlington Robinson* by Mark Van Doren. "Tristram is a poem such as a poor reviewer dreams of finding once in a lifetime . . . Here is a book that your great grandchildren will know even if you neglect it."—John Farrar.

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5. ***Tall Men*** by James Stuart Montgomery. "It is the method, or style of narration, that entitles "Tall Men" to a place in the ranks of literature."—A. L., Boston Transcript, 8-6-27.

6. ***Circus Parade*** by Jim Tully. "Jim Tully cost me a night's sleep by dropping around and leaving an autographed copy of his new book 'Circus Parade'. I finished it at 5 A. M. . . . it is an enthralling tale."—O. O. McIntyre, syndicated throughout the United States.

7. ***The American Caravan,*** Edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kreymborg, and Paul Rosenfeld. A big 866 page survey of the current literary scene, containing original contributions from seventy modern American writers, including Eugene O'Neill, Witter Bynner, Babette Deutsch, John Dos Passos, Paul Green, Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Louis Untermeyer, etc. Short Stories, Poems, Essays, Plays, Humor, Philosophy, History, Romance—a bit for every mood.

Comment from Members

Greenville, Miss.—"I fancy 'twill be many a day before you send your subscribers a book to rival your first issue, "Anthony Comstock."—O. A. W.

Rochester, N. Y.—"I was so enchanted with my book 'Tall Men,' that I actually forgot the worldly cares. I was really and truly thrilled with the book."—W. E. K.

Cedar Falls, Iowa—'Trader Horn' is surely a find . . . If the Guild didn't publish another book this year, I would feel satisfied with what I now have. 'Trader Horn' is worth a year's subscription."—E. F. S.

U. S. N. Pensacola, Fla.—"I feel almost ashamed to accept all twelve literary gems for such a ridiculously low monetary consideration. How can you do it?"—F. E.

Baton Rouge, La.—"Congratulate you especially on the selection of Robinson's 'Tristram' for the May book. It is almost worth the entire cost of the Guild series and I might otherwise have missed it in the daily rush."—W. B. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"A friend has asked me about joining another book club, and I have advised him to consider your proposition. I have just completed 'Tall Men.' Your selections always please me."—A. R. W.

New York City—"I love the charm and beauty of 'Mr. Fortune and his Maggot.' It is the first time I have read the subject so exquisitely handled—I had to tell you of my happiness that I had the sense to see the golden hours of beauty that lay in the path of the Guild."—E. R.

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James Oliver Curwood, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Zane Grey, and Rupert Hughes, he was the first to give them prominence. His instinct for pleasurable and popular fiction is equaled only by his instinct for artistic design. Mr. Long is now president and editor of Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan, and editorial head of the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, as well as editorial director of all of Mr. Hearst's magazines.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER has for some time been living in England, whence he sends us congratulations on the September BOOKMAN and the pleasant promise that "Doomsday at Weggis" will be followed by other poems.

Old BOOKMAN readers will share our delight that a frequent and favorite contributor, ROBERT BENCHLEY, begins a monthly department in this issue. Many of the sketches and parodies which make his books — including his best-selling latest, "The Early Worm" — the funniest of our day, appeared originally in THE BOOKMAN.

Reviewing the stage is hardly a new activity with Mr. Benchley; he has been doing it for Life since 1920, and before that for Vanity Fair. He has also had an opportunity to observe the ways of the stage from other angles. Several years ago he lost his amateur standing as an actor (previously he had performed on non-professional occasions) by appearing in "The Music Box", and later in vaudeville, giving a humorous monologue.

During the past couple of months he has had still another theatrical experience: the labor and turmoil of helping with the book of a musical comedy. The show is scheduled to open in New York at about the date this number appears; we do not venture to name it, as the frequent changes being made in its title on the road would render that merely guess-work.

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN was the author of the widely-read war book, "Wine, Women, and War", which appeared anonymously. Mr. O'Brien has recently made his home in France, the scene of his present piece, "Uneasy Americans". Rumor has it that circumstances rising out of the personal revelations and "indiscretions" of the war book were among the reasons for his choosing a foreign residence.

Since his prolonged journey around the world — of which his latest book, "Mornings in Mexico", was one of the fruits — D. H. LAWRENCE has been dividing his time between England and his beloved Italy. Incidentally, word has reached us that Lawrence has patched up the quarrel with his fellow Italiophile, Norman Douglas, which provided literary gossip for many months.

His present article is not, of course, his first writing on psychological subjects: several years ago his restless energy and fertile mind took him into this field and resulted in two volumes that roused much comment: "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious" and "Fantasia of the Unconscious".

FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE is of course well known to BOOKMAN readers, through many articles and his compiling of the "BOOKMAN Monthly Score". Government work during the war brought him into contact with Ray Stannard Baker and the Wilson Administration.

DONALD DOUGLAS is an instructor in English at Columbia who of late years has devoted much of his time to creative literature. His latest novel, "The Black Douglas", is earnestly recommended to readers' consideration. It is about an ancestor of his in collateral descent — the famous Scottish hero. Mr. Douglas has spent many months in Scotland visiting the scenes described in his novel. He has just returned from Germany where he was working on a new novel, the nature of which he has not disclosed. His first novel was "The Grand Inquisitor".

MARY GRAHAM BONNER has written numerous books for children, and has written about innumerable quantities of them for New York papers and magazines.

* * *

THEY SAY

In the large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams roused by the September number of THE BOOKMAN (the first under

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John Paul Jones

Man of Action

by Phillips Russell

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"All of his career is well and arrestingly told." (*James Truslow Adams*, (*N. Y. Herald Tribune*)
"A work of high merit combining sound scholarship and genuine research." (*Newark News*)
"A fascinating story from beginning to end." (*Cincinnati Inquirer*)
"A very well written and animated biography." (*New York Times*)
"A major book of its kind. A fine exemplar of what a modern biography should be like." (*N Y. Evening Post*)
"Written sympathetically and interestingly." (*Detroit News*)
"Every navy man should read it for its educational value. It is more interesting than any fiction." (*Our Navy*)
"A very complete picture of John Paul Jones." (*Chicago News*)
"A sympathetic biography and vivid portrait." (*Springfield Republican*)
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the new management and editor) none pleased us more than those that told of difficulties encountered in purchasing copies. The universal experience seems to have been that of finding news-stands sold out on several successive visits. To be sure, we are sorry that would-be readers were inconvenienced; but we cannot help being more glad than sorry that the very large supply to the news-stands still proved inadequate.

We quote, for instance, from a letter from James Melvin Lee, Director of the Department of Journalism, New York University. After expressing his liking for the article "Martial: A Roman Journalist" by Keith Preston, Mr. Lee wrote:

"Last night I asked my newspaper dealer how THE BOOKMAN was going. He said, 'Great! I can't get enough copies to supply the demand. Twice I have had to ask the American News Company to send me extra copies'.

"He said he could have sold twenty-five more copies of THE BOOKMAN."

"I hope I'm not delirious, but it seems to me you have gotten out the finest magazine in (at least) America," wrote Richard Atwater, columnist of The Chicago Evening Post and classicist extraordinary. The concensus in the office was that he was not at all delirious.

Praise is tempered with admonition in this communication from Charles J. Finger, editor of the Fayetteville, Ark., All's Well:

"Your first BOOKMAN is most choice. May you escape the honorable comity of the New York professionals by which there seems to be a sort of too amicable concensus of opinion about things. May there appear some dignified difference of opinion concerning books. May THE BOOKMAN be the one journal in which a man may look without finding himself crushed by a burden of unanimity. May it be a sort of tireless literary explorer. And may it pay. Also may it never become profoundly unreadable because of too many profitless items about writing men and what they like and don't like. And may it realize that there is a vast reading public outside of cities which does not take opinions ready made."

Isa Glenn's letter began excitedly: "A great magazine — in skin and in bone structure! Congratulations! I love the cover; and the size of the pages; and the feel of it in the hand." The odd typing in her letter she explained by saying that she was almost a dead woman from rewriting her new novel, "Southern Charm", in eight days; and added "But I couldn't wait over night to tell you about THE BOOKMAN".

* * *

Discussion of Upton Sinclair's article "My Friend George Sterling" was, inevitably, widespread and ardent, ranging from shouts of jubilation to bitter denunciation. Prohibitionists, of course, were immensely pleased with Sinclair's savage onslaught on the cult of bibbing; while friends of Sterling, equally of course, were shocked at Sinclair's frankness and clamored "bad taste".

The protest of the San Francisco Argonaut was long and strong and eloquent. We take from it its opening and closing paragraphs. It is perhaps worth recording that the rest of the article is devoted to quoting at length the very passages in Sinclair's article to which the paper objects.

"Time was when the critic had reason to apprehend that the repute of Upton Sinclair would not outlive that of Homer; but with his tribute to the memory of his poet friend, George Sterling, in the current issue of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. Sinclair has earned for himself a distinction that should survive the Day of Judgment and which doubtless already stinks beyond the stars.

"It is not within the province or ambition of the Argonaut to pose as guide and lantern to the feet of THE BOOKMAN'S editor. Nevertheless it is within the right and purview of the Argonaut to inquire how did that gifted publicist become so blind to the conventions of good taste and the responsibilities of his magazine as to open its pages to an article wherein the author abjures every sense of decency, every sense of privacy concerning his own and his wife's more intimate affairs, every sense of courtesy to the living, and every sense of respect for the dead. . . .

"No critic can blame Upton Sinclair for

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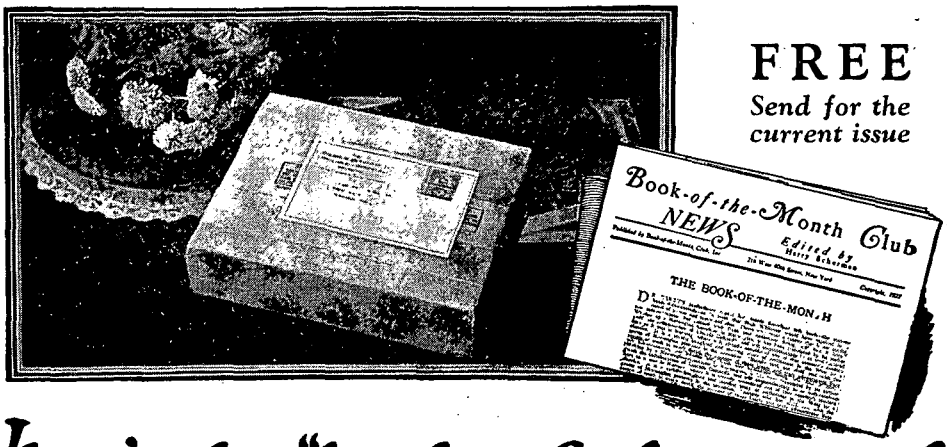

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his lack of understanding in these matters. But any man can deprecate his lack of reticence and pudicity, his offensive yawping over his own virtues as contrasted with the weaknesses of his 'dearest friend', his contemptible yelps at the genius of Ambrose Bierce and the 'place of satyrs', and the abominable vulgarity of this '*In Memoriam*' as a whole.

"In his reference to his own absence of tact, Sinclair places that word between quotation marks as though it were one alien to common usage or concept. Tact and manners are veneers whereby civilization covers and controls the conditions of our naturally savage and brutal instincts. They are as essential to polite literature as to social intercourse. It might be imagined that the editor of THE BOOKMAN, which enters upon a new ownership with the current issue, would have been warned by Mr. Sinclair's quotation of the word 'tact' to weigh with more meticulous care than he has the contribution in which it was thus displayed. His failure so to do has besmirched an otherwise auspicious launching."

* * *

Abbé Niles, than whom there is no greater authority on modern music, writes to us concerning Witter Bynner's poem, "Arthur and Louise", which we published in the September issue:

"Witter Bynner's word as to what constitutes a hokku would be quite good here, but than ain't no blues he sold you. In form it will pass, but if Mr. Bynner will examine the section entitled 'Blues' in 'Fine Clothes to the Jew', he will find that in every one the singer is concerned about himself, his contacts with life or the way they make him feel or the conclusions to which they have led him. I know of no class of verse so utterly and uniformly self-concerned and self-expressive. Frankie and Johnny can musically be put in the same blues pigeonhole, but his words take it out again; it is a story, a ballad, and the poem in your September issue is far closer to Frankie and Johnny than to any blues. I do not mean to deny that one might easily write a blues, but, to go a step further than I have, knowledge of the form and of the above mentioned peculiarity might not put Mr. Bynner in the position to fool, say, Clara Smith."

* * *

As we go to press we receive the following communication from one who describes himself as the "sponsor" of the poetic suite "1909" which appeared in our October number. We can only hope that it will prove more illuminating to our readers than it does to us; so far the only point clear about the whole matter is that the poem is a remarkable one.

"By the bye, so far from Halcyon Van Moere being a pseudonym it is really an antonym; so far from her poetry arising from the 'unconscious' it is in reality a personification of the Objective arising from a keen awareness of the Objective, and these distinctions are identical, inasmuch as the 'Objective' is the antonym of the 'Subjective' of a *personality* for which a pseudonym would merely substitute — not stand. In plainer terms, Halcyon Van Moere is an entity, not a nom de plume, and an entity with a history existent in her diary, her letters, and in the recollections of her two closest friends, which I am assiduously endeavouring to reconcile and combine. The only pseudonymns employed will be those dictated by the strict necessity of symbolising actualities. For instance, 'Scottish Women's Ambulance' is not a real organization, but only the archetype of all British Women's Services, including the Waacs, the Wrens, the V. A. D.s, et al, and the name is chosen for its resemblance to the Scottish Women's Hospitals and the Scottish Women's Motor Transport Corps, which were located in Salonika and Serbia where Miss Van Moere served. And the only mystery in this affair is certainly not in her *identity* but in her *origin*, for I wash my hands of the responsibility for the very labour in which I am at present engaged."

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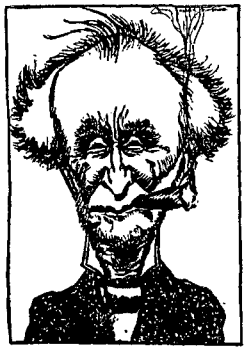

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The competition is without strings or conditions and is open to all newspaper men who, in the course of their daily duty, achieve work that is properly literature even while it is, at the same time, daily journalism.

Every story selected by the jury of awards will be reprinted in THE BOOKMAN, with a statement about its merits by the juror who selected it.

Clippings for November will now be received. The first arbiter will be Paul Patterson. The first prize story will appear in the February issue.

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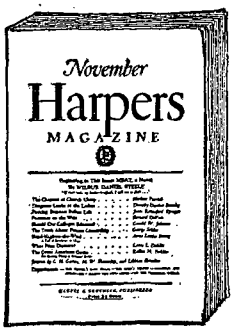

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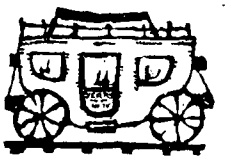

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NOVEMBER, 1927 VOLUME LXVI, NO. 3

The BOOKMAN

NELLIE BLOOM

By Margery Latimer

IN Onnowac we take our summer guests to the band concert on Monday night, to the Dells at Kilbourn on the first bright day, to the glen up in the bluffs, but we always save Sunday for showing the town. We pass the old toll-gate house covered with vines, rotting, its old porch ready to fall, sagging and swaying under glossy leaves and living branches. An old man used to come out and open the gate for ten cents. Sometimes he would run out at noon with his napkin tied round his neck and a pork chop in one hand. Ten cents in his brown wrinkled hand and the creaky gate would swing open. Click-click-click and the wheels would spin down the road. "Mother, I saw a red-winged blackbird. Teacher said we should tell her every bird we saw. Papa, let me drive. Please, Papa, you promised. Mother, aren't we to Nellie Bloom's yet?"

I said that when I was eleven years old, and I used to say it every time we went out to drive. My grandmother had told me about Nellie sliding down Puffer's hill in the winter. My father had added some detail about her in church. My mother had said sharply that Nellie had always had a big dejected look in her eyes from the time she was born, as if she considered herself selected for especial misfortune.

This time I had come back to Onnowac sad and desolate and when I walked down the canal road and remembered how I had once looked for birds in the marsh grass I grew sadder and wept a little for myself as I walked along. I thought of Nellie Bloom as I passed the old Bloom place there near the church with the triangle of fruit trees in back of the house and the stone wall. The sun shone on the bright bay-windows and the fluted trimmings where sparrows had untidy nests. I looked up and saw queer little cornices and peaks at the top of the house. I imagined they were candles.

But suddenly Nellie Bloom was there among the blooming plants, the porch boards creaking under her light slippers, her sad face bent. There was no time between us, no space. I knew from the arch of her shoulders and her color that we were sharing the same tortured melancholy. But I was flattering myself, as young people will, when I thought that I was sharing anything with Nellie Bloom who had died forty years before. But forgive me, because the world was too much for me then. I had met only my picture of it. I was lonely and full of shrinking.

I stopped at Mrs. Alverson's window to ask her about Nellie Bloom. "What did she

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look like? Why did she die? What is the real story?"

Mrs. Alverson is eighty-one and she went to Nellie's christening and to her funeral and to Grandma Sweeney's. I had never heard about Grandma Sweeney before. She told me about Mr. and Mrs. Nimmons. I've always known them. Mr. Nimmons is president of the bank and Mrs. Nimmons is president of the Ladies' Aid. They seem to be quiet and kind, not at all the sort that you could imagine anything romantic or sinister about, just plain, well-dressed people who lead in prayer and whose son is in college and rides a motorcycle.

She showed me Nellie Bloom. She tried to describe how she looked as she lay in a low hammock hung between a flowering plum and an apple, how white her skin was against the sheer lavender of her gown and how black her hair as it poured down over head and ear into a dense coil held with a comb. And she described the narrow black ribbon with the locket, and the feet, one above the other at the end of the hammock, and she tried to explain what was pathetic about those crossed feet.

"We all felt sorry for Nellie when it happened and we took sides against the Nimmonses but they're good people, too, and I guess they couldn't help it. They've never missed at church and they've lived it all down."

"But what about Nellie?"

"We can't keep on being sad for someone dead forty years."

She went back with her voice and brought me Grandma Sweeney and I saw the strange old creature with her hair like a gray silk cap on her head and her forehead in three deep ridges. Her eyes stared out as if they were looking at something the mouth cannot name and yet which cannot die.

"That winter Grandma's youngest boy broke his head open coasting. And in a short time she buried her husband too. But he was no good. I remember him sitting out near the wood-shed in the sun, winter and summer, with that old pipe of his and his feet up and his hat down. Grandma was taking in washing, mind you. We felt glad when the old fellow passed on and she could put something by for herself. Then she started nursing. They called her in the night Nellie fell back on the parlor carpet and they took her for dead. It's my private opinion Grandma kept that girl alive for six years."

I closed my eyes and I saw Nellie Bloom coasting down Puffer's hill with one cautious foot scraping the snow, her face deep in fur, her eyes looking up and out over the rise and fall of hill to a forest beyond the river. I looked into her eyes, beyond the astonishment of her flying sled on blue snow, the cries and flashing runners, to the deep and tender distress that she held for herself. Then it was summer and I was Nellie walking home from school in a slim white dress. Dark curls warmed my shoulder and the strapped books were heavy in my warm, tired hands. For an instant I could feel the scraping of a garter and a little ache in my flesh where it rubbed the skin. You must understand that this unhappiness of mine, and it was much worse than anything that ever happened to me in the real world, made me want to be another person, made me Nellie Bloom the instant I heard she had suffered. And because I could not live my own life just then I lived hers. I became Nellie Bloom plus myself. I imagined it all and felt it and struggled through her misery and it seemed to me that she had not died and that she would never die.

And now listen to the story that Grandma Sweeney told Nellie after the sad thing happened. Can you hear her voice? Can you hear her saying, as if she were in this room: "There was a crowd of crazy men went into the desert and called themselves the self-tamers because they thought they should be something better than beasts. They called their instincts the wild beasts and they tried to tame them and make them useful to themselves. Think of those poor fellows leaving their own to go off and die like that!"

And Nellie had a long time to see herself as a self-tamer, six years, and she was lonely enough to have her instincts come out in many forms. But see her now before any of these things had happened to her, just a thin girl with a bent head and white arms bowed in her lap. See her saturated with youthful sadness, her eyes big and stark

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with pity for herself. Now watch Dorr Nimmons just come to town in a smart straw hat, a big handsome man, rather careless looking, with a paternal manner and darting eyes. There is the market square all crowded with people, girls in white dresses, men with canes tied with ribbons. It is Fair-time. Now — clash! bum-bum, and the band master waving his stick, one hand on his hip.

In the shadow of an elm you can see Nellie and Dorr. Groups of girls drift up and form a white circle of lifted heads while Dorr smokes and assumes that he has heard better bands in his young life. Now watch them walking home, pushing through crowds of farm boys and excited girls waving balloons, Dorr making his way deftly like a city person with Nellie's white hand holding his sleeve, her hair heavy on her neck and her pale green skirt blowing in the night-wind. The wedding announcements have all been sent. The wedding gown is to be fitted for the last time next week. Nellie is to be the wife of Dorr Nimmons.

Here is Bird Brill come down from the city to be maid-of-honor. She is small and plump and her face looks even brighter and more alert because of the smart hat with quills. Slippers like Bird's have never before been seen in that town, the young girls keep bothering Mr. Hogan and Mr. Beard to death trying to find some like Bird's. But there are none like them. There is Bird running down to the corner to meet Mr. Bloom and put her arm through his and look up affectionately, dazzlingly, into his kind face.

The day the organ-grinder flapped down the street like a straw man, his monkey grinning and grinding his teeth, Bird ran out and danced in the dust in front of little boys, the ice-men on the dripping wagon, and Louis Rasmussen, a good-for-nothing loafer with a hunched back. Inside the house Mrs. Bloom was beside herself, folding her handkerchief into a small bundle, putting her hands on her neck, whispering to herself. Finally she rushed to Nellie.

"A big girl like her. It's indecent. I won't have it. Oh, rolling over the lawn! Exposing herself and people stopping!"

Nellie ran down to her friend, afraid to disobey her mother, yet sensitive on Bird's account. She shielded the girl's legs from the street and smiled at her timidly. "Won't you come to the dressmaker's with me, Bird?"

"Oh, listen, when I get married my husband simply has to buy me a monkey and take me to Europe."

Twenty minutes late at the dressmaker's and Miss Gunther particularly uppish when city people come to look at her work, tart and cold with pins in her mouth and a pencil stuck through her hair.

"Those sleeves aren't right Miss — Miss Gunther. Those sleeves aren't right. Oh, Nell, your dress will be ruined if your sleeves aren't right. Darling, they must be right. Oh, Miss, see there, you're missing the whole style of the thing. Put that pleat this way — not that way — like this — do you see?"

Miss Gunther unpinned the wedding gown and folded it in an old newspaper. Then she went into the kitchen and slammed the door.

When Nellie got home she lay down on her bed without crying or speaking, like a stone, until her mother came up with some warm milk and then Bird fluttered in, the folds of her smart taffeta waist like bird-wings. Nellie must go to her dressmaker. She must go to-morrow. She must have the gown refashioned so that it would have style. Bird went to the telephone and made the arrangements while Nellie lay powerless and Mrs. Bloom wiped her red, peaked nose.

Hear the tremendous rush of steam, the sound of iron wheels, the frightening speed. Watch Nellie get on. Now the train is moving, now the last moment has come and her eyes are suddenly terrified, then blank. Nellie with a big box of candy held against her and the long line of coaches pulling past Dorr and Bird.

They walk away very slowly. Dorr is so tall that Bird has to look up at him sideways and dart looks from under her quills. Now she dances on impeccable, mysterious slippers in front of a gawkish paper-boy. Now she puts her hand on Dorr's arm and whispers to it and tries to take long steps to match his. Suddenly her bright face grows pale and she buries it in his sleeve.

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Can you see them that evening under vines on the Bloom porch? Can you hear Bird suggest a walk to the river and does her kiss sound cool as she stoops over Mr. and Mrs. Bloom? And now by the dark water under trees, Bird half lying against the man, gives a tiny cry. "What can I do? I love you, Dorr."

Nellie came back with her gown repaired. They tried to tell Nellie, they showed her the wistful note, but Nellie's blood turned to pain and burned those arms that had held Dorr, burned the breasts that he had kissed and the white neck where the vague little curl lay, rushed like a burning storm through the long limbs under stiff silk. Her blood burned and moved and poured through that head that had seen herself as Dorr's bride, miserable for fear she had not enough to give or would not know how, breathless for fear she might somehow prove too good for Dorr and some of his ways, even though she felt humble now. Blood washed those images of herself in his arms, melted in love, joined to him forever, to his arms and his mouth and his legs, joined to him for always, always his from that instant. Blood brought the face of Bird before her and her whole body turned to fire and burned it, burned it into dust, that happy face, those hands, the little quills near her ear. And now her head tightened with iron bands and the back of her neck throbbed and she tried to speak but her nose twitched and she closed her eyes. She tried to drag up words that would express her desolation but she had no words and she sat down on the floor and put her head on her knees and those straight legs turned to wood and wood spread upward, cool and inescapable, and all those dreams that blood had washed went down beyond her reach.

They took her into the spare room and she lay like a corpse, her hair covering the pillow, her face blank and dead white. Grandma Sweeney came, setting her feet down hard. "Wake up, Nellie!"

Nellie covered her face with her hair and pressed her white hands on it. "Let me die," she said. "I'm all alone and it's dark. I've always been alone."

"Girl, he wasn't the one for you. I've had two; I know." She looked down at the floor. "God, God," she said. "Get something in your stomach, Nellie. Get your legs going or next thing you'll be the town invalid."

"I want to go where it's deep and black in the ground. I want to be planted like a flower, and never be a person any more."

"I'll bet," said grandma Sweeney.

"When I was little I was always the one to get hurt."

"Nellie, can you feel my arms? I've got hold of you as tight as I held him that night of the accident."

"No."

"Nellie, is this body all there is of you? Can you walk out as you would from the tomb? Can you step into daylight and leave that dark place, Nellie?"

Then Nellie was out every day, walking along with Grandma Sweeney at a pace that made the minister speak to Mr. Bloom about it one evening after choir practice. "Really, Bloom, really, really. . . ." But he discovered that Mr. Bloom had been hypnotized by the old woman because he insisted with tears in his eyes that Grandma Sweeney had brought Nellie from the grave with her own strength. No one could shake Mr. Bloom's faith and it began to anger people. Gussie Jorns started the story that Nellie was hypnotized, too, and that when she was alone she didn't walk so fast nor so far. "I knew it wasn't natural," they all said solemnly. "Nothing spectacular like that is lasting. Poor little Nellie always was a sickly one." Then Grant Nimmons died and left his place to Dorr. Dorr and Bird came home.

"What if I meet them?" cried Nellie to Grandma Sweeney. "Where could I look?"

"Straight at them," said the old woman. "They're people too."

"I can't — I'll die."

You can imagine that the people in Onnowac waited for that meeting, secretly hoping that Nellie would prove herself no stronger than any of them, half hoping that she would fade into death appropriately. They watched her as carefully as they did Mrs. Bolten who was pregnant for the first time and insisted that it was one thing to be brave when Dorr Nimmons was away but another thing to face him with Bird. They snubbed Mrs. Nim-

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mons, taking sides with Nellie, and were humiliated to find that the woman didn't need them for her parties. "I guess Dorr's got his hands full," they would say as the Nimmons's motor went past to meet a group of city guests, "I guess he got what was coming to him."

At that time, usually in the morning when pigeons were making their soft coo on the roof, Bird would think of her friend and the shy affection that had been between them and then she would grow sad and confused and tears would come into her eyes but she could not imagine her life without Dorr and she knew deep in her that Dorr had been meant all the time for her and that it had been planned, perhaps in heaven, that Miss Gunther should make a mistake in the sleeves of Nellie's dress.

But she saw her friend's face sometimes, sometimes she held it in her hands and looked down into those eyes and then she would want to rush to Nellie's house and make her understand that Dorr had been hers from the beginning and that Nellie's real love would come sometime. And Dorr rejected the church of his fathers and went to the Methodist church and said that their children would have to grow up Methodists, that it couldn't be helped. He met Mr. Bloom once and the old gentleman gravely took off his hat and said, "How do you do, my boy". He saw Mrs. Bloom hurrying out of the grocery but she lowered her sharp face and her red, peaked nose and Dorr felt less guilty that night about Nellie. But he always remembered Mr. Bloom's grave, "How do you do, my boy", and it made him want to explain to the man because he was sure he would understand.

Imagine now a bright Palm Sunday with a clear hard sky and bells ringing. Imagine you are Nellie Bloom passing a little German church. Look up and you will see the procession, the girls in stiff white dresses with sashes and white silk gloves, white slippers; the boys in black with red cheeks and blunt-toed button shoes. The bell ringing, other bells, then the church doors closing behind the last stumbling boy, and organ music slowly rising and pouring out. And as the sounds filled Nellie's ears and the clear air rushed through her, she hurried into church and when they stood up to sing music came out of her as if she were rising from the dead and from her feet she felt herself rise and although she knew her body had not changed it seemed to her that her flesh, her hips, her shoulders, were pushing up, up, and she was all alive like something growing. And when she left the church for the first time she looked at people and spoke to them as if she had no fear of what they said or thought of her and as she passed through the drowsy, nodding groups and touched hands and brushed shoulders, she felt that they were all alive and pushing, like plants or trees, and that if they sang together the sound would carry through the whole world, through the deep earth to China, and it seemed to her that everywhere people had risen from the dead and were about to sing.

She walked down the street smiling, her face lifted, her arms swinging in strange, rhythmic lightness, and all people seemed to be one great moving body, and she walked and walked up the hill to Dorr Nimmons's house and rang the bell. The maid led her into the parlor and raised one of the shades so that sun sifted in over the Brussels carpet and threw a pattern of the lace curtain on the floor. There were the souvenirs from Niagara and Saratoga and the plaques painted by Bird when she was in Miss Sydney's school. And Nellie grew smaller and smaller as she waited, felt herself shrinking down to a pygmy with big eyes and a frightened mouth, and then Bird came into the room on impeccable slippers, a burst of pleats opening at her knees like foam, her white fingers laid together. They looked at each other and they were back where they were before they met Dorr, they were two girls whispering to each other shyly, smiling, half crying, letting their eyes mix. They sank down on the horsehair sofa like feathered people, soft and strange, and then Dorr came in. He stood in the doorway, tall and grave, his cheeks flushed and his eyes frightened. Nellie's bright, lifted face smiled into his and suddenly he was on his knees with his head in her lap.

Bird's mouth still held the tender friend-

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smile for Nellie but her eyes were on her, hard and cold, and her fingers picked at the fluted silk in her cuffs. And Nellie's lifted, smiling face seemed like a mask when Dorr got up and walked to the window, his hands behind him. She finally said, "Wasn't it a hard winter?" and flushed, thinking they might misinterpret it, and suddenly inducing a tone of polite exclamation she cried, "I think your souvenirs are lovely! I wish I could go to Niagara."

And then she wanted to sink to the floor because they must not think that she envied them or had shed tears over their elopement and they must not dream that she was forlorn again and desolate. So she told them something about the new addition her father was adding to the house so that they could see that her father was rich, too, and so that they could recall his respectable face and remember that she was his daughter. And then she said that before long she was planning to go abroad. "Not for long," she said casually, "but I think it will amuse me for a time."

She got up and shook hands, using that tender smile and uplifted-face look at them both, and she urged them to come and see her but as she walked down the steps she felt her heart pound, "I hate them, I hate them, I hate them. I hope they die. I hope their house burns". And the pain from hate rose thick in her eyes as if she could never shut it out and she felt a shadowy voice in her curse them, invite horrible disasters, and she saw fire take their house and burn them until not even their bones were left, until even the ashes were gone.

And out in the clear air, in that season when all was to rise from the dead, among the early spring sounds and smells, she walked as if she were burning to death. She passed the little brown church and the memory of the morning, the bells, the singing, the clear air, hung all formed and complete above her but she could not bring it back. She could see the girls in their stiff white dresses, the button-shoed boys, and she could imagine the bell clanging and fat country people hurrying around the corner of the church, but none of it meant anything to her, it was like a picture.

And then she remembered herself walking to Dorr's house and she shook with horror as if she were recalling an ugly, incredible dream. The smart details of Bird's dress smote her and she decided that Bird had won him through a trick, that her clothes always made her more than she was. But no pleasure came from these thoughts and suddenly the morning seemed like a shameful dream that she must forget, and then like a miracle that could never happen again. Pity came into her throat and terror rose in her eyes and ears as she walked fast to Grandma Sweeney's house by the marsh.

Make them die. Make them die. Oh, God, burn them slowly into dust and when their child comes hang it in front of them and let it burn before their eyes as they burn and let them hear its screams and see its tiny feet curl and its hands wave in torture. Let their house burn and all that is in it and never let anyone speak of them again on this earth except to curse them. Make this happen on an Easter day when all should be rising from the dead, make them lie for three slow days and nights until even their ashes are gone. Let the fire start in their bones and burn outward and let them be conscious of all their pains, even at the end when they are in their last particles. God, destroy then that last spark that cannot be destroyed so that no trace of them can remain on this earth and they may know that they are out forever.

Nellie in Grandma Sweeney's little house by the marsh walking up and down in her new Palm Sunday clothes, walking up and down in the house that is empty now and falling gradually into the swamp where frogs sing at dusk and smoke from the railroad yards spreads and falls into the dry cat-tails and marsh grass. Grandma Sweeney, her forehead in its three deep ridges, in her eyes that which cannot be named or destroyed, has not spoken or coughed or smiled. She looks at Nellie as she stands before the little mirror looking gauntly at her strange hot cheeks, her burning eyes and the new Palm Sunday hat trimmed with bunches of wheat. She sees her stand back farther and look at the broadcloth suit made by Onnowac's best tailor, noting the careful commonplace lines, the beautiful stitching. And she sees Nellie

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fling away from the mirror and stand in the middle of the floor, her hands on her throat, saying softly, "I would like to tear Bird's clothes to pieces with my teeth. I'd like to get that black dress and rip it in my mouth and hear it splitting in every seam". And she walked to the wall and stood with her face against it.

God, destroy that last spark that cannot be destroyed so that they may know that from that instant their lives are out forever and that they may not even be earth that gives its life to plants and trees and can feel the soft bodies of lovers lying upon it and feel warm fruit falling in its grass and feel rain stir its substances. Put them out forever on that day when all should be rising from the dead.

And then Nellie ran to Grandma Sweeney who had not spoken and her breasts touched the old woman's knees and she reached up and put her hands on the brown cheeks and pressed them, looking into the eyes. "It's me that's going to die," she said, "not them."

She sank down then and laid her strange fiery cheek on Grandma's knee and breathed slowly. As her eyes glanced at her white hands and her stiff new Palm Sunday suit they got big with horror but she said nothing and there were no tears on her face. She put her hand to her head as if she must cool it, comfort it in some way, and then she shaded her eyes as if she were looking off into the distance and must see the farthest object in space and she took off her new hat with the wheat and pressed her hair behind her ears as if she must listen to sounds that had been made in time by people living and dying, and then she listened to the breathing that had moved in time and she heard it like a vast painful moaning. She sank lower, she lay bent over her own knees, no tears on her face, no trembling in her body.

"They went into the desert because they thought they should be something better than wild beasts. They named their violences panther, lion, zebra, snake. They tried to tame them so that they could live together in one body. They fought there in the desert for that one thing."

Suddenly Nellie lifted her face. "He gave me something of himself and it's still in me. I know all his bones. I know his eyes and the way they look out at me. I can hear him breathing at night. What do I do with all that? Where can I put it? Do I say to myself, 'Your real intended will come sometime', and crochet tidies for the backs of chairs? I'm the one he loves. He was tricked away from me." She stood up. "I'm going to his house now and find out what he's going to do about it."

But Nellie walked home along that street past the scraggly orchard and the marsh where I have walked night after night, hurt and frightened, the tissues of my false world bleeding in me, my head hot and strange with visions. I have walked along the brick walk where Nellie went that day and only last week the Nimmons's heir came riding his motorcycle like mad up the cemetery road. It seems strange that he should ride past her grave on that outrageous machine of his and never know that Nellie Bloom wanted Dorr Nimmons's child, that in her were seeds waiting to be fed so that they might grow and make her heavy with life. What did I know of Nellie Bloom and that wish of hers? I was a young girl in my twenties, crazy with hundreds of headfancies, unconscious of the vast power for happiness in the body, in the womb, in the hands that press a face, in the earth, itself, where all things live and grow.

And what did I know of her sensations on Easter day, a week after she had cursed them until her blood turned black in her body, that Easter morning when she went to her window and looked out into spring coolness. Could I know the angelic brightness that came through her and out on her face or the way she lifted her arms and began to sing as she had sung that Palm Sunday morning in church? But I saw her suddenly run down stairs, I heard her sing on that Easter day as she took the armful of roses intended for her parents up the hill to the Nimmons's place. I followed her down that warm street and the brightness that was in her made her look on everyone, made those eyes look in as if they were on the pain, the secrets, the fallen dreams. I saw her standing on the porch, massed hair shining above pale cheeks,

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cool roses touching her chin. And now you must be Nellie Bloom in the Nimmons's parlor, holding out the flowers to Bird and Dorr. You must be Nellie as she was at that instant, washed clean of memory and all the darkness that had been done to her and that she had done.

"How perfectly beautiful!" cried Bird in her guest voice.

"It's a fine Easter day," said Dorr and creaked his new shoes.

"I like Easter in a small town," said Bird more informally, her voice a delicate peeping.

And then a quietness came upon them. It was as if the room were full of doves flying slowly, their bodies brushing. It was as if the small lost voice of each had risen higher and higher until the room was filled with voices never before heard. It rose straight, without effort, above the village bells that began to ring and the feet that scraped the walk outside.

And what did I know of Nellie Bloom and Bird and Dorr in that moment or Nellie, five years from that day, Nellie five years older, her body of seeds aching, her mind big enough now to understand the terror of her body's starvation. How could I, young and scornful, holding to the roots of my unreal world, know anything of Nellie Bloom on that warm summer night, sitting with her chin on her arms in the open window by the Japanese plum, her mind on Bird Nimmons who had at last come ripe with child?

In those five years she had struggled to hold to their self- ubstance instead of the grim figures of h r imagination. She had suffered humility and then superiority, and again she would suddenly loathe them or they would have no meaning for her, they would be like pictures on the wall. And again she would boast to them of something her parents had done or buy some smart garment, faintly hoping under her conscious thoughts that it might torture Bird with its slim smartness. But always on her face was the friend-smile and in her hands, no matter what she felt, lay the friend-substance that she wished to give them. And occasionally it pleased her to see that Bird could not keep up the strain of this companionship and that lines were coming near her little mouth and at those times a big happiness would rise in her like an actual shawled body rising from mud, smoothly dripping. And many times when Dorr was no longer beautiful to her, she could feel him straining toward her, she could hear him saying under his ribs, "You are the one I love. My life with her is hell". And it pleased her then to rise smiling and hold out her cool hand in farewell.

But that night in summer, five years after the Easter day when they had met each other nakedly without the distortions of imagination and violence, that night she knew that Bird's womb was about to be fulfilled and in front of her eyes she saw that grow monstrous. And all the life that she thought was dead rose in her to curse them while she sat helpless, struggling occasionally to say "I love them", while her mouth pulled down with scorn and loathing. And she walked up and down her room as if she had something rotten inside her that she must dig out, and she struggled with that muddy figure of happiness as if it were actual and could be met in combat. Finally she sat down on the floor and pressed her head into the bed, whispering to it, "I love them — I love them", but all through her and about her were little spirals of laughter, fine and bright as coiled wire.

The baby was over a year old before she went to see it. She went up to the porch and then stopped to see if pain would rise so strongly that she could not go in, but no pain came, only shyness, and when she saw Bird she kissed her on the cheek and for a second she saw the three of them as they had been on that Easter day when they had risen from the dead. The same smile was on her face but inside her it was different, inside her was the darkness and stupor of death and the gestures of death that go through movements without meaning. She forgot about the baby and kissed Bird again. She inquired about Dorr and his business and the new bird-bath in the garden.

When Bird excused herself she looked at the new carpet and the smart hangings at the windows. She recalled the subtle arrangement of tucks in Bird's frock and then began wondering about the new cement walk that was being put in on Main Street past

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the library. She heard Bird come into the room and she was conscious that something lay soft and heavy in her lap but she was also aware of not noting these things or commenting on them. She told Bird that it would be a good thing if they would put in cement walks all over town.

"Father is on the committee and he's very anxious to put the thing through. He used to be mayor, you know, and they all respect him. He has a lot of influence but I doubt if the city will go into debt even for such important improvements."

"I know," said Bird, her eyes twinkling. "Aren't people stupid about things."

"Yes, they are. Father says that during his term as mayor he was up against all the vices of mankind. He was simply helpless."

"Don't be so hard on them," said Bird softly.

Nellie looked around the room strangely and then down at the child in her lap. "Oh, God," she said faintly and stood up but Bird had her baby in her arms before it fell.

That evening when Grandma Sweeney got home from old lady Anderson's she found Nellie sitting with her back against the wall staring at the sea-shell door-stop. It is said that her face was stiff and terrible and that when she struggled to speak it was as if her throat was frozen. She looked up at Grandma Sweeney but she did not try to talk and no tears came into her eyes but she put her hands often between her breasts as if there was something there she wanted to tear out and throw on the floor. And after a time she got up and walked back and forth, her hands on those strange, fiery cheeks, and she kept clearing her throat as if she were trying for the last time to force herself to say that she loved them but her throat must have been frozen because her eyes stood out from her head as if she were dumb.

And once she sat down on the floor and looked at her body in horror, at her legs and arms, in such a strange lonely fashion that Grandma Sweeney suddenly crowded her into her lap and they sat there without speaking as it grew darker and darker and the lights of Onnowac went out one by one. The night train came through with its monstrous churring and screaming but Nellie did not sigh or speak but lay there against the old woman. When it grew colder and the darkness was thick like felt around them, Nellie pressed her cheek against Grandma Sweeney's and put her arm around her neck. But she made no other sound or movement all through the night.

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I Will Love Apollo

By Helene Mullins

Now again he sees me stir in my slumber,
He the proud, the glorious god Apollo.
Strange and dear, he stands like a golden vision,
  Lighting my threshold.

Day on day he waits for me to awaken,
Waits to lay his great, bewildering beauty
Like a crown upon my poor and unworthy
  Half-fainting spirit.

I will love the glorious god Apollo,
Rise, and leave the sight of these crape-hung chambers,
Rise, and walk the paths of the sun, forgetting
  How one has hastened,

Gay and young, with all of my love upon him,
Down to seek the queen of a thousand lovers.
Let his eyes be closed on me now forever;
  Let her, the deathless,

Lean above him, kissing him and anointing
Breast and brow that I forget and relinquish.
Let her voice be sweet for him and her beauty
  Be as a baneful

Drug for all of the griefs he still possesses,
Lest one thought of me be mixed with a sorrow
Coiled about his heart that bravely surrenders
  Love to a goddess.

Let him need no thought of one who arises,
Proud and dazed, to take the love of Apollo,
Eyes upon the hyacinth and the laurel,
  Fearless and grateful.

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THE UNDYING GLIMMER

or, A Disparagement of Love; With Some Modern Applications of Stendhal

By David Cort

AMONG human antics, love has drawn to itself the most pretentious legend of all. In gross verbiage it by far exceeds the legend of war, although oddly it has never been celebrated as the single theme of an epic of literature of the first order. Whereas the battle-theme has persisted from the Iliad and Aeneid, "*La Chanson de Roland*" and Siegfried to "The Red Badge of Courage" and "Revolt in the Desert", the legend of love has been augmented either by brief lyric ecstasies, as by Sappho, or by rivers of treacle, as by present-day American magazines. The subject is not, of course, congenial to the epic treatment. Perhaps it is impossible to use love otherwise than as motivation, as in "Romeo and Juliet". Perhaps, by a native shyness love "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up" to two-volume dimensions. The latter hypothesis the present writer ventures to doubt: there have, for one thing, been too many bad books, great with dullness, that have advertized love without the fault of excessive compression.

One exception to this hardy generality obtrudes itself. Stendhal's "On Love", recently re-published, is the most famous, exhaustive and inspired presentation of one opinion of the famous aberration by a famous aberrant. It may serve as a formal pretext — where none, it seems, sadly enough, is ever needed — to present an opposed opinion. Stendhal, one gathers in those ingratiating pages — ingratiating as are the winning vanities of a superior fool — loved love. He loved it so well and he looked so long and so fondly into its face that he often found something original to say of it. The present writer will not be so fortunate. The present writer finds it a singularly unlovely face to have played arson with so many topless towers in this age and that. Yet those who have surrendered to the infatuation have rarely felt shame. With or without benefit of Stendhal's commendation they have made of a weakness a virtue, of a deadly visitation a divine (or carnal, it is all one) dispensation. They even pretend to make an art of a necessity. Stendhal was the high priest in the accomplishments of this disarming impudence.

The legend is an impressive one but the emotion itself remains, to one mind at least, in the last analysis unimpressive. An ingenious propagandum asks us to draw a conclusion from the fact that beasts and savages do not know the emotion of love, that it is an invention of civilized man. Hence, by easy stages, we are led to the *sequitur* that the more we love, the more civilized we are. Doubtless that is so, but the adjective is not always or unqualifiedly complimentary. Rheumatism and Bright's disease are failings peculiarly the property of civilized man, but they have yet to be indicated as the proofs of a high state of sensibility. If love is to be laid at civilization's door there is no good enough reason why we should not bracket it with those others of civilization's foundlings, such as, let us say, flat feet, suicide waves, crime, introspection, bad poetry, and the motion pictures, rather than with the Olympic games, a low birth-rate, the Greek language, Shakespeare and Beethoven. There is no good reason why we should classify it anywhere, but the present writer is incensed: the opposition has been *too* arrogant, these precious fellows must be taken down. . . .

With this objective, the appropriate method would seem to be to establish love among those affairs which we call, in accord with an instinct on which it is difficult to rationalize, "second-rate" — that is, low, foolish, ignoble, puppyish, unmanly, degrading, unworthy, senseless. We shall have

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done this if we can discover a few of the bases, the mainsprings, the vapors in the human heart, from which, with a few others, and manifold variations and cross-qualifying combinations of them all, love is begotten. Let us permit our worst witness to be our first.

Prejudice of Puritans. The respectable and secure, the busy and matter-of-fact, hold love and lovers in ignoble estate. Love itself is to them largely ridiculous, a little disgusting, and a topic to be avoided. The burghers think of lovers as wantons and pomaded fops, preoccupied with matters of which decent people habitually try not to think. It is possible to discredit this severely-held opinion by examining more closely the way by which it is arrived at, but that is not our interest here.

Lovers of Love. We go on, rather, to a superior stratum of intelligence and humanity where this prejudice is inverted, where love is the most delicious subject in the world, where the loved and loving are envied and respected. The amiable and understanding citizens of this *milieu* take a vicarious pleasure from the radiantly unhappy faces of the blessed. "The dears," they say and pass on, remembering their own last love or speculating on their next. In the worst of love-poetry they find a little good, if a line reminds them of a stale emotion. They reread their love-letters whenever they think of it. Certainly there is no harm in all this. One would not wish to blight these simple joys. But for you and me, let us assume for the purposes of this article that that is not enough. We would wish to inspect in greater detail our simple joys.

Uxorious Vegetables. As we do, we are astonished to find something, perhaps accidentally, admirable in the prejudices of the Puritans. They have refused, for whatever reasons, to accept the fiction that love is an ennobling emotion, that it translates bored clods into transiently transfigured gods, that it gives its vassals unaccustomed strengths, constancies, resource. The rumor is as far as possible from the fact. Unless he has gone completely putty-brained, a lover is more loyal with his dentist than with his lady. If he is honest with his lady, she may know that he is at once too sure of her and careless of her feelings. He is as likely as not to desert her when she needs him most, if she is inconsiderate enough to need him for unromantic reasons. Nothing is more despicable than a rejected lover. His vitals are torn with vague and mysterious convulsions and he is compelled by a force that is more insistent than any code to every sort of low blackguardism. As for wit and resource, his intelligence is in a continual state of numb or rosy atrophy, of despair or of bliss. Never in life has he the idiom of a Bergerac. He scarcely knows what he is feeling. He could not imaginably describe it prettily. He is in every way the most useless of men, to the world or to himself. He is without will or mind or energy. He is the wave that ceaselessly, dully, without variation, caresses the stone. The highest happiness is for him, not action or thought, but, in a strict sense, a state of being. And not only has a man in this state no social utility, but he is in a condition least likely to awaken love. Except in special circumstances, the unlikely does not happen.

The Pearl and the Swine. A part of the legend that is particularly trying to the realistically minded is the delusion that lovers find in one another the qualities of nobility that are overlooked by the uncharitable world. Actually and perversely infatuation cherishes and hangs upon the least noble qualities. The common and pitiful ruse to reconcile this fact (which no one can for long ignore) with the superstition is to be seen in the aphorism that one loves in spite of one's inamorata's weak or base qualities. The contrary is true: one loves *because* of them. It is a positive advantage to be a bounder. The bounder is loved by ten women to the fine man's one. You will say: of course, like to like; there are ten base women to the one fit woman for our superior fellow. But she, noble creature, is among the abused ten, and the fine man loves in vain a little hussy.

The Compleat Angler. The world has waited too long for an exact analysis of the qualities most desirable for the ambitious heart-breaker to be so easily given it here. It would be a criminal offense against society

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to go into this bawdy matter in detail, even if I could. Probably, however, they include superficial courtesy, the gestures of thoughtfulness, a somewhat bullying manner, complete selfishness, a winning incompetence, etc., etc. Other things given equal, the superior vitality and *joie de vivre* triumph. The trick is in general to have an equipment of charming "human" mannerisms and fallibilities around an immaculately selfish core. This is irresistible to a sufficiently large proportion to satisfy all needs.

Until now we have dealt with matters to which even lovers will give sweet assent. We come to generalizations with which an unregenerate minority may carp.

"When I Was a King In Babylon." Everyone has heard and many have accepted the One Woman, or Soul Mate figure of speech. Its absurdity can be shown by juxtaposing it to another equally hallowed superstition which perfectly contradicts it, that is, to the fable of the young prince who searches in vain for love the wide world over and comes home to find it awaiting him in the neighbor's daughter. Now, this fable is, indeed, often repeated in life. But it seems hardly possible that one's parents have had the inspired perception to move next door to the parents of the girl who was appointed in dim ages past to be one's perfect love. Destiny does not go to that trouble for anyone.

Relation of Plot to Love. A very important clue begins to discover itself. It is this: the individual does not matter (the Chinese hold that one woman is the same as another in all important respects, that to know thoroughly one woman is to know them all, from street-walker to queen). The situation creates everything: the material is always the same. A plot is necessary to love: conflict, frustration, despair, a quality of the illicit. The rule reads: "A great plot is necessary to a great love story". It may be revised to read in life: "A great plot is necessary to a great love".

Hero and Leander, Abélard and Héloïse, Aucassin and Nicolette, Guinevere and Lancelot, achieved transcendental passions (in spite of obstacles? No!) because of obstacles. Incidentally, let there be no mistake. As loves go, these *were* great loves. They were not the level, realistic loves out of which homes are made. (And this is always a thing of pathos — when Fate accedes to a great passion, and permits the players to show their cards, Romance becomes a plain matter of need, of twenty-four-hours-a-day ecstasy, and a house and children: one averts one's eyes from the ignobilities of the awakening.) Hero and Leander were too busy feeling transcendental about one another and feeling desperate about the obstacles to dwell on one another's actualities.

At the beginning, all these great lovers said, each to himself, "Oh, but this is impossible. It is dreadful. I must stop thinking of him (her) at once. I shall go away and forget him (her)". Forthwith the thing was done. The diabolic formula had been read over a grand passion. Honorable repression fermented in the marked couple. Their lips made secret, noble resolves and their beings were infused in the same degree with contradictory flame. The tormented creatures at length were brought to the point of magnificent and irrational gestures, and the next year a wandering *jongleur* had a great new love story with which to win his dinners in the halls of the countryside. Without the plot, of course, the story would not have lived. But we should not believe that there were an equal number of great loves forgotten because of lack of plot. They may have been forgotten because of the lack of a press agent, but not because of a lack of plot. There were no great loves without plot.

Idle Question Answered. Let us see. Can we think of an example in fiction or fact of two people meeting, both eligible, unmarried, free of all entanglements, falling into a great double love, an overpowering and desperate sentiment, so that the two at length threw themselves into the sea together for very terror of the beauty and infinity of their passion? No. If love were indeed an honest, simple emotion growing out of two people's illumined admiration for one another, this kind of situation would be the rule. Instead we have a few sordid in-

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stances of rapid courtships that have as their basis sensual love, a variation of which neither Stendhal nor the present writer, if the juxtaposition will be forgiven, speaks.

Case-Book Examples. There is comparatively quite a variety of these "situation-traps", arbitrary patterns in life which, given fairly acceptable protagonists, will invariably show the same Q.E.F. One can recite a few of these. There is, for one thing, the frustration of habit: A and B married; A grows cold to B, B not having previously had any particular emotional disturbance about A; A goes away, thus interrupting B's scarcely realized sexual and emotional habits; B falls in love with A. This is quite elementary.

We have, however, complicated situations, as for example, the My God! Whither Am I Drifting? situation: A and B are married and in a fairly cool and agreeable relationship; A realizes that he is seeing too much of C, A stops absolutely seeing C — if he has stopped in time, he forgets her; if he has formed the habit of seeing her at set times her absence becomes more important than her presence ever was; in the effort of stifling an emotion, it smoulders, billows of the black smoke of vague longing roll forth, finally the flame of love gleams and we are off. Meanwhile B, as in Case 1, falls in love with A, and C, by the very fact of A's being in love with her, is prevented from falling in love with him, unless in the case of special circumstances, as a congenital and unsatisfied need of appreciation in C. This is known as a "mess", and is by no means a unique situation.

Again: we have the Prince and the Neighbor's Daughter situation. As the groundwork of this, some special unromantic relationship is necessary, as a boy and girl friendship or a man and woman working together in an office. A and B think of one another over an extended period only as "Little Alice Jones, who swims so well" or as "Mr. Pankhurst at the office, who says such cute things". Outside of that utterly natural and realistic setting, they do not think of one another at all. And then one day A and B happen to meet or to be thrown into some quite artificial situation. Perhaps if they had worked together, the situation is one in which the relationship is purely and for the first time and strangely, for them, social. They find that they must, for the first time, make conversation. They sense that they have a great many unspoken (and this is important) things in common. Perhaps, if they have played at mock coquetry in the office, they continue it here for the sake of something to say — but with a new and fatal inflection. As the evening goes on, what with the dulling qualities of repetition, their wit fails and perhaps they begin to say these formulas with a degree of seriousness. After that evening, the office relationship is subtly different, these two are for one another no longer lay figures. Anything may happen. And mark this; they have not changed at all; it is the situation that has changed. Or, if they have been boy and girl together, to find, after a long absence, that they are man and woman together is curiously disturbing in that subtle, unforced way that is the most perfect medium for love. There are a great many ways in which men and women know one another and the rule is that a sharp shifting from one kind of relationship to another puts perilous ideas into human heads.

The Love-Makers. The present writer is not telling any woman anything new. It is the proud young men who say, contemptuously, "Ha!" when they hear the boast that any woman can "get" any man. They are devout romantics and they are certain then and perhaps till they die that somewhere there is the "one woman". The women entertain themselves with no such delusions. They turn realistic early in life. They soon realize the mean actualities of romance, perhaps because it is their chief preoccupation. Here is a wonderful thing — that woman, whose business in life is romance, who is, by profession, an outward romantic, can confront without any dismay whatever the reasonable realities of her profession and still play the game with artfulness and zest. But for this divine provision, the race would long since have perished. Women know that the obvious kind of "trap" is *declassé* and considered poor sportsmanship. But they know

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that there are other and more infallible "traps", that do, indeed, hold equally well for themselves, and that are perfectly sporting, because their mechanics are a secret of the sorority, and are not thought of as mechanics at all.

There is an opportunity in this subject for someone. A book should be written on love for this generation, as Stendhal's was written for another generation. It would be a low and contemptible and disagreeable kind of book. People would speak very ill indeed of the writer and say that he must have been bilious or disfigured by the pox or boils or have been in some way abnormal or neglected by women. For, though the unloved inspire only pity, and the misogynists receive a rather interested contempt, he who is not impressed by love is considered a menace to society, and quite rightly. A man may bomb a government building without very much disturbing anyone, but if he looks askance "more in pity than in anger" at men's follies, he may be whipped out of town. We cherish our idiocies. They give us a moment of warm fellowship as we writhe in the abyss. They are for us the ultimate divinities: God in the image of man.

Modern Debauchery of Love. The author of our revised book "On Love" would for example treat of the manifestations of the disease peculiar to our time. There are inflections and variations that have been improvised within the last half-century. There have been discoveries of attitudes toward the sex-relationship that are almost new. Some of them are: (1) The passion, without love, of the intellectuals, brought to its fictional perfection in Coleman of "Antic Hay", an immaculately profane method that identifies men with rabbits but that leaves the mind's integrity unsoiled. (2) A respectable version of this, practised by suburban business men, who decide at forty to settle down and as coldly as they select their stocks, select a wife who will secure their prestige. (3) Another variation as of the ambitious plumber, who modifies it, however, with a little sentimentality to varnish the too brutal implications. (4) The wordy, self-questioning, horribly articulate kind of article for young college men and women, where every emotion is conscious and hours are passed determining whether there is a trace of affectation in a feeling. (5) The clear-eyed sentimentality of people who read the "Advice to the Lovelorn" columns. A perverted rationalism is brought to this. It is all fair play, a square deal, duty, marriage. (6) Misty-eyed sentimentality. (7) Inexpertly self-induced mimicry of moving picture love, which has a code of morality all its own. There are probably thousands of other variations.

Finally there remains still a "hang-over", a reminiscent gesture, a lifting of the hat as the parade passes, of mediaeval woman-worship, of *domnei*, as practiced by Cabell and Hergesheimer heroes. This is a singularly impotent and fruitless affair. It is unreasonable, that goes without saying — indeed, it is the boast of those who affect it. But it is also precious and callow and unnatural. It is really absorption in an abstraction, and abstract woman-worship is as nauseating as abstract beauty-worship or abstract money-worship or any other abstraction.

Renunciation. As one surveys this array of attitudes, the modern practice and interpretation of love, one returns almost in relief to the love of Stendhal and his subjects. Perhaps these people did not deceive themselves as completely as we think. At least they admitted that it was a folly, but a lovely and amusing folly. They surrendered themselves to it gracefully and without dramatics. They did not bring to it the inept and dreadful seriousness of the moderns. They did not try to stare it down with bulging, inquisitive eyes. Perhaps, after all, it will not be necessary to have our revised book on love. Stendhal will still serve.

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VOX POPULI IN ART

By A. G. Simkins

ONCE upon a time, and not so many years ago, I thought I was an artist. My dictionary tells me that an artist is one who is skilled in some one of the fine arts. But to me that definition is incomplete. He also must sell his work, in most cases, or he cannot remain an artist. Rather unreasonably, perhaps, he does the thing he likes best in the world to do and is paid for his pleasure, or labor. If he could get eleven dollars a day as plumbers do, or men working in other common trades, he would esteem himself blessed of the gods. However, he is handicapped in many ways. He has no union. Can anyone imagine an artist belonging to a union? When canvases collect upon his hands, he does not resort to a gigantic advertising campaign, as do California fruit-growers and their ilk when they have an over-crop of raisins, prunes or whatever; nor does he offer prizes for best essays by school pupils as to why hell and damnation will overtake each and all who fail to buy his wares. Why, he does not even belong to Rotary, Kiwanis, or roar with the Lions. At least, I have never heard of one doing so, and the idea is incongruous. Chambers of Commerce ignore his existence, if they are even aware of it. If anyone buys his work, that person is a patron of the arts and as such is glorified. In other words, the artist is patronized: a damnable thing, and doubly damned in that a patron usually makes it a rule never to buy a picture by a living artist, contending that it is only after a man is dead that his real value can be estimated. The artist must be his own salesman, and only a double-distilled genius like Eddie Guest can develop the hermaphroditic entity that typifies the world's greatest poet and the world's greatest salesman.

My line was canvas and oils. Even now I think my work was good. Doubtless I was an awful ass, but five years ago I believed as firmly as I believed God made me that the things would sell. In this sublime confidence, before I had ever sold a canvas or even received a commission, I took unto myself a wife, endowed her with all my worldly goods and the amphora of an artist's dreams. Later children came, two of them; whereupon, art or no art, shekels had to be garnered for the family. I hawked my wares until my heart was sick. Doubts began to assail me as to their worth. In despair I hunted up an artist friend whose work had been recognized, unburdened to him all my weight of woe; possibly wept upon his bosom. Anyway I enlisted his sympathy and he suggested that I take a bunch of his sketches, try to sell them, get what I could for them and split fifty-fifty, as he was hard up, too. They were excellent in line and coloring, so I chirked up, figuring to get rid of them in an afternoon. I saw myself triumphantly marching home that evening, waving a roll of greenbacks and driving the head of the pack from the door. Now, I know I can sell pictures, for I have supported myself and my family that way for five years. However, I carried my friend's sketches around for months and sold not one. People just wouldn't buy them. They were too good, too darn good. That is exactly what was the matter with them.

To begin with, the colors were pure. No one wants pure colors. They yearn for muddy rose or blue, or, worse still, taupe. A good, fresh green just naturally makes them shy off in a scared sort of way. Quiet colors are the thing, hence most homes run to murky brown or muddy gray furniture. Carpets resemble a rainy day in the stockyards, without the enlivening touches of that delectable spot. Evidently all mural decoration must be lifeless and wholly lacking in atmospheric effect. To be sure, the grass may be green and the sky, even in a sunset, must be blue. But not the lush green of meadows nor the shrill green of trees in first

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leaf; not the deep blue of sky that suggests immensity and eternity, but greens and blues washed out and faded.

There are two distinct schools of customers: one buys landscapes; the other, seascapes. The murky brown people buy the former and the muddy gray folks the latter. No use even showing them anything else. Each group, however, demands set patterns and local coloring. A seascape should have at least six gulls wheeling in the air, and three small boats on the horizon, their sails stainless as the robes of a vestal virgin. A rocky point with a lighthouse is highly esteemed. But a rocky point without a lighthouse, or a rocky point and a lighthouse without waves splashing halfway up its walls is never accepted.

I know a man whose vocation is cutting shoes. His avocation is dabbling with color. Especially is he entranced with the manifold humors of the sea, on the shore of which he lives. He once painted the water, calm as a breeze-ruffled millpond, as the sea sometimes is. When the work was finished he called his wife and daughter to view it. He thought he had caught the mood of the ocean at rest. Each protested the absence of white-crested billows. The picture was not true to life. They insisted upon alterations. He refused to fashion his work anew and left the canvas in his wife's sewing room. When next he viewed his masterpiece, on each tiny ripple was a splash of foam: white foam, soap-suds effect. He well knew the greatest paintings have not a speck of pure white in their makeup. This fact, however, did not perturb his daughter, who had done the retouching, upheld by her mother and friends. I believe he has not lifted a brush since. Perhaps he is a better shoecutter therefor, but I doubt it.

The people know what they want, all philosophy to the contrary notwithstanding. At least, they do in art. Certain details are essential for selling. Beach scenes call for people, stupendous unbroken waves, and whitish-gray or reddish-yellow sand. Such a combination as trees and grass coming down to meet the water is unthinkable. A popular number is the classic, "Moonlight on the Water", with the ubiquitous sailboat, full-bellied before the wind. One furled sail would prove fatal.

Harking back to my artist friend, he had offended all the conventions in both seascapes and landscapes. One sketch was of a gnarled and twisted wild apple tree. I was enthusiastic in my admiration of this sketch and made an eloquent appeal to prospective buyers. No good. Who would pay ten, or even five dollars for just one tree? That sum should purchase at least a dozen, or a whole orchard. The leaves were not right and there were not enough of them to cover the branches. The poor tree was almost nude with all those ugly, crooked limbs exposed. Now a dozen elms or maples, perfectly graduated in height, standing in a straight row, could be called "The Harp of the Winds", and everyone would want it. In fact, a row of almost any kind of nice, straight trees, with good-sized trunks, is satisfactory. Trees budding out in Spring are not looked upon with favor, either; they must not "grow misty green with leafing buds". If a picture represents the vernal season, trees must have blossoms, and plenty of them. The anatomy of a tree is apparently inconsistent with artistic ideals. A row of trees flanked by a stone wall sells well: one of those walls which a farmer spends a lifetime building by collecting rocks as nearly spherical as possible and piling them, perfectly even, three or four feet high. Split-stone walls *non sunt*.

Mountains are all right, but they must be far away and clothed in purple shadows. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view, and robes the mountain in its azure hue", quotes that classical pedagogical volume, "Westlake's Literature". Mountains must be just as round and free of angles as stones in walls; that is, unless the representation is Fujiama or the Mätterhorn. Great liberty is permitted in the treatment of these two subjects and of the Grand Canyon. But God's green fields and stone walls demand careful handling. Large ponds may be depicted if they display unbroken reflections. Ponds on windy days are taboo.

Whatever the subject, miles of horizon heighten its salability. A small, closed-in space doesn't offer enough for the money.

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The average person would not pay more than five dollars for the most delicate miniature in the world. He would pay at least fifty for any sort of painting twelve feet square. An artist who could paint the universe to large scale should get rich *pronto*. An entire valley brings a higher price any day than does an interesting section of it. Meadows are excellent. Everybody falls for them. Cows are not so popular as they were several years ago, except on milk company calendars, and there they are fast being displaced by heads of pretty girls.

The method of manufacturing the pictures I sell merits attention. Not even Fords are more efficiently and economically made. First a photograph is enlarged on as many pieces of academy board as the workroom will hold. The "artist" takes a blue airbrush and puts in all the skies. Next, by the same process, come a few clouds, nice, white, absorbent-cotton clouds. Purple brush, and presto, there are the mountains; green brush, meadows and clumps of trees. Putting in tree trunks, perhaps a stone wall, or other details, with a real brush gives authority for the label "Hand painted". Surrounded by a cheap frame they are ready to take out and sell. People are so used to seeing airbrush technic that a painting with depth and atmosphere fails to register.

There is no set price for these wares. There is a minimum, but no maximum. The picture that sells for ten dollars in one house may bring two hundred next door. If a woman who paid two hundred mentions the fact to her neighbor who paid ten, the latter thinks she is swanking and only replies that she bought one, too. On the other hand if the woman who paid ten mentions the price first, the other will know she has been stung but will not dare admit it.

Academy board is cheaper than canvas but more is charged for it; customers are persuaded that it is the latest style and that canvas is passée. In fact, it is now difficult to sell a picture painted on canvas. Many people have given me good oils on good canvas to have copies made on academy board.

Not a person, I venture to say, among *hoi polloi*, would dare hang a nude on the wall. But with a diaphanous scarf, that by some miracle manages to veil just the right spots, nudes will sell like hot-dogs. The owners will, however, apologize to all who see them.

Many women like to have their portraits painted from some kodak picture taken in a bathing suit. The snapshots are usually back-dated to the time before they acquired autos and adipose. A little coaxing is required, sometimes, though they are really all on fire to have it done. It would, however, be indelicate and unbecoming to Daughters of the Revolution, the Mayflower, the Spanish War, the American Legion, and what not, to suggest such a thing. Nevertheless, it seems that by an altogether admirable dispensation of Providence most women gloat over their shapeliness, whether it resembles a hat-rack or a box-car.

A scandal attached to an artist's name at least doubles the income from his work. If there be no scandal, the name is better omitted. There is no such person as a moral artist. The salesman hires a discarded ice-house on some rock-bound coast and wears a smock, much bedaubed. His appearance and setting stamp him the real thing. Pictures that will not sell for ten dollars, ordinarily, will command fifty across an old table smeared with water colors and a devilishly handsome "artist" behind it.

In portraiture conventions are indeed strict. A woman must smile and appear as nearly as possible like the reigning movie queen. A man, if over forty, must look stern and grim, following the national conception of a great financier. "Character, that's the thing!" If the portrait is a good likeness, they will not accept it. However, they are compelled to pay for the frame.

One of the most successful "portrait painters" in this country today is a Russian who immigrated a few years ago. He interviewed a nationally, perhaps internationally, known tobacco manufacturer and obtained a commission with a photograph. The latter he enlarged to more than life size, gave it airbrush treatment and adorned the result with a seven-fifty very ornate frame. Shortly, in the "artist's" name, an account running into four figures, was opened at a leading banking institution. The financial

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magnate, highly pleased with his purchase which now affords him the *locus standi* in the directors' room, passed the word along and immediately the Russian was swamped with orders from the financially and socially elect. He now has a large factory with many assistants, and is believed to be a royal personage, incog., forced by the exigencies of Sovietism to paint portraits for an existence. Possibly he esteems himself a great artist. The powers of self-deception are unlimited.

Even so, the great artist, whether he be a Velazquez, a Shakespeare or a Fritz Kreisler, is always a person apart, made so by his genius, and often by some tragic circumstance. He may have to extort a living as a mendicant; he may provide for himself handsomely, regardless of the spiritual loss entailed and a "branded" name. Nevertheless he is always great. The gods still sit around him. Like the poet, he is in search of a deeper truth in things than that which is the object of science. The difficulty, of course, is to expound this to those who live in a different world and speak a different tongue. Until this *pons asinorum* is crossed the world will continue to behold saucy little pictures, cheap little pictures, muddy little pictures, all making their bid to certain cells in the gray matter of sated humans. Tons of wood pulp, miles of frame, rivers of paint, volumes of sales-talk, all to feed the prevailing taste.

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FLORENTINE JOURNAL

By Arnold Bennett

IN TWO PARTS: PART ONE

Friday, 1st April 1910

First walk through town with Mr. M. The apparent smallness of interior of the cathedral. Market, but no signs of any goods to be sold. Only crowds of men, some in very amusing fur coats, at N. W. corner of Piazza d. Signoria. The Palazzo Strozzi impressed me more than anything I have yet seen, and there is little doubt that it has now firmly established its position in my mind, and will remain the chief thing at Florence for ever and ever. Shops in via Tornabuoni rather disappointing. I am as interested in "the principal shopping street" of a town as in its antiquities. This one is not even equal to the Corso V. Emanuele at Milan. *Cf.* Kalverstraat at Amsterdam! I walked through the Court of the Uffizi without knowing that it was the Uffizi. . . . Striking sensations began as we crossed the river. First sight of Ponte Vecchio, etc. Inevitable comparisons with Bruges. And Bruges comes out pretty well; though of course inferior. We went along a street parallel to the Arno and saw some beautiful faience over a door, and also the interior of a little church of which I shall probably never know the name.

Then the Pitti: it looks like a rather expensive barracks. Then up the south slope of the Ponte Vecchio. One of the picturesque vehicles coming down it — shapeless cart, horse in shafts covered with a red cloth, and a pony at either side; the whole jingling. Crossed Ponte Vecchio. Jewellers' shops nothing in particular, but the little open space in the middle of the bridge is agreeable. I came home and made my first sketch in Florence, of a campanile opposite this window. No damned good.

What remains in my mind is the convex surfaces of each vast stone of the Strozzi; they seem nothing at a distance; but when you are close. . . . The whole of the grim side of Florence is in them. It is a great pity that part of the enormous eaves of this palace have been destroyed. The simplicity of the design of the palace is very telling, as you stand at one of the entrances and see the courtyard. And the torch-brackets, and iron grilles of the windows, must not be forgotten.

Afternoon. Couldn't help taking X out to see what I had seen. But first we went to S. Croce. It is the floor here that gives the warm effect to the interior. I couldn't find the Strozzi again without the map. When I did find it, it repeated its effect. Just close by was the principal tea-shop. Good tea and good cakes. Tea dear. A lack of style. I was particularly and freshly struck by the barbaric quality of these English who overrun Europe. All this time I had been thinking of a savage article for The English Review on the Palazzo Strozzi and English pensions, and the relations there-between. I got the notion for this while I was lying down with a sick-headache. After tea we crossed the river and went into Brunelleschi's San Spirito. The proportions of this place, the just simple architecture, and the simple colouring pleased me enormously. Also there was an effect of an angelic statue against pillars: which I sketched and messed up.

The tramways seem to take up most of this part of the Lungarno. I had imagined something more spacious and marmoreal for the Lungarno. And I am disappointed in that detail of the town. There is simply no room on the quays, and in some places the edge of the step of the tram is exactly over the edge of the pavement. Those red cloths on the backs of the horses don't cost much, but they add a lot to the colour of the movement in the streets. No order whatever in

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the streets. Pavements quite inadequate, and wayfarers sprawl all over the roadway, so that there is a tremendous confusion and some danger and a lot of noise. Very different from Milan, where the difficult cross-roads are controlled in an English manner by the most aristocratic policemen to be seen anywhere.

I was always stopping to look at posters of operas, plays, and concerts. There seems to be a great deal going on in a cheap, unorganised way.

Bought *La Nazione*. A pretty good 8 pp. paper, with a fair telegraphic service of news; but no English politics. Inferior to the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Secolo*, but still not a bad paper for a continental provincial town.

Drawing-room at night, full of melancholy and polite women, and the sound of violins.

Saturday, 2nd April 1910

Borgo S. Croce, leading to the church. Narrow street, containing six or eight ancient palaces, in which doctors, lawyers, etc., live like birds in the side of a precipice as it were. You go up one of the porte-cochères, and see a courtyard, and groined roofing, and ironwork, with glimpses of vast stairs and upper corridors and storeys, all grim and stony. At the top of some stairs a double iron gateway. Each palace may be inhabited by perhaps a dozen families, or more. The rooms must be very high and dark, according to the windows, as there are only ground floor and two storeys in these lofty palaces. Projecting eaves are always a striking feature. The ground floor windows are far off the ground, and barred. In one palace the ground floor is a livery stable. Horses of those picturesque vehicles previously described have to eat while moving. Loads of firewood or undressed stone — probably road metal. Great movement of bicycles and untidy work-girls on foot after 12 o'clock. Also constant crying of wares and confusion of noises of trams, harness, shoutings, etc.

Those horses have the shafts very high — about level with the top of the back, and often joined together by an arch of wood. Shafts sometimes very short indeed. The horse eats out of an openwork wickerish bag, with an ornamentation of bright coloured stuff on the front. The cloth over the whole horse seems to be all angles.

I went out today at 4. Strong wind and sunshine. Wind gusty and in all directions. Most surprisingly so. I haven't yet found a second-hand bookshop. I couldn't find anything to sketch from any spot that was fairly free from wind and dust, till I got to the Piazza S. Spirito which is very nice with its fountains and infants and idle gendarmes. I did a pen-and-ink of the church which I suppose took about three-quarters of an hour. Then I walked back over the Ponte Vecchio, which really seems to be always full of movement, to the Piazza della Signoria, and so home.

Postman on Lungarno rang bell at a house. Called three times, looking up, "La Posta", louder and louder. Still calling when I left. It seemed the *moeurs d'un village*.

The trams are running at 6 a.m., with lights burning faintly, even on Sunday. I see them on both sides of the Arno, gliding along.

Teatro Verdi, "*La Vestale*" of Spontini. Enormous interior, all white. Six galleries. About 100 boxes. Four classes of seats in the parterre. We had the third. Two lire each. Me and Mr. M. Behind us we could see quite *petits commerçants* occupying boxes. Pile of red cushions against the wall to my left. Electric lights not lit. Only a few gas-lights on the lowest gallery. No chandeliers lit. Theatre looked about half full and was perhaps a third full. Plenty of people to be seen in the topmost three galleries. Orchestra of about 70. Pretty good, and as I looked at them in the entr'actes the chaps seemed nice and not too down in the mouth. No one, however, could possibly earn very much.

An elaborate production. Choruses up to about 120 people on the vast stage. Rich costumes and large elaborate scenery. But not much effort after beauty in the costumes and no ensemble. Both sopranos jolly good, with huge, efficient voices. I should say that that opera had been performed at that theatre off and on ever since it was writ-

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ten. It was a single representation, but they had everything necessary for it, and the grouping and evolutions were done easily. Quite as showy as Covent Garden, and the chorus not worse than at Covent Garden. The Temple Scene of the second act was beautiful.

Between acts, a large irregular shaped vaulted café in the theatre; furniture of this café very interesting: a sort of Italian early Victorian or Empire. Mahogany, with yellowed marble. Had once been rich. You could see that the theatre had come down in the world. Everything showed that. A nice happy-go-lucky feeling about the front-of-the-house management.

In the same row as us a man surreptitiously smoked a cigarette. I greatly enjoyed the show, though the opera was to me very tedious and silly, now. I enjoyed the natural simplicity of the whole organization of the affair. Italy may not be artistic now, but it is in such an elaborate show as this, given quite in the ordinary course, that you can see that Italy was, if not actually is, a musical nation in the real sense. It is in the bones of the people — the tradition of grand opera. We left at the end of the second act. Eleven p.m.

This pension shows that it is run exclusively by women. Little tickets in each bedroom stating the day of the week when the room is "cleaned". Little book-shelves about, in my case hung in the worst place in the room — just over the wash-stand, so that the books can be well splashed. Embroidered or chintz covers for things. Everything little; neat in the arrangements. No provision of writing materials. No spectacular quality at all anywhere.

The Italian manageress has become almost English in her very soul. The great quality of the place is the meals. A really A1 dinner. When we came home at eleven p.m. the whole place was shut up. A female servant opened. The *bonnes* are dressed in English fashion, but better. All white in the morning. Black and white in the evening. All sorts of details I shall put direct into my article for The English Review.

Lunch at Pension Paoli with F. Grierson.

Sunday, 3rd April 1910

Wet morning. Uffizi. Great struggling crowd at the *vestiaire.* I only went in to get a first impression of the gallery; not of the pictures. Immense staircase to climb: it corrects your inadequate notion of the size of the building. A general impression of carelessness and poverty in the housing of the collection. Irregularity of rooms, etc. One feels that such a collection ought to be housed, if not with grandeur and splendour, at any rate with a certain conventional distinction. Such as Hertford House, National Gallery or Louvre (new Rubens room etc.). Irregularity of the rooms is confusing. And the climax is reached in the section of painters' portraits of themselves. The portrait of some supreme artist with an elaborately worked shirt made me understand the desire that every artist has to be a dandy in something. How rotten and vulgar, the portraits of Tadema, Herkomer, etc. Holman Hunt and Watts pretty good. Also Sargent. Some of the rooms in this section are really ridiculously proportioned, and small. The two pictures that most diverted and interested me this morning were a Virgin immensely *enceinte,* and a big badly lighted *"Prima Notte"*, with a waiting husband, that was charming. Some of the pictures are simply not lighted at all. Great crowds in the principal rooms. In this town of pictures, all turns and corners, some of the pictures are absolutely in the dark. I took the covered gallery to the Pitti. Too tired, when I reached there, to look at anything. I went out into the rain. Called at S. Trinita during a mass, and made a sketch, and walked home in the rain.

There is only one word for the courtyards of the palazzi — "noble".

Monday 4th April 1910

Bibliotheque Viesseux this morning, with Mr. M; a fine spacious place, with all the newspapers and magazines of several countries, and big rooms full of books bound in half-vellum. A pleasant general impression of whiteness. I became a subscriber for 3 books for a month, 5 lire. I signed my name in a big tome. No other formalities. Mr. Viesseux, an old active white-haired

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man with a fine brow and a brisk gay manner, of course asked me if I was of The New York Herald. I chose Stendhal's "*Rome, Naples et Florence*". Viesseux knew the number of it, which was 60,000 something. Also a book of Grazia Deledda's. Orders for production of these books seemed to be vague. But after a long wait they came, each by a different messenger. Then Mr. M. took me up one or two fine streets of palaces, and to see a second-hand bookshop or two: one small, the other very large: both good and distinguished. Before this — we went out at 10 a.m. — I had written a Daily Chronicle article. Lovely morning.

We started out after lunch, sleep, and tea, to take a tram to the Poggio Imperiale, thence to walk down again into the city. But all the trams were *completo*, and all the shops had shut up. We went by the tramline to the Duomo to catch a tram at its source. Impossible. Vast crowds of working people on holiday. I don't know what it was. Not the aviation, though there were signals out, "Si vola".

In order to get a proper idea of the size of the Duomo, all you have to do is to walk round it. I left the girls, and crossed the Ponte Vecchio, and took a steep street to the left, aiming at S. Miniato. But I never reached it. I got quite lost and *désorienté*. Ultimately, after insisting for long that I ought to turn to the left, I admitted that I must turn to the right, and then I came to the Porta Romana, and got a little rural omnibus to the Duomo. During all this time it was obstinately raining. Still, vast crowds about in the town.

Tuesday 5th April 1910

Mancinelli concert last night in the Cinquecento Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. Vast sofa. Brutal and sanguinary frescoes of battle on a gigantic scale. At the back the heroic statue of Savanarola dwarfing all of us in the one lira places. The tapestries were agreeable. A dirty tiled floor. Cheap chairs of all colours and designs. Mancinelli is quite white-haired. When artists come in or go out almost all the audience stands up, out of curiosity. Enthusiasm for Mancinelli. Shattack played the piano concerto of Rachmaninoff excellently. Bechstein piano. It is strange how a German name on a piano can remind you of home. I left after the concerto. The thing didn't begin till 9.15. Wet night. Return to a locked-up pension at 10.15. As though it were the middle of the night.

Curious phenomenon of gradual collection of full sacks on little hand-carts in the afternoon in the next piazza west of this house. I think it must be dirty linen from the hotels, etc.

I went out at 10.30 a.m. today to S. Maria Novella, and was not much impressed by it as a church. Certain frescoes good. What did impress me, by its picturesque mediævalism, was the spectacle of a modern-attired woman in black, aged about 50, suddenly kneeling at the guichet of a confessional, and at the same moment a white-robed priest or monk — certainly a monk of some order — insinuating himself into his part of the confessional, and only half drawing the curtain, so that I could still see him. She was kneeling half-twisted to the left, and he was seated half-twisted to the right, in a negligent and even voluptuous posture. He was a youngish, full-bodied man. Their heads were very close together on either side of the aperture. I watched them for a long time, discreetly. If she had been recounting horrible sins, it would have been fine, but I felt sure she wasn't. Nothing but rotten little peccadilloes, perhaps insincerely recounted.

Then I walked home by the chapel of the Medici (or Sforza, I forget), and the Palazzo Riccardi, which was exceedingly fine, but which did not impress me so much as the Strozzi — probably because it would allow its interior to be seen for 5d.

Another unsuccessful attempt to arrive at San Miniato this afternoon. However, the opposite side of the river was agreeable and new. Trams still crowded.

Mr. M. and I went in to see Francis Grierson at the Paoli this evening. No chairs at first, until after about 10 minutes I found three. Grierson was very interesting for an hour about St. Louis, and Chicago before the fire, and the costumes of its women.

Heavy, showery, anti-work weather,

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Wednesday 8th April 1910

Heard on stairs. A woman asked another who had been playing the violin: "What was that fearfully delicious thing that you played us last night? I've been wanting to ask you. Was it something of Debussy's?" The voice was American. The violinist replied: "No, it was by Golterman. It *is* pretty, isn't it?"

The Accademia this morning. I didn't think the head of Michael Angelo's "David" was so much too large as it in fact is. Crowds of people, chiefly young girls. Impossible to enjoy the pictures. A man had planted his easel right bang in front of the Primavera. The colour of this last disappointed me. But in other respects it seems more distinguished than any photo of it. The guides with their broken English and broken French were distressing, and a lot of the pictures were in the dark. I should say that these galleries — all the galleries in Florence — want a lot of visiting before they make their charm felt. I walked home through a beautiful piazza and muddled about in it a long time and also in the Piazza S. Croce, searching for a subject to sketch and not finding it. But the heaviness of the showery weather does not help these searches. It only produces indecision.

This morning in the hall a grey-haired Scotch lady introduced herself as the aunt of a friend of mine, and more particularly as a great admirer of "The Old Wives' Tale". She asked if it was my first book. I said: "No. It's my thirtieth".

At last in the midst of heavy showers I got to San Miniato this late afternoon, because I had sworn I wouldn't eat till I had reached there. I made a sketch from the Piazzale M. Angelo in about five minutes, when it began to rain again. You see from here the situation of Florence in regard to mountains. I walked home in a shower. "Operaio" trams really crowded. I don't think I have ever seen trams so strictly full. Kids hanging on to pillars over wheels (these trams are open). This on the Lungarno opposite here. In the same street are little omnibuses going to villages, exactly as they must have gone for ages. Tiny vehicles to hold 6 perhaps, tightly, inside, and two out. A stuff roof and stuff sides, cream-coloured, flowing, with delicate fringe hanging over the sides of the roof. Driver under a large yellow umbrella. A poor and feeble horse. All kinds of picturesque vehicles and carts. Some of the harness has a perfect erection for the big bell, which seems to be in silver, and is chased, like the structure which holds it. A horse completely draped in crimson cloth drawing a pink cart; the silver bell peeping up at the junction of the fore and the aft horse-cloths is very fine, especially when there are two ponies, similarly draped, one on either side of the shaft horse — pretending to help.

Thursday 7th April 1910

Must have caught a chill while sketching last evening between showers. A wreck this morning. I told Mr. M. and Mrs. X. that if only the code of literary manners permitted me to describe such a night in terms of literature I could make it wonderful. But perhaps I couldn't.

Paid the first bill at the Pension today. We pay 8 lire per day each for our two rooms and all meals. The only extras on our bill were 60 centesimi for a siphon, and 20 ditto for coffee. This is the cheapest coffee I think I have ever drunk in a hotel. And it was good. And the siphon, having regard to its enormous size, was not dear. The extras for meals in bedrooms are 3d for breakfast, 4d for lunch and 5d for dinner or tea.

Prices of domestic things in Italy:

Methylated spirits 1½ lire a litre.

Sugar 6d a lb.

Ordinary biscuits 6d a lb.

I am told washing is dear.

Showery weather continued. It rained nearly all night. I know; I was awake. No work all day. I read Stendhal's "Rome . . . Florence". It was about the only thing I could read, except the papers. A whole day lost (save for the increased intensity of existence which you have when ill) through swearing to do a certain thing no matter what the weather, and doing it. My body is too nicely balanced for this world, I told X this morning. Grierson had said practically the same thing of the artist's body the other day at the Hotel Paoli. He

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understands the physical side of artistic production as few artists do. Everything he says on the subject of artist's health and regimen is valuable. He was to have dined here tonight and gone with us to the première of the opera "*Don Chisciotti*" by Pasini, but I was obliged to put the whole thing off. I was so exhausted after dressing, at noon, that I could not stand.

Friday April 8th 1910

As it was raining, I walked about in the Church of S. Croce to collect my ideas for part iii of "Clayhanger". For this purpose I found S. Croce a very good, spacious church.

A Professor of a Canadian university came into the smoking-roomlet tonight. Lounge suit, dirty brown boots; *dégagé;* small piercing eyes. Took no notice of me, though the room was not twelve foot square, till he found he hadn't a match, when he said abruptly, in a tone which expected only one answer: "Can I trouble you for a match?" This casualness was general with him; you could trace it in the way he sat on a chair. He picked up an old copy of The Westminster Gazette. "These English papers are very amusing," he said ironically. An impatient man. He then began to talk of Egyptian tombs in a very sensible and interesting and friendly way. When he is not interested, it doesn't occur to him to pretend to be. If a remark does not strike him as fruitful he quite naturally says nothing at all. It is brusqueness, but has a good foundation. His tendency is to deprecate first and think afterwards. Probably he suffers from some intellectual arrogance. A man about 40–44. I should say that, for a professor, he is of a very superior type. Someone told me he is a professor of English literature; but I don't know.

I bought Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence" today, and got the correspondence of Flaubert from the Library. Weather too wet, and me too buried in article-producing, for any excursions.

Saturday April 9th 1910

It has rained all day without stopping; heavy rain. F. Grierson was to have come for dinner but he was indisposed. Also Mr. M. was too indisposed to go to the theatre tonight. So none of us went. I put on my largest overcoat and walked to the Gascine this morning, and this afternoon I went to inspect the Palazzo Strozzi for my article "Night and Morning in Florence", of which I wrote 2,200 words today. I went into the Church of S. Annunziata.

Sunday April 10th 1910

I'm gradually getting into the way of doing too much work to keep this journal properly. It was still raining this morning, and the river greatly in flood. I got up at 6.15 and went on with my Florence article, which I finished at 10.30. I haven't been so enthusiastic about anything for over a year as I am about this. Rain cleared off. I strolled with a free mind and went to the Bargello, and did it with a Baedeker fairly "conscientiously". Most interesting collection on the whole that I have yet seen. Some of the pictures in the Carraud collection, with a slight tendency to freedom in treatment of women's breasts, etc., attracted me. Besides, they were very good. So that afterwards I kept a look out (through faience sections and everything) for little naïf hints of *polissonerie*, and found some, and was quite amused the whole time. The Donatello, M. Angelo and Cellini stuff was quite up to its reputation in my mind. Then I still followed the Baedeker and went to the Church La Badia, and saw the ceiling thereof which impressed me more than the masterpiece of Filippino Lippi; because I had never seen a ceiling anything like that ceiling, and I had seen dozens of masterpieces of visions of saints with angels and madonnas. Then a palazzo or two. Then the Church of San Simone, which contained naught, but which was a nice little simple church fairly full of nice little simple people praying and casting themselves down before damnably decorated altars. Then the Piazza Peruzzi which impressed me deeply, partly for its Gothic-ness, and partly because of the streets round it whose curves (Baedeker) show the lines of the old Roman amphitheatre.

F. Grierson came after lunch. Long talks and tea. He was very fine on the subject of

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weather and the artistic temperament. Then he and I and Mr. M. went out to buy seats for "*Il Re Lear*" tonight at the Pergola Theatre. Grierson started to notice armorial bearings over doorways, and presently we could see nothing else but these, and I thought how much wiser it would be for me to sketch a few fine doorways instead of fiddling about with more ambitious things. Grierson said that in front of some of this old stuff he sometimes "psychometrically" put himself into the life of the time to such a degree that it became painful.

Afterwards I crossed the Arno — a surging yellow-brown flood.

Monday 11th April 1910

Man selling combs yesterday, and pretending to bend them with all the forces of his muscles. He contorted himself into a whole series of fine Michael Angelo attitudes, and yet he was a little shapeless man in a shapeless suit. He was also a tremendous orator, with a perfectly smooth flow of impassioned words. Such a man in England would have filled the Square and got himself mobbed.

Apropos of effect of weather here even on natives, Grierson told us yesterday of a cobbler who on being remonstrated with for being late with repairs, said: "The fact is this wind gets on my nerves and I can't work properly".

Pergola Theatre last night. "*Il Re Lear*", chief actor Ferrucio Garavaglia. We had a box for four that cost us 12 lire altogether. Beautiful theatre. On the two lower tiers, there were different escutcheons over the doors of every box — evidently those of their proprietors. Theatre to hold about 2,000. I counted 700. Really a lovely interior. Grierson said it was the finest Lear he had ever seen. The funny thing was that neither he nor I could at all explain the details of the plot to Mrs M. Forgotten it. I hadn't see "Lear" since the Théâtre Antoine version by Pierre Loti. The tile-floored corridors and the foyer were chilling — I was chilled to the spirit. It was a very cold starlight night.

I wrote my Chronicle article before breakfast. Then we went to the Uffizi and saw five or six rooms slowly, and then chucked it. I bought two reproductions of designs by da Vinci. I then made a sketch from the Ponte Vecchio, and arranged in my head my first Tillotson article. This afternoon we went to the Piazzale M. Angelo and had bad tea there, and afterwards I made a prestissimo sketch of the Piazza S. Croce. I meant to come upstairs early tonight, but I got talking to a parson, a most fearful ass of a journalist who had worked for Harmsworths, etc. A frightful but decent idiot. I wish I had the energy to write all the conversation. I haven't. One thing. He asked me if I remembered Max Pemberton's serial story last year in The Mail in which M.P. offered £100 to anybody who should guess the solution of the mystery. I did. He asked me if I knew how the thing ended, whether anyone won, etc. I didn't. He said he didn't either, and added: "Of course, not being in London and so on, one loses touch with things".

Curious the objection to paying quite small sums that even wasteful people have. We got up to S. Miniato this afternoon, but didn't go in, because there was a door with a bell, and I thought it might cost a lira. For the same reason I haven't yet been to the cloisters etc., of S. Croce. Anyhow we have paid to go into the Uffizi.

Tuesday 12th April 1910

Recital of Monteverde's "*Orfeo*" in the Salone della Pergola this afternoon. I shall write an article on it for The Nation. Astonishing that such a beautiful and obviously attractive thing is not given oftener. Then I took the other Mrs. M. and a Chicago young woman to have apéritifs at a cafe in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. Much movement; and great joy of the women in the sensation of sitting outside a café. This business is so much better and more amusing and cheaper than having tea in one of those damned English tea-houses. Walking home you could appreciate the calm and easy life of the people: saddlers in their shops and all the tradesmen; workgirls coming out of ateliers, etc. No hurry; very little ambition; very few conveniences; many conditions that would be hardships if they were per-

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ceived as such; and certainly a great deal more happiness than in England, even if happiness in misery. You are apt to think that Italians don't care about the disadvantages of their condition, and then you see a sign "Camera di Lavoro" and a number of working men hanging about. I suppose it is the equivalent of the Bourse de Travail.

Flaubert's correspondence is certainly very fine indeed; it is even sensationally fine. I got the first volume from the Library, and much prefer it to Ruskin's "Mornings in Florence".

Wednesday 13th April 1910

S. Marco with Mr. M. That is to say, the Museum. Little bits of frescoes here and there very pleasing; but the show frescoes did not impress me. The Library impressed me. There was no illuminating perhaps of the very first order, but the quantity of illuminated chant-books and other MSS was absolutely staggering. When you think of the time given to all the art-work, it seems like a disease. Thousands of pages of which each would take a man's time for weeks. The miniatures of Fra Benedetto were satisfying. There seems to be enough work of Fra Angelico in this monastery alone to have occupied him about ten years. The cell of Savanarola, etc. This wants seeing again. I was too tired to imagine the daily life in it. Afterwards we went into Viesseux's full of eagerness to buy the 2/6d edition of Villari's "Savanarola", but when they asked 4½ lire for it we thought it too dear and our ardour cooled! There was a really wonderful water-colour copy of an annunciation-fresco by Fra Angelico, for sale in the monastery, marked 450 lire. This was not dear. I wanted it. My instinct was to try to beat down the poor artist to 300 frs. It doesn't matter whether you are an artist yourself or not, that instinct to buy art for too little will assert itself. I did nothing after all. Then we had a quina-vermouth at a *terrasse* in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

Thursday 14th April 1910

Dinner last night with Grierson and his friend Odon Por, the Hungarian journalist, and friends of *his* from Buda-Pesth — a painter and a sculptor; in a large-ish restaurant in a cellar of a fine house just off the Via Tornabuoni. Going there, the young Por said there was no weekly or monthly in England that was as inspiring to young writers as the *Mercure* in France. True. The restaurant was excellent till a most frantic mandolinic music began. We had to leave. We sat on a *terrasse* and were joined by a German artist. One of the Hungarians, a heavy, serious, gloomy, fine young man had very abrupt and good notions about contemporary art. Speaking French with difficulty he had to be content to divide artists into good and bad. He had no use for Sargent nor Brangwyn, at all. I fear he may be somewhat right as to Brangwyn. He put Whistler as a goodish second-rater. He said Cézanne was as great as Titian, and put Manet and Dégas with him, and he had a special affection for Renoir, and gave himself a lot of trouble to explain the great quality that Renoir had — something greater than design for instance. He admitted Beardsley. Among modern French he was all for Matisse, Picasso, Rousseau, but especially Matisse . . . He was evidently a very genuine artist; but appallingly sure and uncompromising.

Mr. M., Grierson and I walked home through narrow streets of palaces whose roofs were against the blessed sky. It was strange to see a cinematograph theatre flaming in the base of one of these stone precipices. I said we must go through the Gothic Piazza Peruzzi. M. said: "*Vous savez que c'est le quartier des filles*". I was not surprised. It was. They were a sinister looking lot, but they suited the architecture. Plenty of young men talking in groups here and there. Grierson was much moved by the historic sense.

Same day

I was in S. Croce before 8 a.m. On the way I saw two school-mistresses setting out from home with their books. A certain swagger of busts. I also called at a church on the way; a long mass proceeding. Two masses proceeding at S. Croce, and perhaps 100 people in the place. It was all swept up and in order at that hour, except that a woman was dusting an altar. I still can't

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get excited over the frescoes. I rail at Ruskin but now enjoy the tombs which he pointed out to me . . . Officers going about, and people going to business generally. A removal in progress, lots of pictures coming out of the entrails of a palace in a procession. There must be a vast amount of picture-framing and cabinet-work activity in Florence. You see it everywhere at the foot of palaces, under dark archways; with a cobbler's under the lowest part of the arching, or a little hatter's. Sewage was being pumped by steam out of a palace. The eye doesn't get up much higher than the first floor of the interior life of these palaces. But such glimpses as one has of the interior architecture are generally surprising and always intensify the littleness of each separate chamber and human existence compared to the whole palace. Dwarfs burrowing about in the deserted habitations of dead giants. Still, in the days of the giants there must have been a goodish few dwarfs burrowing.

Martin wrote: "Let your impressions come slowly". All his letter showed a great love of Florence.

After breakfast, not being ripe to take up my novel, quite, I went out walking and sketched twice. Florence is certainly an ideal place to write a novel in, at least to arrange your ideas for a novel in. I went into S. Spirito again. A very vocal service in progress; horrible singing, and bursts of organ. This is still for me the most beautiful church interior in Florence. Shave at a barber's behind Strozzi Palace. Very deliberate. The bowl with the piece cut out for the neck (silver plated) brought up by a boy after the operation. Never seen this bowl in action before. (Nor had I seen before the women in second, third and fourth storeys buying off a hawker in the ravine below by means of a basket or bag tied to a string. This in the Via something Presto di S. Martino.) The shave was a good one, but 5d. And this was by no means the most swagger barber in Florence.

The right thing would be, as regards journalising, to note one impression, among the hundreds one has, particularly, and set it down with some approach to conscientiousness.

Friday 15th April 1910

Orchestral concert last night in the Teatro Verdi. Conductor: Zuccano. Symphony in C minor by Franchetti. Just as Grierson the other evening said that the Lear was the finest he had ever seen, so he said that the rendering of the Peer Gynt suite was the finest he had ever heard, and that the Franchetti symphony was just as good as a lot of Schubert and Schumann, and that Zuccano would make a sensation in London. Very few people in the audience.

Strike of scavengers, on account of a quarrel between a subordinate and his superior. Subordinate in prison; all his fellows go on strike. For two days the town has lain in filth. I am told it is a socialistic Town Council. The *Nazione* preaches commonsense.

I had written 1300 words of "Clayhanger" at 9.10 this morning.

Tombs of the Medici with Mr. M. This was a classic sensation, if you like. It seemed to be the very highest altitude of art. Uncompromising and yet restrained realism. Also the Laurentinian Library, and the cloisters, the latter being sketchable.

Same day

Drive to S. Margherita and Montici this afternoon. Hot sunshine; heavy clouds; thunder. All the charm of the plain on which Florence lies is revealed in the course of this drive. Scores of villages lie in the western part of the plain, and each house of them glitters white in the sun. The colours on the hills are special to the country, and seem a novelty of combinations. But I have not yet seen Florence itself "well composed" from a distance. The tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the Campanile, the Duomo, and the chapel of the Medici, — each spoils the rest. And especially the campanile and the Duomo clash. There is no doing anything with them. But every day the overwhelming grandeur of the dome, as a unit, increases upon you. Also does the richness of the city in works of art of all kinds. Every day you come across new quantities, enormous quantities, of really high-class work. The Donatello, etc., things, the Michael Angelo tombs, and the MSS in the Library adjoining would alone make the reputations of a city. And they are a mere trifling item in the total.

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Saturday 16th April 1910

Having run myself to a standstill, I had to go to bed last night immediately after dinner, but I didn't get away before the clergyman, having bought "Buried Alive" and told me he liked it because it was not like other books but 'a smart book', asked me if I would care to go with him to one of the cinematograph shows as he had heard they were very good.

Palazzo Corsini this morning. Private. Open on three days a week on payment of half a lira. In charge of very polite custodians consciously superior to state officials and better dressed. One fine chamber, a sort of throne-room, of perhaps 5,000 feet superficies, with very ugly candelabra. The other rooms large and ugly with chiefly ugly furniture and poor old pictures. A simply vast quantity of bad art. Spectacular proof of the general low level of painting etc., even in the greater centuries. When one reflects that there must be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such collections, the idea appals. But the central room on the river-front had a few pictures of the first-class. Botticelli etc. Some of the rooms — bedrooms, e.g., immense — were exceedingly dark, and gave on courtyards much smaller than themselves. A general impression of spaciousness and inconvenience; no interior planning of any ingenuity: not a sign of a corridor, but doubtless there were such, hidden and dark. A true palace in dimensions, but it could not have been much of a treat to live in it. I noticed a fine English grandfather clock, painted over with figures in colour and (I think) bits of landscape. One room was noticeable for the exuberance of women's charms in the pictures on all the walls. A curious thing by Botticelli — marked as a fragment of a coffer (5 ft. long x 1 ft. or more) painted with "allegorical figures", showed five beautiful women sitting in a row all in an advanced state of pregnancy.

1400 words of "Clayhanger" this morning before 8.30, and the novel seems to be going pretty well.

This afternoon we went to see Por, the Hungarian, and his sister and brother-in-law the Vedras, and the Hungarian painter I forget his name, at their villa at Settignano. Mrs. Vedras a beautiful woman with a little boy aged 7 or 8, really astoundingly beautiful — not in an angelic but in a boyish way; makes you think at once of Greek gods, etc. Vast house — drawing-room like a town hall, other rooms large, including studio. Por took us to his bedroom, top floor, as big as the salon; rain coming in in several places, but still about an acre of dry floor. Arched and decorated ceilings. Blank wall of an inner courtyard painted in the most idiotic way to represent an awning and windows, etc; quite Italian this. Vedras is a sculptor doing good work, and the painter had two pictures in progress, *très Societé des Indépendants*, and some pen-and-ink and brush-and-ink sketches and portraits that were most inspiriting. Everyone *sympathique* and hospitable and with real ideas on art. One had the illusion that it would be jolly to live in such a house. But waiting in the "atrium" for the tram to come, we saw a little servant let down a small copper vessel half a mile into a well, and draw up about a quart or two quarts of water. An operation taking 60 to 120 seconds, and considerable physical force. The whole domestic life of the house must be like that. The salon is never heated at all, and there is no means of heating it. No artifical light, no nothing, except space. We came away charmed with our entertainers. What a contrast, in their freedom, wit, and taste in art, and their enthusiasm, with the dreadful, dull, social atmosphere of this excellent but damned pension. Proof I was with artists: I smoked too much.

(*Part II next month*)

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MR. MENCKEN CALLS ON ME

By Upton Sinclair

PONDERING how to open this article, through some whim of memory I return to the fashion that was taught me in my tender youth. We had, in our homely old college, an institution known as "chapel". At eight-forty-five every morning we assembled in a large hall, to gaze upon a platform decorated by a row of white-haired old gentlemen, the faculty. Our "prexy", an ex-brigadier-general, would read to us from an expurgated edition of the Bible, and then a more or less rattled upper-classman would be summoned to the platform to pronounce an oration of his own inspired composition. For a week or two in advance he had been coached for the ordeal by an instructor of elocution, who would take his manuscript and mark it here and there on the margin with cryptic initials, "rg" which meant a gesture with the right hand, "lg" which meant a gesture with the left hand, and "gbh" which meant a moment of especial inspiration, signalized by a generous, all-embracing gesture with both hands. So we would take our stand upstage center, with sixteen hundred eyes fixed upon us, and, trembling visibly in the knees and quavering in the voice, we would begin, according to an ancient and immutably established pattern, as follows:

Henry Louis Mencken, one of the most influential and widely-discussed of modern critics, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on the 12th of September, 1880. He is of German parentage, and was educated in the public schools of his native city, and in the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute. He began his career as a journalist, and was for many years connected with the daily which Baltimoreans know as the "Sunpaper". He then became editor of the "Smart Set", and for ten years imparted to that monthly a character unique and *sui generis*. (We had compulsory Latin for five years at our college, and we always got some of it in.) He then founded The American Mercury, and has built up a large circulation and still wider influence by criticism expressed in a pungent and arresting style —

I get that far, but it doesn't seem right, and at last I realize what is the matter: never during the entire five years of my interment in this venerable college did I hear an oration pronounced upon a subject who was guilty of the vulgarity of being alive. So that was a false start, and I try again, in the fashion of those pungent and arresting biographical sketches which appear each month between the arsenical green covers. So:

Upon an overstuffed plush sofa in the reception-room of the fashionable Women's Athletic Club of Los Angeles there sits a short and solidly-made gentleman with bright china-blue eyes and the round rosy face of a cherub. He is about to play the lion at a luncheon in the dining-room, and meantime he is entertaining a small group with a diverting account of the adventures to a Babbitt-hunter in the land of Babbitts. H. L. Mencken has been making a tour of the South; and when he boarded the train in New Orleans, very much in need of sleep after days of festivities, he discovered that the general passenger agent of the road had telegraphed the district superintendent, and this worthy had notified the conductor of the train and all the station agents on the line, so that hospitality might not cease during any hour of the day or night. The steward of the dining-car brought pots of steaming coffee, and the "butcher" brought baskets of fruit, and the train conductor brought real Scotch, or so he said, and the Pullman conductor conjured a magical mint-julep, and at every stop there was a local deputation, with flowers and brass bands and beautiful smiling maidens; in short, it was exactly like a presidential campaign tour, except that the victim would rather have been reading a book. His china-blue eyes twinkled with

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mischief and his rosy face grew apoplectic as he pictured the efforts of a weary editor to close his eyes in slumber while the outside air rang with "Hail to the Chief!" and the door of the compartment had the varnish worn off by tapping knuckles.

The eminent editor had written that he was coming to see me; and I had mentioned the matter to friends, never dreaming the risk I was running. One day the story exploded like a bomb-shell in the newspapers, and after that my telephone was never still. One newspaper announced that I had announced that Mencken was going to address the local Babbitts; and then it printed an interview with the secretary of the local Babbitts, saying that Mr. Mencken wasn't going to address them, and who was Mr. Mencken anyhow? Another paper announced that I was going to make a Socialist out of Mencken, and then came an interview with Mencken en route, saying that it was a mistake, he was going to make a drunkard out of me. All the newspaper men I know begged for a seat at that fight. But it was a poor show; you don't argue with Niagara, and you don't interrupt a circus.

Mencken is in a Berserk rage against stupidity, dullness and sham; he is a whole army, horse, foot, artillery, aviation and general staff all in one, mobilized in a war upon his enemies. He has a spy bureau all over the country, which collects for him illustrations of the absurdities of democracy, and he sorts them out by states, and once a month they appear between the arsenical green covers, and once a year they make a book, "Americana". If you ask Mencken what is the remedy for these horrors, he will tell you they are the natural and inevitable manifestations of the boobus Americanus. If you ask him why then labor so monstrously, he will say that it is for his own enjoyment, he is so constituted that he finds his recreation in laughing at his fellow boobs. But watch him a while, and you will see the light of hilarity die out of his eyes, and you will note lines of tiredness in his face, and lines of not quite perfect health, and you will realize that he is lying to himself and to you; he is a new-style crusader, a Christian Anti-Christ, a tireless propagandist of no-propaganda.

Once I got him to be serious, and he told me the real basis of his faith, which is liberty; he wishes to abolish every kind of restriction upon thought and expression, and to reduce restrictions upon action to the absolute minimum, beyond things which are obviously and immediately harmful. When I suggest that a man who takes alcohol into his system destroys his hepatic cells, Mencken says to hell with his hepatic cells; when I tell him that such a man becomes a dangerous lunatic driving a fast machine on a public highway, Mencken says get off the highway; when I say that he destroys the health of his posterity, Mencken says that is posterity's hard luck. At least that is the best I could make of it; he has a tendency to become incoherent when the subject of prohibition is raised, and it took several samples of my rich uncle's pre-Volstead stock to soothe him into rationality again.

He lashes with his powerful language the stupidities of bureaucrats and the knaveries of politicians. He declares that government is "the common enemy of all well-disposed, industrious and decent men". I protest to him that this is a rather sweeping statement; for example, our government distributes The American Mercury. He replies that the government doesn't want to distribute the Mercury, and wouldn't if it could help it. But that is obviously no reply; the fact is that the government does distribute the Mercury, on precisely the same terms as all other magazines. I cite the fact that it issues many postal orders for five dollars each, which Mencken's magazine collects. He replies that the government loses most of these orders. I cite the fact that the government will save his house if it catches fire, and he answers that fire departments are so inefficient that most fires burn out.

These statements illustrate an unfortunate weakness of our great libertarian crusader, he has very little regard for facts; all he is thinking about is to amuse and startle. He once made a funny newspaper article about me as the man who has believed more things than any other man alive; he managed to compile a plausible list, by including a number of things which I don't believe and never did; also, a number of things which all

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sensible men believe — including Mencken himself if you could pin him down; and finally, a few things which I believe because I have investigated them, and which Mencken disbelieves because he is ignorant about them.

For example, fasting. I have published a book setting forth the fact that fasting will cure many diseases. Mencken has never fasted, and has never read a book on the subject — I managed in our correspondence to bring out that fact. I have taken the precaution to fast twenty or thirty times for longer or shorter periods, and I have received letters from thousands of others who have tried it. Since my book appeared, sixteen years ago, many of my contentions have been vindicated by exact scientific research, at the Carnegie laboratories and other places. I offer to my friend Mencken the results of work done at the Hull Biological Laboratory of the University of Chicago showing the results of thirty- and forty-day fasts upon human beings and dogs, a permanent increase in the metabolic rate of five or six per cent. Inasmuch as decrease in the metabolic rate is one of the phenomena of old age, it follows that the effect of fasting is rejuvenation — which is exactly what I have been asserting for sixteen years. But did Mencken verify his facts before compiling his list of Sinclair absurdities? No indeed.

Again, I was rebuked in Mencken's review of "Mammonart", for having suggested an identity in the fundamental ideas of Jesus and Nietzsche. That seemed to Mencken the height of absurdity; but he did not give his readers the words I had quoted from Jesus and Nietzsche, which are in substance identical. My friend Haldeman-Julius came forward to rebuke me for disputing with such a Nietzsche authority as Mencken; but Mencken's study of Nietzsche bears the date 1908, while you will find in my "Journal of Arthur Stirling", published in 1903, a complete statement of Nietzsche's philosophy.

Liberty, says Mencken. So let me quote him a few words from his great master. "Art thou such a one that can escape a yoke? Free from what? What is that to Zarathustra! Clear shall your eye tell me: free *to* what?" And that is the time when Mencken's eye becomes clouded. The darling and idol of the young intelligenzia has no message to give them, except that they are free to do what they please — which they interpret to mean that they are to get drunk, and read elegant pornography, and mock at the stupidities and blunders of people with less expensive educations. Mencken has "made his school", as the French say; he has raised up a host of young persons as clever as their master, and able to write with the same shillelah swing. For the present, that is all that is required; that is the mood of the time. But some day the time spirit will change; America will realize that its problems really have to be solved, and that will take serious study of exploitation and wage slavery, of co-operation and the democratic control of industry — matters concerning which Mencken is as ignorant as any Babbitt-boob.

There lies on my desk his new book, an onslaught upon democracy. In the fly leaf he has written: "Upton Sinclair, to make him yell!" And perhaps this is yelling — judge for yourself. My friend Mencken has made the discovery that the masses of the people are inferior to himself; but that was known to every French marquis of the *ancien régime*.

We agree that we want the wise and competent in power; the question is, how are they to get there? The principle of hereditary aristocracy has been given a long trial, and Mencken omits to tell us where in history's roll of wars and intrigues and assassinations he finds the ideal state. At present we have a government based on the right of active and enterprising capital to have its own way; under this system The American Mercury has built up a hundred thousand circulation, and the popular editor is not nearly so discontented as he talks. But meantime the masses of labor see themselves disinherited and dispossessed, and the rumble of their protest grows audible. Sooner or later my friend Mencken will have to face these new facts, and choose between the bloody reaction of Fascism and the new dawn of industrial brotherhood. Being seven hundred and twenty-three days older than he, I am going to be his guide and mentor through those trying times, and he will learn, even while he fusses and scolds and insists that he won't.

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Historic Moment: Baltimore, *circa* 1888 — Master Harry Mencken's belief in Accepted Authority is first (and forever) shattered by certain incredible assertions in Hans Christian Andersen

Caricature and Text by William H. Cotton

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THEATRICAL PRESS-AGENTRY

By Bernard Sobel

THOUGH the play's the thing, it is the press agent who peddles it; and he, being a peddler, has never had a recognized place in society. To the public, he has been, until recently, a hazy figure, to be tolerated when amusing and abused when too forward. Through his relation to the newspapers and the stage door, he resembled a character in an O. Henry story, with the fearsome abilities of a side-show barker and a short-change artist.

As a result of this conception, the public has known very little about the press-agent and his history. Though thousands of men and women search frantically every year for new and recondite thesis material, no one, thus far, has cared to dig up his true story. Did the press-agent, for instance, exist at the time of Aeschylus? Did he work when Seneca wrote, or was he — like Seneca also perhaps — non-existent? Did he help swell the crowds for the Elizabethan dramatist or attendance at Lope de Vega's pieces? Such information compiled would be useful to the press-agent of today, for then Antiquity might give to him, as to many others, the dignity of the escutcheon and the family tree.

Notwithstanding, the press-agent has never before been so well able to stand on his own feet as now. Nor has he ever been more interesting than at present. He has thrown off the chrysalis of the past and has come out a new kind of creature, trailing shreds of old-fashioned wrappings, still appreciative of the past value of these wrappings; yet anxious to shed them entirely, to gain an independent place for himself and to make himself respected for himself alone. Meanwhile, he strives to demonstrate his power in and love for an art which is dual, including, as it does, his own art of writing and the object of his writing — the theater.

As an individual, the press-agent has changed. In the past the typical press-agent was not often an out-and-out writer, and even if he was, he unhesitatingly laid aside his pencil in favor of a stunt — a real or imaginary story which landed in the news-columns and won the credence or excited attention of the public.

Some of these stunts are not historic. One of them gained for the late A. Toxin Worm more attention than did all his facile writings. The incentive was supposedly supplied by the temperament of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who complained that she could not do justice to her art because there was too much noise around the Republic Theater. Whereupon the enterprising Toxin bought a load of tanbark and had it spread over the pavement around the playhouse, thus stilling the noise and simultaneously soothing the actress's tortured nerves.

Sometimes a stunt has created a great deal of excitement in the particular community in which it took place, without coming to the attention of the general public. Such was the case in a series of incidents which Percy Heath devised in the following sequence:

An unknown man came one day to the office of the mayor of Boston. He introduced himself as a philanthropist; said that he had been born in Boston and that he had made a fortune in the west which he intended giving to the people of Boston. He stated also that, being opposed to organized charity, he purposed distributing the money himself, a plan to which the mayor refused to accede. Nevertheless, the philanthropist went to the Harvard game the next day and when the crowd started to leave the field he began throwing away, from a vantage point in his automobile, hundreds of pennies and nickels. A miniature riot ensued. Finally the police shooed off the unknown Croesus and the crowds were dispersed. The next day, naturally, the complete story came out in the papers. But the philanthropist con-

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tinued his distribution of money through the city, day after day, raising the amounts from nickels to quarters, and from quarters to half dollars. Finally, he gave out a paid advertisement to the papers stating that he had rented an office at a definite address and from the roof of that building, at 3 o'clock, the next day, would throw money away, in sums no less in size than a dollar. At the hour specified, great crowds assembled for the distribution, which took place exactly as advertised. Only about eighty dollars, however, were thrown to the crowd. The other neat green slips, though plentiful, were merely handbills announcing the fact that a new play called "The Million" would open soon in Boston.

Several hoaxes, amusing though often challenged and condemned, were the work of Harry Richenbach, one of the first men to lift the lid from Pandora's box to reveal the bag of agent's tricks within. According to his own account, a man registered one day at the Belleclaire Hotel, New York, under the name of T. R. Zann. He took a suite on a lower floor so that a piano-box might be hoisted easily into his quarters. The following morning, Mr. Zann called a waiter and, having ordered a simple breakfast of coffee, eggs and toast, demanded also fifteen pounds of raw beefsteak. This last dish was intended for his lion which had come in via the piano-box and was at that moment prowling about in the next room. The terrified waiter retreated immediately, and reported conditions to the hotel officials. They, in turn, rushed back to investigate, only to find Mr. Zann and the lion in complete rapprochement, happily playing with each other. Notwithstanding, the strange two were not permitted to remain long in their state of contentment. Within a day or so both were ordered out of the hotel. By this time, however, their affairs had become known to the reporters and subsequently to the astonished world. Some days later an announcement appeared in the newspapers to the effect that T. R. Zann and his pet lion would appear at a Broadway theater. T. R. Zann, in other words, was simply the name taken by a famous animal trainer who had, for a consideration, lent himself and his pet to the exploitation of a motion picture called "The Return of Tarzan".

Often the theatrical press-agent forsakes the footlights awhile to work on an amusement park job or a circus. Here elephants are seemingly the best material for exploitation, and some of the stories built about them are surprising. A strange elephant was found at Midland Beach. How the elephant got there no one knew; and all sorts of elaborate conjectures thereon, scientific and otherwise, were presented through the press. Yet the real solution was easy to understand, — even simple. Either ingenious Eddie Corbett or Glenmore Davis had taken the animal there on a truck some time during the night, when the lights were out and no one was looking.

Some years later, when elephants were being featured at the Hippodrome, several escaped somehow, causing consternation and anxiety to the management. Someone guilty of negligence was due for a reprimand or even jail-imprisonment. And if the public were to discover the truth there would be widespread excitement, a reign of terror, and a drop in Hippodrome business. The public must not know. Mark Luescher, then a press-agent, made certain of that. Deliberately and determinedly, he told his assistants to acquaint the newspapers with all the facts at once; and the newspapers, thinking that they were being made the victims of a hoax, ignored the whole matter.

Not so fortunate was the experience of Sam Lederer, a well known Chicago press-agent and manager. For when one of the stars in his show did actually lose her pearls, and he told the papers about the theft, they straightway ridiculed him; "kidded" him for falling low enough to revive an old trick.

C. P. Greneker, quiet and unassuming, has been the press-agent for the Messrs. Shubert for many years. Once, in his earlier experience, he speeded up a show at a little town called Conneat Lake, by calling out the fire department and having them stop before the theater where his show was on view, thereby placing the collected crowd in easy position for buying tickets.

The exploits of Walter Kingsley, for twelve years press representative for B. F. Keith —

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the New York Theater company — rival those of a picaresque hero. Mr. Kingsley takes care of thirty theaters in New York and has to put over a first night for every one of them every week. During his career he has done every conceivable sort of publicity from boosting the Kaiser before the war to exploiting, with the connivance of Heywood Broun, no less a person than James Branch Cabell and his book "Jurgen". One of the most interesting stunts that Walter effected some years ago had to do with the appearance of Trixie Friganza in the office of the Mayor of New York City. Women's suffrage was then becoming a matter of excitement; and Trixie was supposed to be the exponent thereof. In this guise she met the mayor, was heckled, served as the target for miscellaneous missiles, and incidentally got her picture in the papers and a great deal of space.

The industry, humor, and creative imagination of press-agents have done much to relieve the monotony of daily life. Will Page, for instance, once startled society by announcing that Alice Delysia, international star, would marry an unknown man of great wealth, who never did evolve. Oliver M. Sayler prods the intelligentsia by writing treatises having to do with the debt that Art owes to Morris Gest. Wells Hawks, famous as the press-agent for Ringling Brothers, motion pictures, plays and no less an organization than the United States Navy, exploited Luna Park with the now celebrated slogan, "Everything new but the ocean".

Joe Flynn, one of the first of the wise-cracking press-agents, induced the management of "Tickle Me" to distribute souvenir bottles of liquor; and then, when the fact was discovered and the parties brought to trial for violation of the Volstead act, he jollied the court into dismissing the case, had his humorous testimony printed, and turned a failure into a hit.

Flora Zabelle, prima donna, was supposed to go on the stage to make enough money to save her father, a real Armenian, from the wrath of the Turks. Marie Welsh, a show girl, was proclaimed the model for a $90,000 Ecuadorian bank note that was to bear her likeness. At the conclusion of the run of "Lightnin'" in New York City, the late Joe Drum, for many years press representative for John Golden, had a great parade in which city and state officials, various clubs, and society notables took part.

Certain ballyhoos, though, are now considered bad form and even harmful to a show of first rank — parades, sandwich men, calliopes. Some stunts have a substantial idea; others, because of attendant circumstances, acquire value after having been put over. Still others die because of space exigencies, for even the best theatrical stories are thrown aside in favor of pictures of crimes and catastrophes.

Among the veteran press-agents, most of them well known to the public, must be mentioned picturesque and lovable Bill Guard, director of news for the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company; Tunis Dean, Kilbourne Gordon, Francis E. Reid, long the representative of A. L. Erlanger; Leon K. Friedman; "Eddie" Pidgeon, John J. Dacey and Beulah Livingstone; George Alabama Florida, who put over a flop by giving away alternate admission tickets; Eddie Dunn, representative for George M. Cohan throughout his entire producing career, who started the whilom sensational stunt of women hansom-cab drivers; Nellie Revell, first of women press-agents; Dixie Hines and Ben Atwell, distributor of news for the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

William A. Field is the first press-agent on record to win the esteem and confidence of an entire community. When he closed his second or third season with the Stuart Walker Players in Indianapolis, one of the papers published an extensive appeal for his return. To Nils Granlund, radio announcer, belongs the credit of demonstrating the importance of broadcasting as a theatrical publicity medium.

All these accomplishments have had their value, certainly. And though they may not have directly aided the individual attractions as attractions they augmented the fame of the stars and added somewhat to that general, necessary glamor upon which the stage thrives. Within the last year, though, stunts for salacious plays have lost their efficacy. "Bunk", "The Vanities", "The

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Virgin Man", all had spurts of business through getting space in the papers. But this business died down quickly and the plays with it.

Yet the modern press-agent is still expected to be able to effect publicity miracles which will amaze the public and turn a failure into a hit. He knows the value of sensational accomplishments and gladly engages in them. In his heart, nevertheless, he is longing to do something else — to give most of his time to writing. All his life he has tried to make his profession something that it has not been — something more dignified and yet more definitely practical. Thus, he now shapes his actions and deportment to fit a new standard, dresses modishly, reads and writes more; cultivates friends who can help him; can inspire and criticize his writings, pass on his judgments.

Some of this change has been brought about by the definite achievements of Sam Hoffenstein. Sam Hoffenstein is the father of the by-line. He was the first man to lift the press-agent from anonymity and ignominy to the dignity of signed articles and preferred space in the best dramatic sections. His work has been peculiarly remarkable, for while writing publicity he has simultaneously turned out literature. His main duties have been concerned with exploiting the well-known producer, Al Woods, a somewhat rough diamond, with heels run down, whose working vocabulary is limited to four words, the term "sweetheart" supplying many connotations. From this human material, Mr. Hoffenstein has created another Al Woods, as engaging as a Max Beerbohm character and beloved by readers all over the world. Mr. Hoffenstein's Al Woods is happily talkative and humorous. He has manner and manners; is graciously informative about his plans, real or imaginary. He is a peregrine without a Baedecker, who drops in from London just as easily as the gentlemen in "Zuleika Dobson" drop out of windows. To him Life, politics and nations are important only as they furnish him the occasion for discussing himself or his theatrical attractions. Some day, if Mr. Hoffenstein gets over his preference for procrastination, these writings will be published as a book. In the meanwhile, the public must content itself with the newspaper stories, characteristic articles in Vanity Fair and exquisite verse.

To Richard Maney, another press-agent, Walter Winchell awarded in The Evening Graphic the honors of the year for his publicity work on "The Squall". Maney lifted this fourth rate play to first consideration through spoofing it. He utilized also Robert Benchley's adverse criticism of the obscure declassée character, Nubi, in such a skillful manner that she became a celebrity, the subject of comment in Alexander Woollcott's column, the talk of the town.

The work of Arthur Kober on Jed Harris's play, "Spread Eagle" was typically modern, for he used controversial aspects in the Mexican theme to start a heated discussion which he carried on through the newspapers, eventually involved the radio, and won, at length, extensive comment in "The Nation".

As a natural consequence of the new conditions and the emphasis on writing, press-agents are continually trickling through into literature and dramaturgy. Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics for Philip Goodman's "Dear Sir" and Morrie Ryskind the lyrics for Richard Herndon's "Merry-Go-Round". Kenyon Nicholson wrote "The Barker"; Sam Behrman "The Second Man"; Henry Myers "The First 50 Years"; Edwin Justus Mayer "The Firebrand"; Robert Simon "Our Little Girl", and more recently "The Bronx Ballads", with Harry Hirshfield, cartoonist. Marion Spitzer, John Peter Tuohy, and Jack Lait have turned out novels, plays, and short stories, while long before these times, Eugene Walter, who did publicity for "The Clansman" wrote "The Easiest Way" and many other hits. And Channing Pollock, once a publicist and critic, wrote "The Fool". Even such famous columnists as O. O. McIntyre, Karl Kitchen, and S. Jay Kaufman have done their bit of theatrical publicity.

The Wilstach family has won the record for double accomplishments in publicity and literature. The late Caxton Wilstach collaborated on "Sweet Lavender". Paul Wilstach wrote "Thaïs" and several notable biographies. Frank Wilstach has compiled

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an anthology of similes, and John Wilstach, his son, writes short stories.

Even literature, however, is necessarily secondary to the real work of the press-agent, a work which is so involved that he dare not ponder long over it, for fear of being engulfed in his own responsibilities. He begins the day by looking over the papers, checking up on the items he has placed. These he puts in the omnipresent scrap-book. He must look over the "ads"; see that they are spelled correctly and set up right. He must check up on the weekly bills for copy, circulars, signs and throw-aways — all made invitingly descriptive of the play. He must meet actors; interview them; adapt himself to their personalities; arrange for sittings for photographs; develop a knowledge of photograph values; write for the columnists; arrange stunts; prepare first-night lists, with a knowledge to the value of those who will be most necessary to a first-night audience; arrange special theater reservations; effect introductions for unknowns who wish an engagement in the show; write routine stories; make the rounds of the magazines; attend banquets and public celebrations in the capacity of the official representative of the show; superintend changes in program copy; consult scores of people who have advertising tie-ups which they want to connect with the show; attend theaters generally, in order to be conversant with what's going on in the stage world, keep abreast of all the news all the time, in order to keep the show topically interesting. If he is exploiting a legitimate show he studies it, for since Ibsen good plays are apt to require study. During odd moments he writes free copy for theatrical benefits, charity, and bond sales. Finally, sometime around midnight, while reading the first editions of the next day's papers, he crawls to bed.

What the press-agent writes has also undergone a great change. His copy is quite different from that of the past, not only in New York, but in other large cities also. Press notices used to be extravagant and ornate. The cost of the show was usually inflated to hundreds of thousands. Emphasis was placed on the elaborateness of the production, the size of the company, the beauty of the costumes, and the ingenious mechanical and electrical equipment.

Opening announcements these days, especially in New York, are cut down to the barest statements of fact. The more dignified the policy of the paper, the briefer the announcement. As a result, the press-agent has been restrained. Even while projecting his own show he must keep as near as possible to a definite impersonal point of view, he must peddle his wares by indirection. Thus, publicity itself has swerved from the main line, with the strange result that the publicity-agent has tended to exploit his own personal reaction to the show in varying moods, usually facetious or humorous. Finally, belonging to an individualistic age, he now uses the show to exploit himself.

As a result of the new tendencies, the public is compelled to form its opinion of a production and its stars by inference. For though a play be tragic, sad, mysterious, or mystic, what discussion appears thereon is completely in the mood of the press-agent. If he feels sportive about the plot, he writes it up sportively. If he sees fit to burlesque it or the producer or the players he does so.

This condition is more serious than it might at first be considered. The home of the drama is New York. What lives there is almost the only thing that has a chance elsewhere. The truth of this statement has been demonstrated by a history of the hits. It has been demonstrated also by the expense and efforts producers have given to keeping a play alive in New York — forced runs — so that they might compensate for their New York losses when they play in the provinces. There publicity, through stunts and stories, has unquestionably kept the play going.

That plays be kept on the board, even though they do not always rank up to the Shakespeare standard, is important, for in plays the public has always found education, culture and pleasure. After all, the theater is primarily a form of recreation and a little spoofing and "synthetic" interviewing keeps the fun alive.

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ROBINSON JEFFERS: TRAGIC TERROR

By Benjamin de Casseres

IT IS as difficult to conceive Robinson Jeffers in any other place than Carmel, California, as it would be to think of Shelley living in Whitechapel, Dostoievsky at Narragansett Pier or William Blake in Pittsburg. If ever a man and the Spirit of Place had conspired for a mystical union it is here.

That portion of California — its hills, sea, blue lupins, golden poppies, sea-gulls, dirt roads, pines, firs, hawks, herons and lighthouses — stretching between Point Joe and Point Lobos (roughly, about thirty miles) belongs as absolutely to Robinson Jeffers, poet of Tragic Terror, as Wessex belongs to Thomas Hardy. This place has chosen this man to tell its secret spiritual and physical tragedies to the world and to voice its bitter beauties in his long-rolling, crashing, choppy lines: the transfiguration in his sensibility of the brawling harmonies and bickering winds of the sea. His work is the colossal symphony of a mad Dante.

Jeffers, — stark, elemental, monk-like — has grown into the landscape. He is physically part of the fauna and flora. He has coupled with this sky, this earth and this sea on the iron beds of his consciousness. Unearthly, twisted, gnarled, weird, diabolically beautiful Point Lobos has whispered into his ear, as a tree once whispered into the ear of another, "Thou untold life of me!"

The wind and the sea have wrought the trees at Point Lobos and the adjacent hills to grotesque and macabre shapes. By day unearthly, by night it is ghostly. From it stream the elemental and demoniacal psychical forces that engulf the whole coast to Monterey. It needs the genius of Poe, of Lafcadio Hearn, of Chopin, of Doré, of Baudelaire, of Jeffers to translate into artforms the overwhelming emotion of brutal beauty and abysmal melancholy that Point Lobos inflicts upon the sensitive, receptive soul. Here damnation and the forbidden well out of the very rocks. In all the world no fitter place could have been found to conceive and give birth to the tremendous tragedies of Robinson Jeffers. His steel-muscled genius has lifted Carmel to Golgotha.

When I read Jeffers' "Tamar" and "The Coast-Range Christ" I get a feeling of vastness that I have experienced only in Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Hardy and Whitman. There is for me no vastness, for instance, in the pages of Balzac or Dostoievsky. Depth, height — yes. Vastness — no. Vastness is a quality that is psychically communicable. In Jeffers' work — even in his smallest poems — this vastness is implicit. It is the sense of the eternal and the fatalistic not, as a passing mood, injected or worked into the poem for the purpose of "artistic effect", but as something in which Jeffers, like Hardy and Whitman, perpetually lives, moves and has his being.

Vastitude may be an inherent quality in the minutest bit of creative work, in the smallest figure by Rodin, two simple lines of Blake, three words of Jeffers, and may be totally absent in great masses — Dreiser's work or the work of H. G. Wells, for instance. Take this from "Tamar":

> O beauty of the fountains of the sun,
> I pray you enter a little chamber,
> I have given you bodies, I have made you puppets,
> I have made idols for God to enter
> And tiny cells to hold your honey.
> I have given you a dotard and an idiot,
> An old woman puffed with vanity, youth but botched with incest,
> O blower of music through the crooked bugles,
> You that make signs of sins and choose the lame for angels,
> Enter and possess. Being light you have chosen the dark lamps,
> A hawk the sluggish bodies; therefore God you chose

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Me; and therefore I have made you
idols like these idols to enter and
possess.

The cold tragic beauty of "Tamar", "Roan Stallion", "The Tower Beyond Tragedy", "The Coast-Range Christ" and "The Women at Point Sur" is also a perfect reflection of the man, who is cold. He burns with a white fire. He tells his story in these poems with the sublime aloofness of a being who has dismissed life as an ethical problem entirely from his consciousness — if it was ever there. Life is a play of forces, of which the dramatic values alone concern him. He records it with a brutal negligence. Those magnificent and beautiful Choroses and Antichoroses in "The Coast-Range Christ" are cold, incandescent suns that revolve above the tragedy of the boy slacker. They are as inhuman, as impersonal, as melodiously sublime as the God of Spinoza and Hardy — the Hardy of "The Dynasts". This is from "The Coast-Range Christ":

When God was made man he had some-
thing to suffer, a story of a stable, and
to weep and be wounded,
Little clogs on great glory, and suddenly
he soared
Wide of the Syrians and Romans, and the
world that they ravaged was an atom
in a multitude, surrounded
By the splendor of the dawn's lamps
dancing to their Lord.

Jeffers' mysticism is the mysticism of pantheism. All is in God, God is in all things. Everything exists in the glamor of Spirit — his clouds, his herons, his sea-fogs, his characters, even Woodrow Wilson. Whatever is is poetic, mysterious, frail effigies of reality, blown bubbles of ecstatic and satanic gods. Tremendously real, vital and wide-awake in his visualized descriptions, Jeffers contrives by the magical power of his genius to make an object or a character both familiar and unfamiliar to us under the same light. Each thing is seen simultaneously under the aspect of time and eternity — a house, a tree, a nymphomaniac, an idiot, a sheriff, a sea-gull, a crazy messiah.

This is to the "matter-of-facts" boulder with which he built his forty-foot Hawk Tower:

TO THE HOUSE

I am heaping the bones of the old mother
To build us a hold against the host of
the air;
Granite the blood-heat of her youth
Held molten in hot darkness against the
heart
Hardened to temper under the feet
Of the ocean cavalry that are maned
with snow
And march from the remotest west.
This is the primitive rock, here in the
wet
Quarry under the shadow of waves
Whose hollows mouthed the dawn; little
house each stone
Baptized from that abysmal font
The sea and the secret earth gave bonds
to affirm you.

Behind every page of Jeffers stalks Fatality, tall as the stars and as serenely implacable in its trajectories and orbits. With "unhurrying feet" it overtakes its predestined victims. It moves like a murky-luminous cloud over the five tragedies of Jeffers — world-old gigantic cloud that conceals the thunderbolt forged in the bone and blood and flesh of the ancestors of all the characters. Fatality is of the essence of tragic beauty, and nowhere have I found it more completely and clearly expressed than in "Tamar". There is only one tragedy in the whole world's literature that I would rank with "Tamar" from the angle of fatality, and that is the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles.

Who has ever guessed to what odd ports,
what sea buoying the keels, a passion
blows its bulkless
Navies of vision?
* * * * * * * * you'll learn
when you have lived at the muddy root
Under the rock of things; all times are
now, today plays on last year and the
inch of our future
Made the first morning of the world.

Those long-rolling lines of Jeffers have for me the lyrical grandeur of epochs of time, of

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the tides of circumstance. In his mastery of this form he is superior to either Whitman or Blake. They unfurl on the page out of the soul of Jeffers himself. They are a continuation of the sea in his brain. They lap and curl and crash in mile-long heaves. Rough-hewn like the massed battalions of storm clouds on the horizon of his Pacific, they advance on the reader interlapped, uneven, crenelated, and fall with a crash on the ear. They flood the sockets of the aesthetic senses with a curious music:

> The year went up to its annual mountain of death, gilded with hateful sunlight, waiting rain.
> Stagnant waters decayed, the trickling springs that all the mistyhooded summer had fed
> Pendulous green under the granite ocean-cliffs dried and turned foul, the rock-flowers faded,
> And Tamar felt in her blood the filth and fever of the season.

There is nothing extraneous in Jeffers' work. It is dense, compact, a pattern woven by a man who takes every stitch with precision and who has plotted out the whole scheme and is complete master of it. There is not a superfluous line in all his poetry. It is an arterial, a ganglionic system, to remove one tiny bit of which would cause the story of the poem to bleed to death.

I know of no two more perfect works of art, as art, in the whole range of dramatic literature than "Tamar" and "The Coast-Range Christ". They are, structurally, vast and perfect cathedrals of words. His sunrises, his sunsets, his creeks and his herons, what appear superficially as his lyrical asides and divagations, are part and parcel of the unfolding drama. It is a blending of spiritual and material scenery. The dramas in the hearts of his men and women are meshed with the elements, with the slow-revolving panorama of the California year. All that is his *mise-en-scène* for the catastrophic lives of men and women on a tiny star moving *con furia* from nowhere to nowhere in the mathematical pandemonium of the spheres.

His "obscurity" — and he is "obscure" at times — is the obscurity of an unexpected individualization of language, a sudden eruption into our anemic, sleek and dutiful prose and poetry of a powerful and original genius whose expressional roots are in himself. When I have come across passages in his volume that seem to be obscure, I put it down to my own obtuseness. I should clamber up to his thought. There is no reason why he should descend to me. I have paused many times to get at the heart of words, startling flights into the star-jungles of far etymological heavens, and I have always been rewarded by dragging up from my thought and Jeffers "obscurity" amazing and dazzlingly beautiful treasures.

And yet how simple he can be, too! —

> "The sweet and female sea."
> "The sea moved on the obscure bed of her eternity."
> "The maggot's music in the tube of a dead ear."
> "We must keep sin pure or it will poison us."
> "The lusts of his youth lead him to paw strange beds."
> "She has also a monkey in her mind."
> "I am the bloodstain on the doorsill of a crime."

Besides "The Women at Point Sur" incest is the theme of "Tamar" and "The Tower Beyond Tragedy", while "Roan Stallion" tells of the love of a woman for a horse. Which recalls to me an incident that occurred when I was visiting Jeffers at Carmel.

Jeffers and I were talking of the literature of incest when Mrs. Jeffers said:

"Robin, when will you quit forbidden themes?" (Jeffers had just then finished "Roan Stallion".)

For answer, Robin smiled — a smile enigmatic and unanswerable, a smile that came nearer to the smile of Mona Lisa than any I have ever seen on the human face. It seemed to say to me, "I shall change my themes when the heart of man and woman changeth — which will not be tomorrow!"

Incest as a theme has been used by Aeschylus, Sophocles, John Ford, Shelley

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and Wagner. One recalls also "Hamlet" and the Dane's denunciation of his mother, "posting to incestuous sheets". It is the least explored of all "complexes" and is the most fertile in dramatic and tragic possibilities. It can only rise above the level of the pornographic and "forbidden" (what is forbidden in nature?) in the hands of a great tragic writer like Jeffers and his literary ancestors. You must see from the heights of the gods to portray what goes on in hell.

"The Coast-Range Christ" is a tremendous piece of irony — the fate of a lad in the Carmel hills who slacked on war-registration day in the name of Christ. It is vivid and breath-catching. David Carrow is a religious neurotic and a Joseph before his seductress, and across the pages of this tragedy there lies the sneer of the gods at the comedy of Christianity.

Never in all the history of prose and poetry has there been attempted such a satanic transvaluation of all earthly values as in "The Women at Point Sur". The Rev. Dr. Barclay, who moves through this longest of Jeffers' tragic poems, after fifteen years of chastity proclaims himself God on the hills of Carmel. He is God turned Anti-Christ. He is Zarathustra-Satan, an illuminated incarnation of the New Evil, a post-war immoralist and dethroner of reason magnified to cosmic proportions. Mephistopheles, Iago and Vautrin are Boy Scouts compared to this tremendous being who announces that "all is permitted" — rape, incest, murder and war — in the making of the New Race.

> He will have confusion for its beauty, he is wild to walk in new ways, he snatches at the rose of burning,
> He stirs in the earth * * * * * *
> The God of the stars has taken his hand out of the laws and has dropped them empty
> As you draw your hand out of a glove.

He possesses his own daughter, April, to test his faith in his own Godhead, for "God is action", and he, the Rev. Dr. Barclay, is God.

He gathers disciples, lesbians, clairvoyants, drunkards, lust-swollen farm-hands — all is permitted them; there is no longer any "good" or any "evil" in the world. The old idols are smashed.

> "I tell you I have seen in the fountains of God destruction standing
> With stone hooves on the cities. * * *
> Doing has no thread to thinking, nobody knows
> What's made in the dark water till it pops the surface."

Jeffers, in this poem, like Nietzsche in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" seems to be a precursor of the Great Terror that the human race approaches, of which the war gave us but a momentary flash. In the "vast insanity of things" only Power shall be God.

This poem of one hundred and seventy-one close-knitted and swiftly-revolving pages of drama, tragedy and abnormal frenzies is illuminated with that magic of metaphor and simile that puts Jeffers toweringly above his age. The light that falls from this book is from the crackle and flames of warring black suns, sinister, haunted, ghastly.

There is a superb hidden sensuality in Jeffers, pagan and Dionysiac. His poem "Fauna" is one of the finest things in the language, Swinburnian in its lyrical love-passages:

> Would God the sun that kissed your body brown
> Had been my mouth, Fauna, or mine the white
> Teeth of bold waves that bite
> Your heedless ankles when you wander down
> To dance under the dunes a moonlit night.

And what is the philosophy, the metaphysic, the religion of Robinson Jeffers? It is here, I believe, in "Roan Stallion":

> Humanity is the start of the race; I say
> Humanity is the mold to break away from, the crust to break through, the coal to break into fire,
> The atom to be split.
> Tragedy that breaks man's face and a white fire flies out of it; vision that fools him

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Out of his limits, desire that fools him out of his limits, unnatural crime, inhuman science,
Slit eyes in the mask; wild loves that leap over the walls of nature, the wild fence-vaulter science,
Useless intelligence of far stars, dim knowledge of the spinning demons that make an atom,
These break, these pierce, these deify, praising their God shrilly with fierce voices.

It is the philosophy of the superman. It is the mystical dream of Nietzsche.

Robinson Jeffers is barely forty. He is the greatest event in American literature since Whitman. He is a Colossus, and already is an immortal — at least among those who instinctively feel the difference between the men of the hour and the men of the century.

In his work there is a wild, dishevelled, remote beauty and the music of an infernal but contained madness.

DOOMSDAY AT WEGGIS

By Louis Untermeyer

WHEN Gabriel came to Weggis that last morning
They thought it was the postman with the papers.
And no one noticed him and his forewarning
Except old Franz who, friendlier than the neighbors,
Hailed him with "Grüss Gott" and resumed his plowing.
The rest were far too occupied with haying
Or pulling beets or scrubbing floors or sewing
To stop and hear what Gabriel was saying.
"Prepare!" he called, his urgency grown greater,
"Doomsday! Doomsday! Doomsday!" But no one heeded
(They had no time for trivial news till later),
No one. He cupped his hands. He railed. He pleaded.
He roared until his holy features reddened,
Crying to rouse the dead. . . . Then he succeeded.
The dogs of Switzerland, like one dog maddened,
Flew at his heels and snapped, till Gabriel straightway,
(His errand done, his message given) departed
In uncelestial haste behind the Gateway.
By now ten thousand spectral throats were started,
And out of mouldy barns and bones unburied
Came ghostly howls and yammerings and bellows.
And not one voice but broke its leash and hurried
To spread the hideous rumor to its fellows,
Who, knowing tales more terrible, grew jealous
And answered back, and bayed, and whined, and worried,
Barking the frightened echoes up the hill.

Since then, no dog in Weggis has been still.

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BEGINNING A SORT OF DEPARTMENT

By Robert Benchley

AS I understand the aim of this department, it is to be a comprehensive and inspiring survey of all the various forms of entertainment — within the bounds of the local ordinances — to be found in New York City. It will be written in that charming and slightly illiterate style so characteristic of the metropolitan browser and will, from time to time, contain *obiter dicta* on my personal views concerning Life's Hurley-Burley. All in all, one of the most offensive forms of modern literary energy.

I believe that my bailiwick includes not only the theatrical district (legitimate and vaudeville) but those dark side-streets containing night-clubs, dance-halls such as Roseland, and the more refined skating-rinks. There are also to be comments on those little extemporaneous comedies and tragedies which are a part of what some author (who evidently knew French) has called the *Comédie Humaine*. During my off-hours I will make random jottings on What Is Going On In The Church World.

This would be all very well if I were actually a Man About Town, but, aside from my attendance at the theater, which is made obligatory by the presence of four hungry mouths (including my own), my experience in such other forms of night-life as supper-clubs and skating-rinks is quite casual and usually the result of trying to play cicerone to some out-of-town friends. As a matter of fact, I have never set out definitely for a night-club. I have "ended up" at a night-club, much to my surprise, after an evening which had been set aside for catching up on my reading, but have seldom been dressed for it and usually get a very bad table. So any observations that I may make in this department of the entertainment world will be naïve and probably without authority.

* * * *

Any monthly estimate of the theatrical menu must, of necessity, include many dishes which are out-of-season by the time of perusal and omit many which may have been cooked in the meantime. (I wouldn't be surprised if that were the last figure of speech used in either this or any of the succeeding articles. In fact, you may count on that.) Especially is this true of plays which are to be recommended. I have seldom recommended a play which has not been in the store-house by the time my encomium has appeared in print. And there would be little use in mentioning plays to be avoided when our whole aim is to recommend.

Since I can not endorse Mr. Maugham's "The Letter" or Mr. Bromfield's "The House of Women" (out of his novel "The Green Bay Tree"), the two "important" literary events on Broadway so far, I may be accused of being just a shallow old flibbertigibbet in turning to such obviously unimportant exhibits as "The Baby Cyclone", "The Shannons of Broadway" and "Manhattan Mary" for consolation. These names will probably be forgotten long after "The Letter" and "The House of Women" have been bound up in morocco in the collected works of their illustrious authors. But, during the season of 1927–28, they certainly constitute better diversion.

Before taking them up in detail, one word about a play called "Women Go On Forever". This can hardly be recommended in a family publication like this, for it contains many of the elements which offend even some broad-minded theater-goers. The play is sordid and bawdy and is assembled with such a lack of balance and sense of proportion as to make it almost a burlesque at times. In fact, it has frankly the effect of a comedy and is wisely played as such by Mary Boland and an excellent cast. But its over-tones are those of grim tragedy and its theme the contention that men may die and men may rape and men may pass in and out of the door, but the women just stay, with their eyes shut, and take them as they come.

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For all its inchoate scratchings at its egg-shell, this play is a ten times greater one than "The Letter", and its author, Daniel Rubin, should do a fine thing some day. For the one scene in which the thwarted spinster succeeds in convincing the blind boy that she is beautiful and desirable, you should see "Women Go On Forever"—unless you are one of those who go to the theater to be amused. In such a case and you *do* go and laugh at this scene, you will be immediately shot by one of my spies who is hidden behind a bush in one of the boxes, waiting for just such people as you.

For those who do go to the theater to be amused, however, there are three shows which ought to suffice. "The Baby Cyclone", a farce by George M. Cohan, with Grant Mitchell in the lead, is about nothing at all, except possibly a Pekinese dog, but it is the first farce I have seen in a long time which did not bring on a recurrence of that old nausea which has bothered the Benchleys for generations when confronted by boredom. Aside from the fact that the last act, judging by the scenery, is laid in the House of All Nations in Paris, there should be nothing at all in "The Baby Cyclone" to interfere with your having an evening of innocent fun.

"The Shannons of Broadway", written by James Gleason and performed by the author and his wife, Lucile Webster, is even more frankly just plain folksy comedy. It contains such buck eye properties as the mortgage, the drunken son of a skinflint, and the kindly heart beneath the rough exterior, but, as in "Is Zat So?" (Mr. Gleason's earlier success) it has moments of fine tenderness which could not have been better done nor more subtly. In its comedy lines, however, is where "The Shannons of Broadway" justifies your paying whatever you have to pay to see it. It is hard to tell where the value of the lines themselves stop and that of Mr. and Mrs. Gleason's reading of them begins, but what difference does that make?

Of course, the chief reason for seeing "Manhattan Mary" is Ed Wynn, just as the chief reason for living at all sometimes boils down to Ed Wynn. Attempts to analyze the insouciant charm of Mr. Wynn are pretty futile. It is like trying to describe the taste of a strange French pudding or vague intimations of immortality. I doubt very much if even Mr. Wynn himself knows how funny he is — or why.

I remember once talking to him about his forthcoming production of "The Grab Bag". He was in a state of despondency bordering on hypochondria. He was sure that the music and the lyrics of his new show were all right. He had written them himself — and that is what he fancies himself as, a song-writer. But his comedy was bothering him. He had nothing that was funny, he said.

I went with him to his rehearsal hall and saw what he had lined up. The music and lyrics were nothing. (If you remember, that was the show which contained a strange number called "My Bride from the Heart of a Rose" in which the girls astounded nobody by coming out of a horrible-looking growth in the middle of the stage which later disgorged the Bride in question and was therefore definitely designated as being a Rose.) But the comedy, concerning which Mr. Wynn was so fearful, was violently funny enough to throw me out of my chair and to the floor some feet away — as it later threw countless audiences for two seasons.

The only explanation of this is that Mr. Wynn can not see himself from the front. He can not feel the spiritual effect of that bland detachment with which he meets the most terrifying experiences, and he does not know that even with no comedy lines at all he would still be Master.

There are two other musical shows which furnish sufficient entertainment to be listed in an exclusive gathering like this: "Good News" and "The Mikado". Although "The Mikado" is still just "The Mikado" and (please do not write in about this — I do not care what *you* think) not to be compared to "Iolanthe" or "The Pirates" — Mr. Ames's first revivals — yet in the production which Mr. Ames has given it there is something which brings it well up in the honor-roll of the season. Even though you have yourself played in half a dozen boat-house productions of "The Mikado" and are a little sick of it, you owe it to your

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aesthetic sense to see the revival at the Royale.

"Good News", if anyone were to tell you about it, would hardly sound worth an evening, for it deals with college students and you know what musical shows about college students are. But what you would not know from a bare outline of "Good News" would be the remarkable pace of the thing, the zest and novelty of the dance numbers and the incredible amount of fun which everyone, including the audience, seems to get out of the proceedings.

* * *

Although at this writing the night-club season can hardly be said to have begun, by the time the magazine appears there will have opened at least two features which, sight unseen, can be suggested. On October 12th Jimmy Durante and his cohorts opened again at the Parody Club and unless they have gone Presbyterian during the summer they will again constitute the most amazing entertainment in the civilized world. The next article in this series may be devoted entirely to them — unless, as I say, they have broken faith with me since April and taken up sanity.

And on October 6th the Revellers, that inspired organization of male voices, began to function at the Mirador. The article following the one on Jimmy Durante will probably be devoted to the Revellers, for in these two features I, personally, could find sufficient entertainment value to carry me through life very happily — together with, of course, plenty of good food and a normal sex life.

* * *

So far, there has been practically no activity in the skating-rink section.

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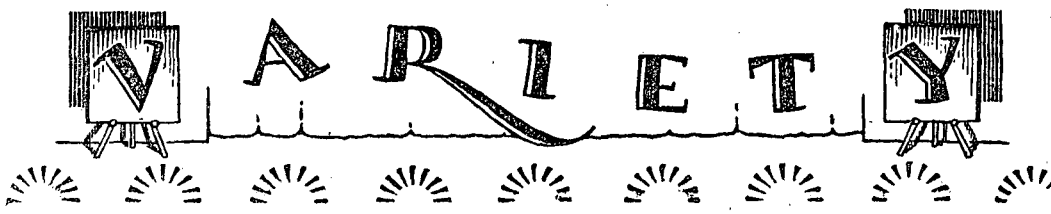

PUTTING THE SHOCKS INTO "SHOCKERS"

By Valentine Williams

I DON'T know whether novelists have a private patron saint — so many of us do our own patronising, don't we? — but St. François de Sales has recently been adopted as the protector of writers in general and to that holy man I sometimes put up a prayer. "You can have your dialogue," I say to him, speaking familiarly as to a colleague, "and you can keep your plots. Grant me only the gift of construction!"

Your tired business-man who grabs an armful of thrillers at the newsstand and leaves them in the train may not realise that the secret of the good shocker lies, first and last, in its architecture. You may take it from me that I know. From my childhood days I have saturated myself in this branch of fiction, from the "*Mémoires de Vidocq*", father of an enormous progeny of detective stories, to "The House of the Whispering Pines", from "*Monsieur Lecoq*" to "The Nebuli Coat", and the experience I have acquired in perpetrating thrillers myself fills me with a sort of despairing admiration for the brilliant construction which has commanded success for the classic examples of the genre.

Many modern disciples of Dumas and Poe, of Stevenson and Doyle, have the gift of lively dialogue. More possess the knack of stringing together a chain of hair-raising adventures. But how few are capable of turning out a well-tailored story, one of those yarns as snugly-fitting as a Savile Row dress coat, with a plot that neither bags nor sags nor wrinkles, a supremely skilful blend of romance, mystery, humour, suspense and surprise which, in contemporary fiction, is so hard to light upon and yet, when found, is so easily and so rapturously recognised?

Every shocker-enthusiast will know what I mean. I need not cite "The Moonstone", "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", Gaboriau's almost forgotten masterpiece "*Le Petit Vieux des Batignolles*" or, to come down to our own times, my friend E. C. Bentley's solitary and dazzling contribution to this form of novel in "Trent's Last Case", as instances of plots so perfectly turned that in their dénouement every piece slides into place as smoothly as the cogs of a Rolls-Royce changing gear. And the proof is that what remains in the reader's mind is not the memory of this or that character but the gist of the plot: — the man who stole the moonstone in his sleep, the murder committed by a chimpanzee. Which is as much as to say that the author has achieved plausibility, the most important as it is the most difficult part of his task.

It was, I believe, old Alexandre Dumas *père* who used to say of novel-writing that if one could be plausible in the first chapter the reader would swallow anything thereafter. But plausibility, which means fidelity to life, premises in the writer a mind highly critical of his own work and as prompt to reject the impossible situation as to eschew dislocating the long arm of coincidence.

The argument that incredible situations and amazing coincidences are the commonplaces of everyday life will not avail. Truth is stranger than fiction; but fiction dare not be as strange as truth. It may happen to a man that a pipe bursts in the bath-room

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and his mother-in-law has a fit on the same morning; but a dramatist who should use these devices for getting his characters off the stage would be laughed into obscurity as a bungling amateur. In the same way the writer of thrillers who takes his work seriously must spin his web within the framework of strictly ordinary occurrences and, save, perhaps, in his grand climax, must sedulously resist the temptation to go outside it.

Highbrows, who, nevertheless, read us with such avidity, are apt to speak pityingly of shockers as "that sort of thing". I wonder if they realise what desperately hard work the technique of "that sort of thing" imposes on the unfortunate craftsman. No half-dozen chapters for him as a sort of leisurely first act for the introduction of characters and motifs. We have to start — literally, very often, — with a bang, and trust to our skill, among the breathless, crowded events of our opening to slip in the indispensable presentation of characters, environment and theme.

More than once I have re-written the opening chapters of a mystery story three or four times until I have been satisfied that the action did not flag; and again and again I have transposed the order of chapters with the same intent. For the self-respecting novelist this branch of fiction is one long fight between a relentless technique and his natural instinct to depict his characters as they appear and illuminate the fountain springs of their actions.

Speaking from personal experience I would say that of the two categories of thrillers, adventure or mystery tales and straight detective stories, the latter, as far as technique goes, are the less arduous to write. With its tangle of clues, real and false, crime fiction, it is true, calls for the most rigid concentration and attention to detail together with a mathematical, rather than an imaginative, turn of mind. On the other hand, the inevitable corpse dispenses to some extent with the problem of devising a suitably sensational opening while the predominance of the main business of the story, the elucidation of the crime, or the supposed crime, may, if he so desire, relieve the author of the necessity for elaborate characterisation. Indeed, the woodenness of the characters in many of the most successful crime stories clearly indicates that, in this type of fiction, the play, rather than the players, is the thing.

Mystery yarns, I maintain, on the other hand, make even more exacting demands upon the writer. He must exercise enormous restraint. The mystery must be dense, but not too complicated; the reader should be fogged but never bewildered; and the veil may not be lifted too soon. Most important of all, there must be a strong and plausible plot so that, when the mystery is dispersed, the underlying structure is found to be worth disclosing.

The majority of these stories centre about a sinister character, as in "The Woman in

LANDSCAPE

By Dorothy Parker

Now this must be the sweetest place
From here to heaven's end;
The field is white with flowering lace,
The birches leap and bend,

The hills, beneath the roving sun,
From green to purple pass,
And little, trifling breezes run
Their fingers through the grass.

So good it is, so gay it is,
So calm it is, and pure,
A one whose eyes may look on this
Must be the happier, sure.

But me — I see it flat and gray
And blurred with misery,
Because a lad a mile away
Has little need of me.

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White", "Dracula" or "The Beetle". Here, too, the novelist must retain his sense of proportion for an excess of villainy, even as a multiplicity of villains, inclines towards the ludicrous. Personally, the celebrated Professor Moriarty, the master-mind of crime, has always left me cold, probably for the simple reason that Sherlock Holmes leaves no place for a second super-man upon the canvas. The renown of that interminably spun-out tale "The Woman in White" rests uniquely upon the character of the villain. In creating Count Fosco, with his birds and his mellow tenor voice, the practised hand of Wilkie Collins distributed the values so perfectly that the figure of the Count haunts the reader's mind long after the intricate plot has been forgotten.

The trouble is that the standard of mystery stories is extremely high, all the way from those glowing opening chapters of *Monte Cristo* to the strange ship in "The Wrecker". Today celebrated novelists, their fame already secure in other branches of their calling, have begun to try their hand at shockers, with a varied degree of success which suggests that the writing of thrillers is not quite so easy as it looks.

VISITER WISE

Being Some Episodes in the Life of

Maurice Montmorency Wise

Taken Down and Edited by

Ethelreda Reddy

CHAPTER I

IMMEJETLY on arriving in New York which is a big city but not as big as they think it is I looked up my old friend T—— the whitest man that ever was except for his liver and his blood was true blue. The first thing he said was Will you have a wet, so after our first duck and doris I said, Where do you get the Stuff I thought you could not get any licker hear. That is only a rumour, he replied.

After another wet, Put on your hat said my pal and we will take a promenade round this burg and I will have you meet some of the Girls. He was as good as his word and a little better for I met many of the Girls and must say there is no finer built race though sometimes their feet are big.

As the shades of night were falling we partook of dinner at the R—— hotel, a palatial eating house but very full of chatter and reminded me of the monkeys on the Ogowe. (And after all what else are we except that we do not know so well what is good for us?) And from there we went to a theater where we were unwilling witnesses of an entertainment in which many of the so-called performers were half naykid. Whew let me out of this, I said to my pal for I saw all this long ago in Africa and it has no Novelty for me. I think you are right he answered and we had better go and have another wet. This I preferred.

* * *

"How do you like it so far? My spelling may be a bit Shaky, though John did say it was noble, but better the right word spelt wrong than the wrong word spelt right! And style — that's what counts! Style plus common sense! The trouble with most of these so-called writers is that they haven't either. Style in books is like charm in people — they're very unattractive without it.

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"Judy — she had style — too much of it. It rattled as she walked. . . . Oh, didn't I tell you about Judy? Well, we'll get to her soon. Always keep the good bits for the next chapter! Not that Judy was a good bit — far from it. But then goodness is out of fashion in America. Morality there is whatever you want; but as none of them know what they want morality preserves its mystery.

"Well, ma'm, I'll be getting along to sell some more insurance. I'd sooner be earning an honest living, but you can't afford to be honest till you're rich, and by then you've lost the habit."

CHAPTER 2

Punkchel to the minute my friend came in the morning. It was Sunday and I joined him in his lengthy auto and lay nonchalantly back into the de luxe upholstery. Fifth Avenue is really a snappy street. Every time the lights on the towers went red which they do to block the traffic, out would come with the speed of lightning my friend's Flask and we would just have time for a tot before the lights turned green and the shoffer trod on it again. Our course lay over a long cacophonous bridge and then through savage villages. It seemed an Aeternity. At last my pal informed me We are in the country now but it looked to me more like an automobile show. Only I did not say so because my pal is still in some ways an American. The shoffering was very funny and the Antics of the fords full of sudden variety so that I wished I had my gun with me. Snipe shooting is the best but next after that I would like to take pot shots at a flighty ford.

With only a few stops to ixamine our fenders which had suffered in the fray we reached our Destination and drew up in front of a mansion which my pal said was the largest gabled house in that part of the island built of brick on clay soil. As soon as I got inside and saw on a table several thousand magazines and Periodicals I said, Oho this looks like a hotel. Ssh, said my friend T——, of course it does and that is just how he wants it to look because he is the second richest man in the state and this godawful thing is the Klimax of his Desires. At lunch there were many guests and all of them were second richest men somewhere so I began to wonder why we were included. The explanation was that in all such gatherings one or two poor men are asked in order that there may be a Sprinkling of intelligence. Champagne was served Constantly. After lunch we sat about in the grounds while few if any spoke until it was time for tea when they served more champagne.

As the shadows lengthened we wended our way back to the metropolis but so many others had the same idea that the procession was like a Funeral in speed and I said to my friend, I hope no snail jumps out and asks us to have a race.

I found Judy with whom we had arranged a Date waiting for us. She was dressed up to the Nines that is to say very little. I told her I could not see what kept her dress up, Of course you cant she said. We wound up this amusing day by painting the town Red which we did until the Wee Small hours.

* * *

"Yes, ma'm, I kept off Judy on purpose. Never put all your girls in one basket. . . . I was a hit with the women in those days, but I wasn't paid according. Women, saving your presence, they're all gold-diggers, but some of them don't let you see them at it. . . . Funny lot, American women! A very moral lot really, but desparately anxious not to seem so. Got up to kill, but won't touch the corpse.

"Are all the theaters bad? No. Only the successful ones. There are folks trying to be arty in New York same as anywhere else, but the New York public is choicy about art. They'll only tolerate it when it's spicy.

"Yes, those millionaires sure do love their champagne — get all careless on it. Did I tell you that after that lunch I saw two of them playing tennis? One went to serve and was so blotto he missed the ball completely. But he made such a striking gesture with his racket his opponent thought the ball had come over, so he went to return it. . . . Quite a long rally they had, with the ball lying in a corner of the court."

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CHAPTER 3

The first place to which my friend conducted us was what is known as a Cabber A. Giving the pass-word and a present of do to a man stationed there for that purpose, we wended our way amongst crowds of the rich and Ornate. Presently we were trying to sit at a small table closely pressed by male and female legs. I asked, And now we are here what of it and what do we do. Well, he answered, you can take the Girl here and dance with her and I will overlook it and applaud, and when you feel tired come back here and there will be a wet waiting for you.

With this I gripped my lady friend firmly round the waist though you never can tell in these days and using her as a battering ram forced my way into the very midst of the motley crowd. All was confusion. The lack of breathing spayse seemed if anything to add to the general air of mock enjoyment. The atmosphere which was thick with penetrating perfume was rent with cries of Hoaya (How do you do) and Kanyabetit (How extraordinary). However the Proximity of a beautifully constructed damsel was not without its Effect which grew greater as the evening progressed and we had several tots. At last I was hardly surprised to here what seemed to be my own voice inquiring Will you marry me say yes or no. Why, she replied I would gladly say yes but it so happens that I am married Already. But I may be divorced one day soon because that often happens in the Staytes and if so shall be pleased to wed with either you or your friend T—— just as you decide.

The three of us had quite a laughing discussion on our way home sweet home as to who should be the Unlucky one. My pal lost the tossup and was married next week in fine style in the cathedral while overhead airoplanes winged their way emitting clouds of white smoke which spelled out across the blue vault the words lucky strike.

— GEOFFREY KERR

The End

THE SLEEPER

(George Sterling—November 1926)

By Dwight L. Clarke

FOR one who lies in slumber on an eve
When every happy thing with life is warm
For such should we feel pity? Should we grieve
That eyes and ears and nostrils do perform
Their wonted tasks no longer; that the air,
So vibrant with a music of its own,
Caressing, finds the sleeper unaware?
Nay, rather should we leave our friend alone,
Attended by the concourse of the spheres
And envy him that mantling time with grace
As tender shed as any mother's tears,
Enwrapping him, draws peace across his face.
For that dark nurse who touched his brow the last
But lifted crushing weights from off his soul;
The infinite he groped for in the past
Become the common trappings of his goal.

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A NOTE AND A DIFFICULTY

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THIS contribution to "Variety" was to have been offered under the title "A Note on Madame Bovary". It was suggested by the fact that among the season's books is a little volume on "Flaubert's Youth" by Lewis Piaget Shanks of Johns Hopkins University, the development of a brochure published by Mr. Shanks some years ago, and in its turn designed to lead to a more extended popular biography.

Then in "Our Bow", the first of "A Bookman's Notes" in the September issue, the writer ran plump against the list of Mr. Rascoe's pet aversions. Among them is the use of the "*mot juste*". That seemed to settle the matter. How can one write about Gustave Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" without some reference to the *mot juste?** Even with the most careful avoidance it will be there by inference.

"Flaubert's Youth" deals with the years 1821–1845, the first twenty-four years of the author's life. "Madame Bovary" did not appear until 1857. The actual composition, which occupied many years, did not begin till some time early in the 1850's. Yet "Madame Bovary" dominates Mr. Shanks's book. There are fifty-seven references to it in the Index.

The reason is that "Madame Bovary" was Flaubert's life. "*Madame Bovary, c'est moi*" he wrote to Louise Colet, the lady who was the most permanent of his sentimental attachments. In the preparatory years which come within the scope of Mr. Shanks's volume he was unconsciously building the foundations of the future masterpiece. As a youth Flaubert was the wildest of romanticists, always dreaming of the East. He once wrote: "I was born to be an emperor of Cochin-China, to smoke pipes thirty-six fathoms long, to have 6000 wives and 1400 ministers, scimetars to cut off the heads of people whose faces I don't like, Numidian mares and fountains of marble".

In the days of those dreams "Salammbo" may have been near, but "Madame Bovary" was very far away. Happily his financial condition enabled him to realize his dreams, to visit the East, to wear a red fez in Egypt, to spend two years wandering, sating his lust for strange climes and local color. It was on the banks of the Nile that he first realized that there was romance in the gray Normandy of his birth. It was the East that gave "Madame Bovary" to the world.

"Madame Bovary" reaches its height in the passage where the priest administers the extreme unction to the dying Emma Bovary. No other bit of description in the French prose of the nineteenth century has been so widely quoted. Twenty years after Flaubert's death the various drafts of the famous passage were discovered among his unpublished papers. It was only after five rewritings that Flaubert found the permanent and definite form. The first draft read:

"The priest said the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, and, extending his right hand, pronounced the unctions for the redemption of her sins, touching the different parts of her body with the end of his right thumb, which he dipped each time in the oil which he carried in a silver vessel. He touched the eyes, then the eyelids — shutting them — then the nostrils, then the lips, then the hands."

In the first draft Flaubert merely outlined the general idea. He indicated the five senses, but he had not yet found the figures of speech with which to illustrate them. The second draft was simply an elaboration of the first. In the third draft he introduced some figures of speech to accompany allusions to each of the five senses. The fourth version represents the passage completely built up. Flaubert had been adding bit by bit until in his fourth draft he had said everything that he thought possible to say. That much

*Note: One can't, Mr. Maurice, one can't; but what I am tired of is seeing the phrase in pieces that have nothing to do with Flaubert. — B. R.

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done, he began lopping away what he deemed useless. The fourth draft:

Then he recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam, and pronounced in a high voice some words of absolution,* and dipping his thumb in the *sanctified* oil, he began the unctions: first on the eyes, that had so much *desired* all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which *formerly* had delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odors; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride and cried out in debauchery; then on the hands, *of which the supple skin . . . formerly had found pleasure* in tender touching, *and would soon no longer feel the tickling of the worms of the tomb;* then on the feet, *which had carried her to her assignations and tramped the street pavement,* and which would never walk again.

The italics mark the words or ideas which Flaubert thought best to change or suppress in the final version.

The priest recited the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam,* dipped his right thumb in the oil and began the unctions; first on the eyes, which had so eagerly coveted all the pomps of the world; then on the nostrils, which delicately scented warm breezes and amorous odors; then on the mouth, which had opened to tell lies, which had groaned with pride and cried out in debauchery; then on the hands, which had delighted in tender touching; and lastly on the soles of the feet, once so nimble, when they ran to the satisfaction of their desires, and which would never walk again.

These drafts present Flaubert's gigantic labor in epitome. Even in its translated form the vast superiority of the final version is plain. Desired (envié) the pomps of the world was a weak word. Coveted (convoité) is stronger, more exact. Flaubert sacrificed the "supple skin", and in place of "found pleasure" (se plaisaient) in tender touching, he used the stronger word "delighted" (se délectaient). He renounced in the end the ridiculous idea of the tickling of the worms of the tomb: and, with a single phrase — "so rapidly formerly when she ran to the satisfaction of her desires" — he replaced the rather stupid "which had carried her to her assignations and tramped the street pavements".

WHY I AM NOT A BEST-SELLER

By William Gerhardi

FOR no reason at all. But the question was posed and I must answer it. I blame neither the Church, nor the State, nor the Law. Nor would I have you think that the Army and Navy estimates are in the least to blame for it.

What then is the cause of the evil? I must ascribe it to the malignancy of Fate and the unkindness of the public. And how are we to combat it? By prayer and sacrifice? No! By humility and devotion? No! By publicity? Well . . .

When all shout, is it much good shouting? And today all writers shout; the publishers do the shouting for them. They shout so loud that my voice cannot be heard. And that is one of the reasons why I am not a best-seller. There should be a law prohibiting the use of superlatives by publishers, for the remedy is not to be found in the natural modesty of the authors themselves.

I speak from the depths of my soul. When I pass by a book-stall and see a publisher's blurb describing a book as the greatest of its generation, I laugh sourly at the bad joke of it. But when my publishers proclaim a work from my pen as "Colossal . . . Stupendous . . . the greatest novel of this generation", my scalp tingles as I read the words. "By Jove!" I say. "It must be if they say so. They are my publishers; they ought to know."

Sometimes I wonder, is it my name that gives difficulty to the would-be reader? If so, he should practise it till it slips smoothly off the tip of his tongue. After he has mastered it, he should memorize it, Pelmanize it, so that it may become entirely his, a pos-

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session forever! I don't know where my ancestor got it: but I am sure he shouldn't have.

It is a source of irritation to me. I get very tired of two things. Of being taken for an imbecile of an Englishman abroad (for abroad all Englishmen — and rightly — are considered imbeciles, *vide* Thomas Carlyle); and for a foolish foreigner in England (for, as Dr. Johnson said, "All foreigners are mostly fools"). I have, it is true, through spending my entire childhood in Russia, escaped the more deadly obtuseness that besets those who have been marooned forever on this island. But my father's family has been British for four generations, and my mother's never anything else.

Where my great-great-grandfather came from I do not know. I think by way of Belgium. I like to think that one day he took a ticket at Ostende and landed with a suitcase in Folkestone and never went back. Perhaps he could not get a room at a hotel. But having, it must be presumed, secured one, he stayed on, thanks to his faculty of reproducing his kind, for four generations. I am the triumph and the justification of that perilous voyage across the Channel.

Have you heard of my historic interview with a great newspaper magnate? It should be broadcast. I stode into his office with a long stride, walking erect and with a firm step (as criminals are said to walk to the scaffold). But by a tender look in his eye, it dawned on me suddenly that he regarded me as a lamb and the publishing world as a slaughter house and himself as the kind genius who said: "*This* lamb shall not be slaughtered". Whereupon, with the adaptability peculiar to me, I effected a complete metamorphosis and instantly developed the St. Vitus' Dance. This complete helplessness, my throwing myself, so to speak, completely on his resources, pleased the newspaper magnate.

"This is dreadful," his look seemed to say, while I (in a manner of exaggeration) remained lying all in a heap on the carpet. "Do pull yourself together. Get up, sir." — "No," I said, "not till you increase my sales by 100,000 copies." — "I'll do what I can," he said, "only get up."

I got up, after which he bade me sit down and discussed the problem contained in the title of this article, with philosophical detachment. "You must develop a personality," he said. "I am sure that if you develop a personality, people will get curious about your personality and begin to want to read your books."

Well, how am I to develop a pleasing personality? I think that if I did something drastic and unconventional — for example, went about stripped to the toes, and defended my unconventional appearance on classical (or else hygienic) grounds, everybody would at once get curious about my literary personality.

"Who is that vivid man?" they would say, "who stands out on the background of his fellows and seems to match so beautifully with the flesh-colored stockings of the interspersing ladies?" And they would be told: "He is no other than the author of 'Futility', 'The Polyglots', 'Anton Chehov', 'A Bad End', 'The Vanity Bag', 'Perfectly Scandalous', 'Pretty Creatures', and other works in the making, sold at the book-stalls at prices varying between 1s. and 7s. 6d."

"How extraordinary!" they would exclaim, "we must at once get his books to see if his characters behave as unconventionally as himself." And I should be as popular as Kruschen Salts. I would thereafter never write another line, only dash about in powerful motor-cars and spend the rest of my life in exceeding the speed limit.

But I am shy, modest. I cannot do that. And so I am not a best-seller. My name is not on everybody's lips. I do not hear it on the top of 'buses. I listen for it, and in vain, among the low rumble of the Tube, and notice, as I said, that it is not on everybody's lips. When I appear in the thoroughfares, the crowds do not surge back or stand aside to salute me. Policemen do not recognize me. I cannot understand it and my friends and relatives are equally nonplussed.

I do not want to sadden you with melancholy thoughts. But I am already thirty-one and not feeling very grand. In another sixty years or so I shall be dead and gone beyond recovery. Am I to be allowed to pass unhonored and unsung?

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UNEASY AMERICANS

By Howard Vincent O'Brien

"A NERVOUS, restless people, incorrigibly romantic and hopeful, and secretly, rather given to self-depreciation." This is a fairly good description of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who are as typically American as ice-cream soda, Spearmint or the World's Series. At the moment they are hopefully hunting romance in southern France, but they will presently go back to Weehawken, N. J., where they came from, their nervous restlessness gone, and well content to spend the balance of their days in the U. S. A.

For years Mr. Jones has solemnized the first of the month by emitting loud squawks about the high cost of living, and how he spent every nickel he made without getting anything for it. Mrs. Jones, partly in self-defense, used to improve these occasions by quoting all the yarns she had ever heard about the ease and grace and cheapness of living abroad, with due mention of educational advantages for the children, and the superiority of free sunshine to $18 coal.

Gentle drops of water wear away the flinty stone. Jones took to surreptitious reading of steamship folders and travel guides. Shivering in the icy grip of winter it was pleasant to read about the azure waters of the Mediterranean, the sun glowing on the red porphyry of the Esterel, the orange blossoms, the air laden with the sweet scent of mimosa, and to figure out that with the depreciated franc one could live in luxury and romance like the hero of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel. Not to hurry to the other side before all the villas were taken grew to seem little short of immoral.

So one day Jones fixed his affairs for a year's absence, bought a fat letter of credit, and with his family joined the Great Invasion.

When the Saracens hurdled the Pyrenees on their great invasion, there were five hundred thousand of them. The present affair is on a larger scale, there being two and a half million foreigners in France alone, a large number of whom are Americans. But there is more than a difference in size between the two invasions. The Saracens spent their time pillaging: the invaders of 1927 spend their time being pillaged. In Paris the pillaging is expert. On what the French poetically call the Côte d'Azur, and Mr. Jones the "Riv-ee-erra", it attains the dignity of a fine art.

Jones does not complain. He does not blame the native for taking what he can from the invader. "*Caveat emptor*," he says with a melancholy smile. He has passed the stage of complaining. He has become a silent man. "I was a sucker, that's all," he says, taking another hitch in the muffler around his neck and edging closer to the little pile of toothpicks and pine cones pretending to be a fire. "Maybe I did spend every nickel I made, back in the States. But—look what I got!"

Mrs. Jones murmurs something about "advantages". But Jones only shivers, glances pensively at the calendar, seems undecided whether to be glad or sorry his French match won't relight his French cigarette, and relapses into the settled melancholy which has been his since the second week after landing at Havre.

Mrs. Jones' idea that living abroad would be very educational has proved entirely sound. The first lessons were in elementary finance. The franc having slid into the sub-basement, prices ballooned out of sight. But when the franc recovered, prices remained where they were. This was bad enough. But with the purchasing power of the dollar and the pound reduced by a third, many English and American invaders decided to endure the evils they had, and stay at home. The tourist "season" was bad. Therefore, reasoned the hôteliers and shopkeepers, since fewer people came to spend the winter, those who did must pay for those who

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didn't. Jones had been raised in the American tradition that the way to stimulate lagging trade was to cut prices, but he found that no one on the Riviera had ever thought of such a thing. "A Frenchman," he will tell you gloomily, "will trade two friends for one sucker, any day."

They did not tarry long in hotels, but set about acquiring a villa, in which they might live more pleasantly and inexpensively. It was hard to convince the agents that they wanted to rent a house. The latter, in language reminiscent of Miami, tried to sell them land. They were taken on long jaunts over a countryside sprinkled with subdivisions and *terrain à vendre* signs. As it rained most of the time, it was hard to remember those guide-book lines about being "under the spell of the dazzling light of the blue sky and sea, enchanted and fascinated by the exuberance of the exotic vegetation".

The villa they took was something of a compromise, and they acted with unwonted haste. This was partly due to the discovery that these charming rides through the countryside with the affable realtors had been at their own expense. French business men see no merit in spending money on possible business. It is their custom to let the prospect do the spending.

The house was not new, but what it lacked in modern improvements, it made up in "atmosphere". At that time the Jones' were very susceptible to atmosphere. They were thrilled to learn that Charles Marat had lived in the house, just prior to his assassination by Charlotte Corday, an event which the histories say took place while Monsieur Marat was in his bath. Now that he has lived in the house himself, Jones says that the histories are cockeyed. He is convinced that Marat wasn't assasinated at all, but on returning to Paris expired in a delirium of joy at finding himself in a really hot bath.

The villa was not as cheap as they had expected. In fact, they paid for it about what they received net from the rental of their home in Weehawken. But it had a splendid view and was fully exposed to the sun — though it was some time before they were able to appraise this benefit at its true value, since for the first twenty days of their occupancy there was no sun. Instead of sun through the windows they got rain through the roof, the damage thereby caused being charged against them by the landlord.

Their first task, after signing the lease, was to have an inventory taken. This filled a sizable volume, none of which they could read, it being rendered in that illegible script which only a French pen and French ink can produce. But through an interpreter they learned that not only was every item of furniture listed, but every doorknob, every lighting fixture, everything that with a hammer and cold chisel could be made movable, was listed too. The only things not mentioned were the walls and roof. Also, every nick, spot and scratch was specified, and after having put up a sizable forfeit against damage, they learned that every scratch, spot and nick not on the inventory would be deducted from the forfeit. French landlords expect to refurnish their houses out of the "damages".

The Jones family had rented what they thought was a "furnished" house. They had to learn that "furnished" is a relative word. There was crockery, linen, blankets and china to buy; and, if they were to sit down with any comfort, chairs had to be rented. It was very educational to discover that one of the largest establishments in the town devoted itself to the renting of furniture for "furnished" houses.

There were many things to get used to, such as carrying a latch key weighing half a pound; electric lighting switches placed in any room but the one whose lights they controlled; lights that burned dimly or not at all; the little things which the French call *embêtements* and dismiss with a shrug of the shoulders, as being acts of God. They grew resigned and philosophic. And after discovering that it was necessary to begin running the Saturday night bath early on Friday morning, they learned that great truth which the French have always known, that bathing is not essential to health. "When in Rome," said Mr. Jones grimly, "do as the Romans do — and get some perfume."

Back in Weehawken, Mrs. Jones had been

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greatly vexed by the "servant problem". Domestics were hard to get, and those one got were for the most part incompetent and expensive. It had been pleasant to think that in France she would have a *Cordon Bleu* in the kitchen, adept at tasty sauces and delicate pastries, assisted by dainty maids in high heels and white aprons, like those one saw in musical comedies. And Mr. Jones had had agreeable emotions at thoughts of a soft-footed valet, who handed Monsieur his hat and stick, and did all the packing and pressing and whatever else it was that valets did.

As a matter of record, it took them longer to find even a general housework girl than it ever had in Weehawken. The one who in desperation they finally hired, belonged to the Union, and had a long list of the things she was not permitted to do. Her culinary skill was exhausted in roast veal and stewed celery. Her dessert repertoire began and ended with floating island, and while she was prevailed upon to yield a point and bring up a breakfast tray, her appearance did nothing to help start the day well. Jones, after three days of the Continental breakfast, had his downstairs in the dining room. As he said, he got no pleasure out of a bed full of crumbs.

The best that could be said of the cook was that she did not leave enough in the garbage pail to interest a starving nightingale. But the Jones family had to look long and often at the view and the sunshine to take their minds off the fact that they were eating less food, of poorer quality, and in a more limited variety, served with about four percent of the elegance to which they had been accustomed in Weehawken. And when the bills were totalled, they found that they were paying as much or more for it.

Mrs. Jones, though she never mentioned it in letters home, found herself spending more time on the details of housekeeping than had been necessary back in New Jersey. There was no telephoning the morning orders — for one reason, because there was no telephone. It took years to get a telephone installed, and though Jones, through elaborate wangling and plain bribery, managed to get himself pushed ahead on the list of applicants, it was found that the authorization of the landlord was required — which he, with true French abhorrence for signing anything, would not give. So they had to resign themselves to the French method of housekeeping, which consisted of giving the cook a handful of francs every morning, upon which she later rendered what she called an "accounting". Oddly, there was never any credit balance, and at so much as an inquiry she threatened to leave.

At first Mrs. Jones struggled to do things in the Weehawken manner. The milk, for instance, was delivered at night, and she suggested to the *laitière* that by delivering it in the morning it might be less sour. The milk lady took this as a personal affront — though not so much of an affront as when she was detected watering the milk at the Jones' tap. The latter she called "spying", and so far from chagrin at detection, was filled with righteous indignation.

These trials, however, were incidental, as Mrs. Jones said, inevitable to life in a strange land. They were annoying, at times, but educational — like learning that the Riviera lies in the same latitude as Greenland's icy mountains — not, as Mr. Jones had thought, in the latitude of India's coral strand. The sun rose late and set early, with the abruptness of an explosion. When the sun went down, the thermometer went with it. It made them realize that all the literature of the region had been written about the sunshine hours. There had been a lot about sea-bathing, and pictures of happy folk in tennis flannels; but there had been no mention of the fur coat that they found filled an urgent need from four o'clock on.

The Jones villa had no *chauffage centrale*, i. e., a boiler about the size of a coal scuttle trying to heat rooms with twelve foot ceilings and stone walls, on fuel at $40 a ton, and sizzling with triumph when it got the temperature up to 60. So, at sundown, the Jones family clusters shivering about a fireplace in which burn "logs" about the size and shape of a dental inlay, and nearly as expensive; and with numb fingers turn the pages of letters from home which harp enviously on the theme of basking in the sunshine. "What *I* should like to bask in,"

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mumbles Jones, his teeth chattering, "is a radiator."

One of the things that Mrs. Jones had found distasteful about Weehawken life was the constant preoccupation with money. American men, she complained, could talk of nothing but business and the stock market. She had yearned for the higher culture of the Continent, where one talked only of the good, the true and the beautiful. Or at least, of Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, in the manner of Mayfair fiction. It was disheartening, therefore, to find that on the Riviera, among invaders and invaded alike, the principal topic of conversation was money and the cost of things. Nor was money merely a topic of conversation. One way or another, it occupied the major portion of their time. The American habit of payment by check having made no headway in France, it was necessary to keep considerable sums of cash on hand. This involved frequent trips to the bank, because the constant fluctuation in the rate of exchange made it necessary to buy from hand to mouth. In the exchange they found the "fixed price" no more than in anything else. Not only did it vary from hour to hour, but from bank to bank. There was sometimes a spread of 50 centimes in one city block. It was not difficult to put in an entire morning cashing a check.

"Nothing is so educational as travel," said Mr. Jones one morning, after having had to wait until the banks opened before he could break a hundred franc note and buy a package of Camels. "The quaint foreign customs! In this country they insist on doing a strictly cash business — no credit, no checks. But you'd think, wouldn't you, that somewhere, somehow, somebody would have some *change?*"

Half of Jones' time is taken up with money. The other half is occupied with what the French call "*paperasserie*" — the stamps, taxes, permits, licenses and what not in which native as well as foreigner is entangled. The different offices are scattered, with great ingenuity, in inaccessible places all over the town. And while English-speaking functionaries must exist, they are apparently not allowed in the bureaus specializing in relations with the invader. Jones says that it took him four days to pay his automobile tax — or rather, to find *where* to pay it. This should not be taken as a reflection on the competence of Jones — the place proved to be a desk in the rear of an obscure tobacco shop.

One of the notions the Jones family cherished was that with the cost of living being so low abroad, they could entertain agreeably and see many "interesting" people. They had no clear idea of what constituted an interesting person, except that he or she would be unlike the people with whom they were familiar in Weehawken. But with eggs at 60¢ a dozen and the chicken that laid them fetching $1.50, "entertaining" seemed just as difficult, financially speaking, as it had been at home. Timidly, they tried the cafés. But after one modest effort at the Casino, which set them back $7 for half a dozen cups of inferior tea, they decided to stick to the simple life. Anyhow, the "interesting" people had failed to materialize, the only people they met being worried, harassed and rather bored Americans, exactly like themselves, no more nor no less dull than those with whom they had consorted in New Jersey. Jones was the last to give up. All along he had been hoping to encounter some of the mad riot of gayety described with such vividness in novels of Riviera life, and on New Year's eve he announced that they would take in one of the "galas". But when he discovered that it would cost $10 a head, without extras, tax or champagne, he said gloomily that he would buy a couple of horns and they could do their revelling at home.

Jones likes to play golf, and finding a course not far away, he felt that maybe he would be able to get through the winter. It was not as inexpensive as he had been led to believe, except for the caddies, who got 30¢ a round. But he thought he would be able to forget the exchange and his other troubles for a couple of hours at least, chasing the gutty around the fairways. He grew quite cheerful over the prospect, until, as the "season" advanced, he discovered he had to sign up two days in advance for a starting time, and then dodge around the course

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having balls bounced off the back of his head by imperturbable members of the British aristocracy.

Now he has quit golf and exhausted the possibilities of long tramps through the countryside. "All the towns, churches and castles are exactly alike," he says wearily. "Personally, I'd like to see an office building." Two other things he would like to see is a shoe-shining parlor and a cup of *coffee.* He is not hopeful about either.

Mr. Jones is indisputably not happy. But as Mrs. Jones says, that is not very important. They did not come over for Mr. Jones' happiness. They came to save money and give the children educational advantages. The first half of the scheme has fallen through, but the other remains.

When they began looking for those educational advantages, they found three varieties of school available — the strictly French school, public and private, the semi-French school, and the strictly American school, so private that fees were payable in dollars. It was manifestly impossible for the children to continue the studies they had pursued in Weehawken. But as Mrs. Jones said, the only really important thing was that they "get" the French. She spoke as if French were a kind of bird, which could be snared and later mounted and placed under glass on the Weehawken mantelpiece. She never specified what was going to be done with the French, after it had been "gotten". At any rate, the Jones boy was protestingly entered in a strictly-French private school, and the Jones girl went to a semi-French private school, that is, a school where all the instruction and one or two of the pupils were French.

The head of the boys' school did not understand why one should send a boy to be taught in a place where he did not understand a word of the teaching. But the French are a practical people, and if the quaint Americans insisted, who was he to object. He did square his conscience, however, by suggesting individual lessons in French. It was an agreeable way of squaring the conscience, since the private lessons fetched 20 francs each. The Jones boy made notable progress under this system, learning very nearly as much French as he would have learned in the same amount of time in the schools of Weehawken. Though he did make the sensible inquiry as to why he had to sit from 8 in the morning until 6 at night, on a hard wooden bench, in a room with bad light and no heat, in order to have an hour's French. Receiving no satisfactory answer to this question, he spent the other hours with a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, lent him by his sympathetic father.

The Jones girl had the advantage of schoolmates who spoke her language. This was offset by the fact that the method of teaching French, in vogue in her school, was one which has been obsolete, even in Weehawken, for many years. She memorized rules and conjugations on the same happy principle that would cause a person, desirous of learning how to drive an automobile, to learn all the formulae for the heat treatment of steel. She has become nicely "grounded" in grammar, though speaking less French than her brother, who doesn't know an adjective from a roller bearing.

At the end of the term, even Mrs. Jones' staunch optimism was shaken. It was too plain that the little dears had "gotten" little French and nothing else. It was also plain that even if they had, there wasn't anybody to use it on. Mr. Jones had always been bearish on the whole idea of "getting" French, which had seemed to him about as important as collecting butterflies or "getting" the dialects of the upper Congo. He now took the bold stand that what they ought to be *getting* was a little common ordinary writin' an' 'rithmetic. Anyway, he was more concerned, at the moment, over the huge bill for "extras" received from the two schools than he was over the technique of education.

After much talk, a tutor, with the laryngitical enunciation of one fresh from Cambridge, was engaged at $3 an hour. With this arrangement, what little leisure mother and father Jones had had, vanished. The "little trips" they had meant to take were adjourned to an indefinite future. The Jones children were perfectly normal in their aversion to any sort of education, and it took the combined efforts of parents and tutor to

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make them do any work at all. Even with tennis lessons, French lessons, and other extras, it was hard to keep their time fully occupied.

Painful though it be to record it, the Jones children are at the present moment very much on their parents' nerves. But what the parents think of the children is not comparable to what the children think of their parents. It is only a question of time when the Jones boy and the Jones girl, full of relief and singing with joy, will go off to the professional care and the normal youthful companionship of boarding schools. The Jones family is now studying prospectuses. One suspects that what they choose will not be a strictly French school, or even a semi-French school, but as nearly a 100% American school as can be found on this side of the Atlantic, a school reproducing as nearly as possible the schools of Weehawken. There will probably be no French teachers, and probably no more French teaching than obtains in the schools of New Jersey. But that will be quite all right with the little Jones. They never shared the keenness of their mother for "getting" French. With the superior intelligence and straight thinking of the very young, they are perfectly well aware of the essential uselessness of the French tongue to a citizen of Weehawken. They are also perfectly confident that whatever temporary and tedious exile they may have to suffer through the misguided zeal of their parents, they are going to live the rest of their lives in the land of their birth.

Such leisure as Mr. Jones can secure from this troublous life in which he finds himself, he spends in one of the many "American Bars" of the town. There he finds fellow-sufferers, marooned like himself, speaking the same tongue, thinking the same sad thoughts. But for the most part he lives in a kind of coma, patiently waiting for Thursday, when, with marvellous and wholly American efficiency, the Saturday Evening Post reaches him, just as it did in those dear, glad days in Weehawken. He can tell you to the hour how long it will be before he is on the ship for home. He has been educated — his tastes are simpler. He asks little, now, of heaven. "I'll be satisfied," he says timidly, "if I get there while the blue-fish are biting."

It is only a few months, now, he says. One hasn't the heart to tell him what Mrs. Jones was overheard to say the other evening: "The children are getting so much out of it — maybe we'll stay over another year."

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Anonymously — John Farrar

THERE is one way to make me angry without fail! There are many ways; but this one is especially potent. When anyone says that THE BOOKMAN under my editorship was a publisher's house-organ, I'll call him, her or it any kind of liar in captivity. Harry Esty Dounce, that pompously erudite gentleman who carried The Literary Review of The New York Evening Post to its obsequies, has said it in the pages of that paper now called by the old name; but oh! how changed. Well, Mr. Dounce, you're it! You say that you are not interested in my cherry tree, baby, etc. Fair enough! For I assure you that they're not interested in you. In season, the cherries would be pleased to choke you, and the baby would find some naïve gesture of disdain with which to express his healthy contempt!

Autumn has come chilly and sudden upon us. The yachts and row-boats are seeking nests in the ship-yard across the way. Fannie Hurst, in a wrap shading from the usual red to pinkish, is again to be seen at first nights. The house is filled with books from the delightful publishers, of which I have read all too few, and daylight-saving time is a thing of the past. Watch out for these publishers, Burton! As one editor to another, I'd like to tell you that not one of them wrote me when you took over the magazine, to say how sorry they were. Now that may have been intended as a compliment to you; but I don't think so.

Dave Carb brought his new play out for us to read to-day, and it's charming. There's a man who knows the theater, and is honest in his criticism of it. He writes for Vogue, as you doubtless already know. I have been trying to pick a dramatic critic to guide me to second nights this season, and I have finally hit upon Gilbert Gabriel as the most reliable, with Mr. Woollcott playing a close second. Try as hard as I can, it is impossible for me to make out from my old friend Percy Hammond's vastly amusing but somewhat tortuous reviews whether he likes a play or not, or what the play is all about anyhow! Moreover, in discussing "The Trial of Mary Dugan", he committed the unpardonable sin of giving away the mystery in his review. Mr. Woollcott's chief mistake this year has been his enthusiasm for that long-winded and carefully stuffed rendition of "Pickwick Papers" known as "Pickwick". It may be that a childish prejudice against this immortal work blinds me; but I am sure that the audience in which I sat to view this opera without music were as near sleep as was I. In all fairness to the play, I hear that the final act is the best; but, being a commuter for the moment, I was forced to miss it. Mr. Woollcott also failed to note that the only thing that could possibly have saved the play would have been his own appearance as its hero, a part in which I have dreamed of him for years.

Any lady or gentleman of fashion must miss a murder in his or her set. They are becoming so constant that it is no surprise to find two of one's acquaintances imprisoned under some such suspicion. Theatrical New York is seething with murders, and why not? Without question the three most interesting plays the season has offered so far are "The Letter", "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Interference". Each one of these presents a modern murderer, and in two of them the actual murder is performed before the eyes of the audience. I must say that as I go back to the theater with some regularity, after a season of comparative non-attendance, I realize more keenly than ever what Percy

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Hammond means when he calls a play "adult entertainment". One appreciates the thoroughly professional touch, the smooth, careful, tightly knit performance, and the tested play. The authors of these three dramas would be the last to claim them as great plays; but they would probably all claim for them a share of technical dexterity. All of them are good entertainment, and all absorbing, so that in spite of their melodramatic, and even sombre themes, the audience leaves the theater with that sense of having been thrilled, which is one of the theater's most intoxicating gifts to its devotees. "The Letter", dramatized by himself from one of Mr. Maugham's short stories, is a taut, violent drama of passion, from which emerges a rôle as complex and as difficult to play as any that can easily be imagined. Miss Cornell attacks it superbly. She has never shown more grace, deftness and variety. She is the only actress I can think of who could have made Leslie believable, terrifying, and yet, withal, tremendously likable. I do not believe that Mr. Maugham intended this woman to be likable; but I suspect him of being shrewd enough to have known that his wise manager would select an actress who knew how to garner sympathy. Miss Cornell does not fail! She is the murderess *de luxe*, and before her lovely eyes all the front page stories on the picture papers vanish into pale memories of luridness. Ann Harding is a sweeter figure of woe, and one more put-upon. Bayard Veiller, after some years of non-success in the drama, has reaped richly from his rest by writing another mystery-melodrama as exciting if not so successfully mysterious as "The Thirteenth Chair", a vehicle which, you will remember, served two actresses of no lesser stature than Rejane and Mrs. Pat Campbell. Turning his theater into a court-room and his audience into a jury, the playwright writes the story of a trial for murder, and does it with constant suspense, a good salting of humor and a fair preserving of mystery. As a matter of fact, the preservation of the mystery in this sort of melodrama actually doesn't matter a hoot! "Interference", from London, with one of its collaborators the expert Roland Pertwee, is delicate, easy, fascinating entertainment. It is set, played and directed capitally. Gilbert Miller proves himself more and more to be the most silken producer of the American stage. Like Brady and Wiman, he does not stint his sets, or hesitate to engage the right actor for the right part no matter what the salary may be. The result is that a melodrama like "Interference," which is really not so much of a play, turns out to be fine and powerful and hair-raising entertainment. As a famous English physician, Arthur Wontner — who made his great impression in America in the unfortunate play, "The Captive" — gives another astonishing performance. It is glittering in its precision. Only a matter of time, I should say, until Mr. Wontner gives us a "Hamlet". There is a good performance, too, by A. E. Matthews. The women intrusted with parts in this play are nothing extra; but they are capably directed and wear their excellent clothes as though they were used to fine feathers.

Who in heaven's name is Emanuel Eisenberg? Is he a person or a pseudonym? I have noticed his pleasant but pallid verses in Frank Adams's column. Alloffa sudden, he has started reviewing books of poetry for various papers, including this one. He dismisses Humbert Wolfe's great poem, "Requiem", with a patronizing nod, then procedes to sloppy eulogies concerning that much touted gentleman Robinson Jeffers. Jeffers, by the way, is a good poet, likely to be misunderstood because of his growingly idiotic following. They will praise him into obscurity if they aren't careful. I heard of a dinner-party of famous critics held before Jeffers had begun to appeal to those who hail anything that smells of sex-oddity as great. The dons of literary criticism were seriously discussing as to whether or not they would "make Jeffers a great poet". As if the snivellings of a man named Eisenberg could break a Humbert Wolfe or make a Jeffers. Mr. Eisenberg doesn't really deserve this much space; but I should like to call attention to certain sentences of his printed in this here magazine in its September number. How about this one for clarity? "The only valid objection can be on the grounds of

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egoistic animosity because of acutely different word-vision." He was writing, by the way, of Mr. Jeffers and his new long poem, "The Women at Point Sur". And this is the way he continues at the end of the next paragraph: "Taut, yet savagely uncontrolled in its tautness, the bitter song of despair and unhappiness — but never melancholia and misery — is cried in an exultant chant".

Children's Book Week arrives gleefully with the November winds. It can be celebrated this season with many a luscious volume; but chiefly with A. A. Milne's "Now We Are Six". I have never believed that Milne's poems were particularly for children; but I have never believed that children should have poems made particularly for them, anyhow. My chief fear for Chipman, the young man who just now pulled out an entire tuft of his father's graying hair, is that he should some day come across a dreadful rhyme of his daddy's, called "A Moral Song", in his school reader, and that the boys should discover he was the son of the man who perpetrated the nuisance. Could life play a more vengeful trick than that? Anyhow, Chipman's favorite poem at six months' age is Shelley's "The Cloud". He jumps and dances and gurgles with delight when that is recited to him. I suppose it is only fair to add that he jumps and dances and gurgles with delight when it isn't, also. It is hard to say whether or not the poetry of "Now We Are Six" is as infectious as that in "When We Were Very Young". It is good enough, anyhow, to be far better than any other verse of its type. There are "Sneezles" and "Knight-in-Armour" and "King Hilary and the Beggar-Man". E. H. Sheppard stands forth superlatively. The illustrations for the new book are far and away the best he has ever done, and his older work was fine. Every page has its winsome, engaging, elfin lines, and now Mr. Eisenberg will accuse me of blubbery. By the way, it just occurs to me that this Eisenberg fellow is probably Burton Rascoe or Dorothy Parker, in disguise. The more I think of it, the surer I am. More likely to be Dorothy Parker, too, I fancy.

Whimsy is a dangerous will-o'-the-wisp. It flew out of Barry Benefield's window when he was writing "Bugles in the Night". Whereas the sprite was firmly and delightfully present in "The Chicken Wagon Family", she becomes mannered and dangerously near cuteness in this new novel. The same is partly true of Marc Connelly's play, "The Wild Man of Borneo". (For it was probably largely Marc even though Herman Mankewietz's name appeared on the program as collaborator.) This play bloomed briefly and should be heartily lamented; for it was brisk, amusing, tender, and dramatic. If it was occasionally underwritten and patently sly, it could have been richly forgiven for its other excellences. What it most needed was a W. C. Fields to play the part of the wild man, in place of George Hassell, whose interesting performance was more versatile than really human.

As I was writing who should come up the steps past the useless but decorative well but Don Seitz. One of the pleasantest things about this commutation summer has been the morning trips in with this editor and newspaperman, biographer and critic. I did not think that I could stand riding with anyone on a train early in the morning. To be perfectly frank, I resented the fact that anyone, even a man for whom I had a liking and a respect, should turn up every day and make himself companionable. That has all passed. The mornings have been a continued delight, with their anecdotes of newspaper days, with their precise opinions on everything under the sun. Mr. Seitz is just about to finish his "The Bennetts, Father and Son". It should be a rich picture of a wide period of American history; for that extraordinary pair of newspapermen had wide contacts, great success and two violent and eccentric personalities. The way of the biographer is, I think, a peculiarly fascinating one; but it has one difficulty. There is always likely to be new material turning up at the last moment. Last night, Mr. Seitz tells me he called on someone, and just happened to mention the fact that he was finishing his book. "Why," said his host, "I know the man who drove Mr. Bennett to

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the office every morning for ten years. He is still alive and has a great many interesting yarns to tell." So it goes. It is a wonder to me that a biography is ever finished. As a matter of fact some of them never are. If anyone wants to take this personally, he is welcome. Where's that book on Dumas that was started several seasons ago?

To return to Children's Book Week, a few flowers should be placed on the desk of Miss Marion Humble of the National Association of Book Publishers every morning during that week; for she has made a spectacular success of this particular project, and there is no question in my mind but that her efforts have been greatly rewarded by the increased interest all over the country in the selection and dissemination of children's books. This, of course, has always been one of my hobbies. Now that Chipman is reaching the age where he will soon be reading books, we are having his book-plate made, and a special library for him. Whenever a book comes along that I should like him sometime to read, it is my plan to stick one of his book-plates in it, then place it in his library. These will not be only children's books, but adventure stories, mystery stories, books that I fancy he will enjoy at some stage of his reading career. These will not be forced on him, either. He will feel that they are his own, because they will be marked with his book-plate. He can read them or not, as he chooses.

A novel which I found great fun to read is Alan Sullivan's "In the Beginning". It is one of these concoctions about a lost world, in which gigantic prehistoric animals and miraculously surviving ladies and gentleman of ancient times or rather, of undeveloped lineage, combat the sabre-tooth tiger. It is somewhat like Conan Doyle's "The Lost World", but is, I think, more convincing. For a good exciting evening's reading, I can recommend no better book. Incidentally, I am ashamed of myself about "The Grandmothers". I called it dull, or something, didn't I? Well, here's one honest reviewer. When I first tried to read Glenway Wescott's new novel, I was tired and disgruntled. I had just come down from the conferences at The Bread Loaf School of English, which, while delightful in their way, had entailed the reading of a large quantity of manuscripts. "The Grandmothers" seemed hard going on top of that. On the contrary, I now find it fine, moving, beautifully done. What can I do about it? This would frighten me as an editor were it not for the fact that an editor has readers who check up his opinions. Also it makes me wonder about book reviewers in general. Should anyone with dyspepsia ever review a book? Or, perhaps the reverse may be just as true, should anyone without dyspepsia ever review a book. It's hard to say, offhand.

At some other time, I shall want to say more of Amy Lowell's book of poems, "Ballads for Sale". In this, said to be the last of the posthumous volumes, are some of her most beautiful and certainly her tenderest poems. I should recommend this volume to J. C. Squire. Perhaps if he will read it with an open mind and a warm heart he will find that quality of the great poet which he has persistently refused to recognize. J. C. Squire and Rebecca West, by the way, seem to me to be the most consistent of all living critics. They have their opinions, they have maintained those opinions on a solid basis of background and of sense, over a period of years. We may often disagree with both of them, but in neither case do we ever find them being sloppy, dull, or meretricious. That is more than can be said for most critics in these times.

Donald Ogden Stewart has returned to New York City with his lovely wife, and says that he will be there until the price of steamship tickets recedes. He looks younger and funnier than ever, and reminds me always of a nice little boy getting acutely bashful just before he has to speak a piece at school. Du Bose Heyward and F. Scott Fitzgerald are in the vicinity, and Ellen Glasgow passed through town on her way back from Europe and never even told me so. I had to see this in Isabel Paterson's column. A blow indeed! Mr. Fitzgerald,

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encountered on his birthday, was feeling old, and, since writing his book about matricide seemed fittingly depressed. Du Bose Heyward, rehearsing "Porgy", which he and his wife have dramatized from the novel, looked happy though worn. The only radiant author I have seen (to be sure, Edna Ferber sounded radiant over the telephone, and I have never seen her when she wasn't) — was Dorothy Speare. Dora Speare, as the Italians call her, has more verve than all the contributors to Vanity Fair and The New Yorker rolled into one, and everyone knows what a huge portion of verve that would mean. Miss Speare is to make her American opera debut in Washington on December fifth, singing "Mignon". This, to me, is very exciting news. I would journey many miles to see the culmination of that career; for Miss Speare, who still writes short stories and novels in every spare moment, has persisted in her musical education and career in a way which is brave and little short of miraculous. With her beauty, her acting ability and her superb voice, is it any wonder that her friends write of her thus glowingly?

"Joseph Conrad; Life and Letters", by G. Jean-Aubry, is a book unique, delightful and important. Its chief charm lies in the Conrad letters themselves; for they are dramatic, pithy, tender, revealing. I have read only the first volume as yet; but that is enough to make me urge you to enjoy a like pleasure. At this time it is a pleasure to remember that my first introduction to Mr. F. N. Doubleday was in the company of his friend, Mr. Joseph Conrad.

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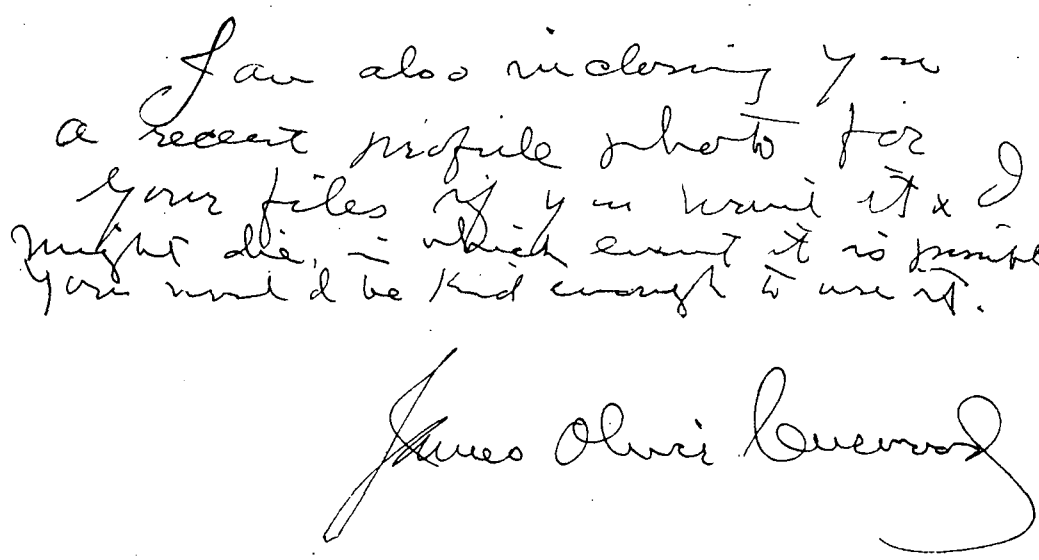
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
June 12, 1878 — August 14, 1927

COINCIDENCE OR PREMONITION?

A strange, though sad, story is told on this page. Below is reproduced the end of a letter written by James Oliver Curwood to the editor of the BOOKMAN several weeks before the onset of the illness that quickly carried Curwood off. The picture mentioned is printed alongside. The letter reads:

"I am also inclosing you a recent profile photo for your files if you want it. I might die, in which event it is possible you would be kind enough to use it."

The letter was filed and forgotten, to be suddenly remembered when Curwood's tragic death occurred. The picture is printed not only in fulfillment of a last wish, but also as an excellent likeness, the last to be made, of a beloved author.



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JIM CURWOOD

By Ray Long

BACK in 1919, James Oliver Curwood wrote a passage in a novel, "The Valley of Silent Men", in which, I think, he told the thoughts which he expected to think when death should come to him. He was writing of Sergeant Kent, of the Northwest Mounted Police.

"His vision took in the South and a part of the East and West, and in all those directions there was no end of the forest. It was like a vast, many-colored sea with uneven billows rising and falling until the blue sky came down to meet them many miles away. More than once his heart ached at the thought of the two thin ribs of steel creeping up foot by foot and mile by mile from Edmonton, a hundred and fifty miles away. It was, to him, a desecration, a crime against Nature, the murder of his beloved wilderness. For in his soul that wilderness had grown to be more than a thing of spruce and cedar and balsam, of poplar and birch; more than a great unused world of river and lake and swamp. It was an individual, a thing. His love for it was greater than his love for man. It was his inarticulate God. It held him as no religion in the world could have held him, and deeper and deeper it had drawn him into the soul of itself, delivering up to him one by one its guarded secrets and its mysteries, opening for him page by page the book that was the greatest of all books. And it was the wonder of it now, the fact that it was near him, about him, enbracing him, glowing for him in the sunshine, whispering to him in the soft breath of the air, nodding and talking to him from the crest of every ridge, that gave to him a strange happiness even in these hours when he knew that he was dying."

That was what Jim Curwood felt. The progress that rode into the wilderness over railroad tracks was, to him, poor exchange for the beauty it destroyed. Nature was his religion. As he said once:

"I have come to understand and gather peace from the whispering voices and even the silence of all God-loving things. I have learned to love trees, and there are times when I put my hands on them because I love them, and rest my head against them because they are comrades and their comradeship and their might give me courage. There is a gnarled old cripple of an oak in the yard of my Michigan home, a broken and twisted dwarf which many people have told me to destroy. But that tree and I have 'talked over' many things together; it has pointed out to me how to stand up under adversity, has shown me how to put up a man's fight. For, eaten to the heart, a deformity among its kind, each spring and summer saw it making its valiant struggle to 'do its best'. It was then I became its friend, gave it a helping hand, stopped its decay and death, and each season now the old oak is stronger, and often I go out and sit with my back against it, and I hear and understand its voice, and I know that it is a great friend that will never do me wrong."

A vastly peculiar man, Jim Curwood; a personality that invited misunderstanding. In all probability I knew him as well as any man living, yet I found now and then that I knew him much less than I had thought. We were friends, as well as business associates; excellent friends, dealing together for more than fifteen years without even a disagreement of more than passing moment. And yet I have known times when his mental processes so baffled me that I would say to myself, "This man is an utter stranger to me".

It was in 1912, I think, when there came to The Red Book Magazine, of which I then was editor, the manuscript of a short story, entitled "Kazan, the Wolf Dog". I had read stories of Curwood's now and then in other magazines, but none of them had attracted me particularly. That was the first one he ever had sent to me.

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I said that day — and I repeat today — that "Kazan" was the best dog story I ever had read. I telegraphed my enthusiasm to Curwood and urged him to build a series around his dog character. The answer came by wire:

"If you use my name on the cover please use James Oliver Curwood, not J. Oliver Curwood."

Not a word about my enthusiasm; not a word about the series. I took a train for Owosso, Michigan, where the author lived, and next morning our friendship began.

I found a sensitive man, only recently freed from a newspaper desk in Detroit, still suffering from the "kidding" he had endured because another magazine recently had called him "J. Oliver" on its cover.

The sort of man who really preferred Owosso to Detroit or New York; who wrote for twelve hours a day in the little room in his father's home which had been his as a boy; a man who even then had adventured into unknown regions of the North, but who enjoyed just as heartily a picnic beside the little stream that rambled through his home town and got just as much thrill from catching sunfish in that river as he did from shooting grizzlies in the Canadian Rockies.

He had not said in his telegram to me that he appreciated my enthusiasm and that he was at work on the series, because, as he explained, he assumed that if I had sense enough to edit a magazine, I had sense enough to know that he was grateful and that he would follow the suggestion immediately.

Curwood preached the religion of Nature in everything he wrote. But he practised it as well. That home of his father's was in the bend of the river in Owosso. As he prospered, he built on the river bank what he called his "castle", a writer's workshop of stone, done after his own idea of a mediaeval castle. His desk in one of the turrets commanded a sweep of the river in both directions, and from the stream which he had trapped as a youngster to get the money that put him through the University of Michigan, he got the inspiration for some of the work which satisfied him best.

But even it was not enough. He found in the northern part of Michigan, near the village of Roscommon, a stretch of forest which satisfied his heart. Here he built what probably was the most beautiful log lodge ever erected in any part of this country. It was of greatly imposing proportion, and each log that went into its structure had been selected by Curwood in person after studying for years all the timber in his forest.

Here was a place which represented an investment of thousands of dollars. A telephone line ran only half a mile away, yet there was no 'phone. Wires for electric lights could have been strung from Roscommon for a fraction of the cost of the fireplace alone, yet the lodge was lighted by acetylene lamps. There was ample water in the stream at the foot of the hill for comfortable toilet and bathing facilities, but he would have none of them. He might be primitive on a scale of magnificence, but he insisted on being primitive just the same. And any one who has been in that part of Michigan when it's more than 20 below, as I have, knows just how much hardihood that required.

In his last few years, Jim did most of his work in the lodge. He lived there alone for weeks at a time, doing his own cooking and housework, and dividing his time between his typewriter and the woods that surrounded him. He lived on fare as simple as that of a woodsman — and loved it. But every now and then he would have a party of his friends up for a visit. And what visits! The best camp cook the countryside could boast, all the varieties of food of the forest country, plus all the delicacies the market in Detroit could offer! Great times we had, times that none of us ever will forget!

One delicacy which always must be had was ice cream. Which leads to an illustration of one of the peculiar facets of Jim Curwood.

He was passionately fond of ice cream. The one creamery in Owosso which made it exactly to his taste threatened to quit business. Curwood and a friend of his, John McDonald, bought the creamery. They made it pay. They bought others, and first thing one knew they controlled the creamery business of Michigan.

Owosso had an annual fair. It lost money.

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The country decided to discontinue it. Curwood liked fairs. He thought this one was good for the community. So he bought the fair grounds and continued the fair.

Although he delighted in the wilds, he had a terror of snakes. A terror so great that if, in the evening, the conversation turned to them, he kept the entire lodge awake most of the night by his cries of fear in his nightmare.

He would run from a garter snake, and yet he had stalked a wounded grizzly in mating season.

A man of contradictions: no wonder most folks who met him never understood him. How little would I have understood him had I allowed myself to be affronted by that first telegram, instead of following a "hunch" and going to meet him face to face.

Yet he was a man steadfast in his friendships, and he was a writer steadfast in his desire to help his fellow man toward happiness. And I shall miss him as a man, and I know a great body of readers will miss him as a writer. He was my friend, and theirs.

TO A LITTLE BOY AT DANCING CLASS

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

When you slipped your hand from mine,
Walked across the floor,
Did you think you went alone,
Through that arching door?

Did you know I went beside
Holding fast your hand?
If you turned and found me there,
Could you understand?

Not the Mother that you know,
Grave, and old, and tall,
Just a little girl, like you
Shy, and very small.

Looking at the world again
With bewildered eyes,
Seeing all the things you saw,
You who seem so wise.

When you hurried back to me
She was gone once more . . .
But she went to Dancing Class
When you crossed the floor.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART XII

THE sudden cessation of that desperate preoccupation which is football has something startlingly precipitate about it. The whistle blows and the outside world swings back.

The field that had seemed immense narrowed itself. The group of trees at the sea end of it came forward with an intimate and friendly air. The dark crowd behind the ropes drew near and Jeremy fancied that he could distinguish figures known to him, Mrs. Bunt and Mrs. Leeson and Parlow. . . .

He was aware sharply of his own body. A cold wind was blowing across the ground and getting into his skin. He was sore in various places. On the inside of one groin, the left knee, the back of his head somewhere.

He knew that he was not so badly depressed as he ought to be. A lead of eight points to none! . . . Whew! That was terrible. Small chance of a victory now, perhaps. But it had been a splendid forty minutes. The grandest of his life. And as long as he lived he would remember his tackle of Mellon, the thrill of that clutch round the bare knees — yes, whatever happened in the game there would always be that to remember!

The light was going to be bad before the end of the game. The sky was clear, a pale crystal white touched faintly with a shadow of apricot. A sharp frost was in the air and he could feel the ground hardening under his feet. Behind him the hill was darkening and the great pile of school buildings were dimly purple against the pure white sky. Frost, silver biting stars, chrysanthemums, promise of Christmas, the dark black line of the watching spectators, all these things hung together, like clothes in a cupboard, in his mind. He sucked his lemon, then saw that Harrison wanted them. They gathered in a bunch around him.

"Don't think we're going to be beaten," he was saying, "because we're not. What's eight points? They won't last. They're fat. We've only got to push them hard." He had a lot of other things to say but Jeremy couldn't listen. He wanted to speak to Stevens and was aware, through that odd subconscious connection that he had with him, that Stevens wanted to speak to him. As soon as Harrison had finished he slipped across and Stevens turned to him as though he knew he'd been coming.

"Look here, Stocky," he said, "we've got to attack more. They're not nearly as sound in defence. Not even Mellon. I'm going out on my own a bit. Never mind if we make mistakes. It's better to risk it." Then he added: "It's a fine game. I don't care whether we win or lose. It's a ripping game".

Jeremy felt that, too. As he went back to his place he knew that he was extraordinarily happy. He would like life to go on like this, just like this, forever. At the same time he wanted to win. He wanted it terribly. Two goals would do it if Callendar failed to score again. There was a monstrous "*if*" there as he felt, with some sinking of the heart, when he saw them all lined out there waiting for the whistle.

But Crale could do better than it had done in the first half. The Three-Quarters could do better. Barry for instance. The best Three-Quarter Crale had had for years and as yet he had done nothing at all. . . .

The whistle went, a great roar came

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up from the crowd, "School! School! SCHOOL!" and at once again the Crale Forwards pressed and at once again the ball was heeled out cleanly, found Jeremy, and then was out and away. It was clear, too, that a new figure had come onto the scene, a new revived and urgent Barry. Barry, who was rather of Jeremy's build, did not look a Three-Quarter and certainly he had not the speed of Bender. He was, with Beltane, the oldest member of the Crale team, but he was considered principally as a defensive player because he was strong, fearless and an admirable tackler.

But now he seemed to be fired with a divine impetus. A dozen times in the first five minutes he was away and on each occasion he was brought down by the Callendar defence. A new triangular understanding seemed to have developed between himself, Jeremy and Stevens. It was almost as though they were the only active players on the Crale side.

There seemed too some truth in the prophecy that the Callendar Forwards would tire. They were heavy men and their bulk was beginning to tell on them. The little Callendar Half was raging and foaming at the way in which the Crale Forwards were heeling the ball. "Get it and — Heel Callendar!" he screamed in a funny frenzied screech; and he was forever rushing round to Jeremy's side, always to find that he was too late and that the ball was away.

He used the most shocking words and cursed everything and everybody. All to no purpose. The Forwards would not do as he implored them.

Then came a line out, Llewellyn jumped for the ball, caught it and tossed it back to Barry who was off with a speed that his build denied.

Here his strength helped him. He brushed past three or four Forwards and had some open ground in front of him but, alas, he tripped in a rut and fell. The Crale Forwards carried the ball on, it rolled back, Jeremy picked it up and flung it to Barry. Once more he was off, and now, instead of running straight, he turned inward, slipped Mellon, and, with a speed that no one had ever seen him use before, outpaced the Callendar Back and touched the ball down on the far right-hand corner.

Then there was a roar such as those old trees had seldom heard. It was triumphant and magnificent and the old buildings behind it seemed to echo it and carry it up to the rosy pillow-shaped clouds hovering over the crooked chimneys.

As suddenly as it rose so suddenly it fell. There was a dead and flattened stillness. Williams was lying on his belly placing the ball for Forsyte to kick. It was at a desperately difficult angle, the light was not good, a little wind played sportively about the ground as though set free by some Callendar demon.

So still was the world that the rattle of a cart came clearly from the neighboring road. Breathless everyone watched and waited. Then the Callendar men ran forward, the ball soared into the air magnificently as though pulled by some friendly string, swerved toward the post. From where Jeremy was standing it was impossible to see whether it had achieved the miraculously incredible or no; then the two Touch Judges raised their arms and another shout lifted to heaven greater and more triumphant than the last.

Five points to eight and fifteen minutes to go!

It was then that the Callendar team showed of what truly fine metal it was made. Jeremy will never so long as he lives forget the next ten minutes. In fierce moments afterward, when in France the last inch of endurance was demanded from him, in light silly times at a theater, in some foreign road, lying lazily in bed just before dropping off to sleep, swimming idly in some sunny sea, the echo of a memory would come to him — "*That* was a day — that time when the Callendar men pushed us off the ball in the second half when there was fifteen minutes to go!" — and an odd confused medley of the frosty field, the white cold sky, the bunched rosy clouds, the dry rich smell of chrysanthemums, the thick black line of onlookers, Beltane's tumbled hair, the black smudge on Barry's cheek, Mellon's bushy eyebrows, Stevens's strange cold imperturbable glance,

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these all came back to him as came no picture of any other game in which he ever played.

After that goal Callendar was inspired. They had been perhaps too confident, although long ere this they had known that they were up against no ordinary team. But now they were not going to have victory snatched from them as one goal would snatch it. What! After leading by five points in the first minute! Not if they knew it!

So they played like demons, every one of them. They seemed themselves now to make the choice that it should be forward play. They packed and shoved, broke and dribbled like giants working under one master mind. In vain Beltane, realizing that as the moments passed the chances of that winning goal were shredding away to the wind, urged and cajoled and threatened and swore. No one could have done more than he, no body of men worked more desperately with more sweating purpose, more determined courage than the men who were with him — relentlessly the Callendar pack had its way, first a scrum shoving the Crale men off the ball, then a dribble, then a pick-up, a fling to the Three-Quarter, a tackle, the ball off the ground again, a desperate pick-up and run from some clumsy lumbering Forward, a roll out to Touch, a line-out, a Callendar Forward with the ball again, another dribble — and at last a terrible struggle on the Crale goal-line itself.

Jeremy seemed to have flung all soul and body into that frantic opposition. He was eight men, fifteen, twenty, hoarsely crying the ball, then flinging himself at the thing as it moved among the knees and feet and scrambling bodies, then when the struggle was almost on the goal-line itself realizing that there could be but five minutes to go, knowing that one struggle, wriggle, forward over an inch of ground on the part of a Callendar man meant final failure, feeling nothing but that now when it had come to this death would be preferable to defeat — so he fought for the life of himself, the School, very eternity.

Behind the ropes now there were only maniacs. Men, women, children shouting, imploring, cursing, bellowing, whispering . . . and down on Farloss Road an old man driving two pigs to their sty stopped and scratched his head and sniffed the air. He knew that a great battle was toward.

The very rosy clouds themselves stayed suspended, hanging to Crale chimneys to steady their wandering attention.

Four minutes to go.

It seemed that Callendar was over. A great heap fell, pell-mell, over the line, the ball beneath them. The Callendar men rose shouting. A ghastly agonizing doubt rose in the hearts behind the ropes. But the Referee gave it a Five Yards scrum. Three minutes to go.

For once the Crale men had the ball, for once it was heeled out sharply into Jeremy's very hands. A second later Stevens had it.

He turned, swerved, raised his arms and then flung, far and out, above the heads of the intervening Three-Quarters, to Barry on the wing.

It was a risk of the most perilous. Had Barry missed it there in the very Crale Twenty Five and in front of goal (the Forwards indeed had broken all sound rules by heeling) Mellon must have scored.

But Barry didn't miss it and, even as he caught it with the same impulse he was off straight down the touch-line with three quarters of the field to go, with a Half Back and Mellon flying for him, no one to pass to were he tackled.

Mellon missed him (and would not forget that miss even in his gray-bearded evenings), the Half Back caught his jersey, it ripped, streamed in midair, but Barry was not stayed. There remained the Back. He sped for him, Barry swerved, the Back had him by the leg, Barry kicked, almost fell, stumbled, half-tumbling erected himself, tumbled again, fell headlong over the Callendar line, planting his ball as he fell.

The roar rose and died. Would Forsyte kick another goal? The angle was this time not difficult. The little wind had died. The ball sailed like a darling clear, free, straight between the posts.

Crale had won their game by ten points to eight.

Jeremy watched the evening creep up from the sea. Creep was not the word

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though. Now that they were in December night came with a rush and before you could realize it there was one faint bar of gold over the sea and, for the rest, only the shiver of the hedges, the cry of the sheep, the pat-pat of the rhythmic waves. He loved that sensation of being caught by the dark. There was a deep sense of adventure in it.

It had happened to him now. He had gone down to the tuck shop to buy a ball of string to tie things up with. Today was the last day of term. This morning marks had been read out and Jeremy was half way up his new form. Not bad at all and, as six boys at least would win their "moves", next term would see Jeremy sitting about sixth in the form. Not bad that. He was moving on.

Down there at the tuck shop had been little Ronnie Marsh, one of the School Forwards who had played in the great Callendar match, and Jeremy had been talking to him on quite equal terms, a surprising thing if you stopped to consider it. They had been talking, of course, of the great game and had been chuckling — as all the School had chuckled — over the undoubted fact that the game had been won by an impertinent piece of absolutely forbidden play. To pass in front of your own goal as Stevens had done (and such a risky pass in itself too) well, such a thing would make a man like Bunt turn in his stomach. But that was just like Stevens. He could do things that other fellows couldn't. He would try something that seemed hopelessly mad but for him it wouldn't be.

And then Marsh magnificently added that the School was damn lucky to have two Halves like Stevens and Cole who suited one another so perfectly and had four seasons yet in all probability at Crale. Everybody was saying how lucky it was.

Everybody was saying that? So he had arrived? He was safely ensconced inside the First Fifteen. He had achieved the great ambition of his life. Nothing now unless he went right off his form or fell sick could rob him of that honor. And yet — and yet —. Here was ambition fulfilled and here he was regretting something. Regretting what? He did not know.

And here he was rumbling along and running right into someone: this someone, moreover, was Parlow.

"Sorry, sir."

"Hullo! Who's that? Is that you, Cole?"

"Yes, sir."

Parlow put a hand on his shoulder.

"Come in a moment. Got five minutes?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Parlow's house was just round the corner. They went in. Jeremy stood for a moment in the hall blinded by the light, then he followed his large broad-shouldered host upstairs.

He had not been here since the unfortunate day of his meeting with Staire. A great many things had happened since then. Yes, and he wasn't going to be easy with Parlow. Parlow needn't think that he'd altogether forgotten. . . .

Parlow didn't think anything of the kind. He began at once about it.

"Look here, Cole, I've got to make my apologies. I've been wanting to for some time. I had no right to say what I did and especially in class. It's not the first time my temper's betrayed me into an injustice and I'm sorry. If you can forgive me for it I'll be glad."

Very embarrassing. Jeremy wished people wouldn't do these things and yet in this case something had to be said before everything could go on again smoothly.

He lifted his head and looked Parlow in the face.

"It wasn't true, what you said, sir. I felt it was unjust. A lot of fellows were down on me just then and I didn't see what I'd done wrong." Then he smiled and his whole face wrinkled and lighted.

"But it's all right now, sir. Everything's all right."

"I'm forgiven then," said Parlow easily. (There was something serious beneath their talk and they both of them realized this.) I won't do it again, I can promise you. I want you to come in here a lot next term — just whenever you feel inclined. Lots of fellows don't care for books and pictures a bit, but I think you will — or at least you ought to."

"Oh, there's Keats!" Jeremy cried excitedly.

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"Why, what do you know about Keats?" Parlow asked.

"Oh, only Corner the other day — that's a chap in our House shares a Study with Llewellyn — asked me whether I knew Keats and I couldn't think what he was talking about."

He picked up the small blue book.

"Oh, it's poetry," he said.

"Yes," said Parlow. "He was an apothecary and he died of consumption before he was thirty. He wrote some of the grandest things in English literature. I'll lend you his Letters for a start — the early volume of them anyway, and then you can read some Hazlitt and then some of Lamb's letters. They were all friends — a wonderful time when great men of letters were as common as gooseberries."

"And aren't they now?" said Jeremy for something to say.

"No, they're not," said Parlow.

So they were friends again. Jeremy departed up the dark path to the School. Yes, they were friends. But Parlow wasn't quite as he had been. He would never be again quite what he had been before that bit of trouble. . . .

It was not until he was summoned by Ma Bender up to the Box Room that the full tide of his happiness swung in upon him. It was then, when he entered the long stuffy room and saw the rows and rows of trunks and boxes, many corded and piled against the wall, others lying open and exposed, pressed down and running over with shirts and collars and pants, and in the middle of them Ma Bender and the two maids sweating with their hard work under the hissing gas — yes, then he was suddenly swung into a bliss of happiness, a kind of mist of trains going home and holly with light red glistening berries, masses of things to eat and freedom!

Ma Bender was stout, her stays crackling and creaking with exertion and her body bent forward over the boxes so broad that it didn't seem to resemble a body at all. She raised a red perspiring face.

"Oh yes, you Cole. Just look in your box there and see whether those shirts are yours. There are four of them unmarked."

He looked at his box and remembered how terribly proud of it he had been three years ago when, new and gleaming, it had first been his. Now it was old and battered but *part* of him, having in its dents and shabby label some of his personality.

They were not his shirts. He turned round to say so. Two boys came bustling in. One of them was the Dormouse. A Dormouse transformed, noisy, untidy, perspiring with energy and excitement, prepared to shout. Then he saw Jeremy and stopped.

"Now, you boys," said Ma Bender, "coming in here making all that row. You aren't home yet, you know, plaguing your poor mothers. Whatever they do with you, the holidays being so long, *I* can't think. All the same I'm glad you give us a breathing space, I'm sure. What I mean to say is we'd never get along if we hadn't one, tiring us out as you do. . . . Now, Morgan, you just leave those boxes alone. You mind your own business. The most troublous boy in the whole House, that's what you've become. What I mean to say is you were quiet enough when you come here first, but as I always do say it's those that are quietest when they come first who are the most trouble afterward. What I mean to say is you never *can* tell. Now Morgan, you, come away from those boxes and you too, Pritchett Minor."

The Dormouse looked at Jeremy smiling. He seemed to have lost his old shyness.

"I say, isn't it ripping going home tomorrow?"

Jeremy smiled back.

The Dormouse went on:

"Would you like an apple? I've got two."

"Thanks awfully," said Jeremy.

"Now you boys . . ." began again Ma Bender.

Jeremy departed, nodding to the Dormouse. A decent kid and perhaps one day he'd play football.

On his way to his Study he met Llewellyn. Llewellyn leaned back against the passage wall and drew Jeremy close to him, putting his arm around his shoulder.

"There's something I want to ask you," he said. "Look here, will you come in a lot to our Study next term?"

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Jeremy hesitated.

"What?" he said at last.

"Come in often to our Study. Corner doesn't mind. There's plenty of room."

A pleasant idea. He would escape some of Gauntlet's company. Llewellyn's Study was twice as big as his own. Corner would be able to tell him lots of things he wanted to know.

But the pressure of Llewellyn's hand on his shoulder irritated him. He had noticed already that Llewellyn was inclined to be "soppy" and Corner wouldn't like it. Not if he came in too much. He moved a little away.

"That's frightfully decent of you, Llewellyn," he said, "only — " he paused awkwardly, "I think I won't just yet if you don't mind. Chaps will think I am putting on side going about much with you and Corner."

"What does it matter what chaps say?" asked Llewellyn.

"No, I know, but you see I've had a bit of a row this term as it is. All that dust up with Staire, and I'm sick of it."

"I don't see that that's any reason," said Llewellyn rather sulkily.

"And then there's Corner," Jeremy went on. "It's awfully decent of him. He may think he doesn't mind but he *would* mind afterward. He's leaving after the summer term, isn't he?"

"Yes, but so am I," said Llewellyn.

"I think I won't come much at present if you don't mind," said Jeremy amiably. Llewellyn was inclined to be sulky.

"All right," he said, moving, "have it your own way."

But he was too truly good-natured and good-hearted to keep it up. "Will you write to me in the hols if I do to you?" he asked.

"Of course," said Jeremy laughing.

"I'd like you to come and stay with my people," Llewellyn said.

"All right. Thanks." But Jeremy knew that he wouldn't go. Llewellyn seemed to want to say something more. But he didn't. He moved, lumbering, away.

They had had to wait until the House bell rang, then they poured into the Dining Hall and the whole glorious scene burst upon them.

The long room was hung with colored festoons and the tables covered with crackers and starred with bowls of chrysanthemums. More satisfying than the chrysanthemums were the dishes of trifle, the great piles of fruit — oranges and apples and bananas — and the almonds and raisins.

Leeson was already standing at the head of the top table when the boys poured in and, one on either side of him, the two guests of honor, a long thin cadaverous man with a humorous mouth and a stout red-faced man with chubby cheeks and a rather self-satisfied manner. One of these men Jeremy well knew and was delighted to see there. He came down every Christmas. His name was Pothshorn. He was an artist in London who drew pictures for books. The only artist besides Uncle Samuel Jeremy had ever seen. But the point about him was not that he was an artist but that he was a gloriously funny fellow and he would stand up later on when the "feed" was over and tell marvelous stories and recite most amusing poems — all the time with that serious long face and odd protesting mouth. He was, in fact, Leeson's special pride. Everyone from the oldest boy to the smallest loved him, and it was no proper House Supper if he were not present.

The other guest, so Jeremy was informed, was a man who wrote stories and made money by writing them. He looked as though he made a lot of money and as though he liked himself for doing it. He looked, Jeremy thought, as though he wanted everybody to be fond of him, but it would be easier on the whole to be fond of old Pothshorn. The stout writing man had been at Crale years ago. He beamed on everybody as though they ought all to be jolly glad that at last he had come back. Small boys are very sharp; they all felt this and determined not to show him any feeling at all.

However, after Leeson had said the Grace and they all sat down the honored guests didn't matter in the least. They were completely forgotten.

Jeremy was as happy as it is possible for a mortal to be.

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"'Am, tongue or chicken?" said 'Appy Alfred breathing hard behind his ear. ('Appy Alfred was the Leeson Boots, general Factotum, male "Marchioness" of the pantry.)

"Tongue *and* chicken," said Jeremy hopefully.

Jumbo was sitting next to him, Llewellyn gesticulating to him from higher up the table, lots of people beaming or flickering bread pellets or calling out. . . . He was popular tonight, and after all the troubles of the term he liked to feel that he was.

Staire was almost opposite to him, looking smarter, in a magnificently shining Eton collar, than anyone else in the place. Jeremy had lost all his troubled feeling about Staire. Staire didn't trouble him any longer. But he didn't *like* Staire. And he never would. He saw with pleasure that they'd given him a wing instead of a leg. No, he'd never like Staire, but the storm between them was over because they respected one another now. That's what a fight did. It made you respect the other man.

He had, however, but little time for these mysterious speculations. The most wonderful orangeade was going round in huge glass tumblers and after the chicken there were patés and after the patés more chicken and after the chicken more tongue and after the tongue TRIFLE and after the trifle MORE TRIFLE and after more trifle a THIRD HELPING.

Then there were apples, oranges, bananas, almonds, and raisins and NUTS. By this time the noise was very general.

Any stiffness that there had been in any direction was now entirely dissipated and it was remarkable to witness how Ma Bender (no relation, by the way, of the footballer, who, although he was in another House, had suffered a good deal from this strange coincidence of names) bridled and giggled and bridled again with the stout novelist who obviously felt it his duty to be amiable with everyone so that everyone might say how amiable he was; and how Mrs. Leeson, who was known scholastically as the Crocodile because of her scaly exterior, threw off her armor and dallied like a naiad with Prefects like old Llewellyn, sitting near to her.

Now if there was one thing that Jeremy loved it was for everyone to be happy, and happy tonight certainly everyone was. He could feel the happiness surging all around him. He felt as though everyone wanted to burst out singing and very soon everyone would. . . .

But first Leeson had to make his speech. He got up, banged on the table for silence, then told them all about the term. The things that he had to tell them would not, in ordinary times, have seemed very interesting, but tonight, elated with orangeade and trifle, damp with heat and excitement, every sort of gay color floating before your eyes, an extraordinary sentiment of "House" rose in your heart.

Dear old House! What wouldn't you do for it! Dear old House with all its tradition and friendship and future history . . . which *you* were going to help to make in the future, mark you. That was what Paddy was at this very moment saying.

"There's not a boy among you, however young, who hasn't his part to play in making this House something that England may be proud of. . . ."

Oh, yes, he said all this word for word every year, and once the House Supper was over it seemed poppycock to you, and soppy. But tonight there was more in it for Jeremy than usual. As he sat cracking nuts, a red paper cap set rakishly over one ear, he felt that he would do a lot for the House in the future — oh, yes, he would. Someone was kicking him under the table and he kicked vigorously back.

But now Paddy had come to the bit about the match.

"We were fortunate to have more boys in the Callendar match this term than any other House."

Then you could have heard the cheering! Didn't everybody yell? And then suddenly everyone rose and sang, "For they are jolly good fellows" and the five men who had played in the match were forced to sit there and look foolish. Jeremy had attempted to rise but was energetically held down. "Good old Stocky," someone near him cried and people punched him and grinned at him and threw nut shells at him and even Staire

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condescended to smile and say something or other. Oh, yes! a fine affair and Jeremy enjoyed it.

When this had subsided Leeson passed on to the honored guest who wrote stories in London. He had not it seemed been at Crale for very long but they were all glad to welcome him back again (to judge from his figure and gray hair he had been away for a considerable time).

Then the honored writer of stories rose and made everyone uncomfortable by his allusions to "the dear old School" and "how proud we shall all be" and "every stone of the dear old buildings had its history" and "after all she was our mother" and "what it meant to him to be here again" and "he was the friend of each one of them".

Everyone was terribly glad when he sat down again, smiling upon everyone in the room as though he had begotten the lot of them. "He's jolly pleased with himself," Jumbo whispered to Jeremy.

"You bet he is," Jeremy whispered back.

But Pothshorn, then rising, made everything right again. He had a little stutter which was charming and he didn't even mention his feelings. On the contrary he began at once to tell a little story about an old woman who had two cows, one called Lucy and one called Isabel, and how Isabel . . . but never mind, it wasn't the story so much as the way he told it. "Well, that's a n-new story," he said when he finished. "Which old o-one would you like?"

That's what everyone loved — to be asked to choose. Therefore everyone shouted, "The one about the railway station!" "The painter and his box of paints!" "Lost in London!" . . . They knew them all, as why shouldn't they when he had told them to them over and over again?

Then, best of all, his face solemn and even mournful, his long thin body still and funereal, he recited "The Walrus and the Carpenter" — a marvelous performance, and then at the last gave them "His Adventures in the Country" — how he stayed in a cottage and of the things that came out of the thatch and the old woman who lost his clothes and the savage dog who kept him in bed in terror until midday. Ah! but this was wonderful! Jeremy sat there absorbed, lost, his eyes bursting out of his head, his mouth wide open. Jumbo whispered something and without taking his eyes away from Mr. Pothshorn he whispered back, "Oh, shut up!" How marvelous to be able to do this, to imitate the old woman and the cow and the cat and the parrot screaming "I saw you, you dirty dog" and the postman with the letters and no roof to his mouth. . . . So long as it lasted he was transported there, abandoned, out of his own body. When it was over Jeremy sat back with a sigh. Oh! If he could only do that! Perhaps he could. He would try when he was at home. Maybe the stage was after all his true career.

As Pothshorn gathered together his long gaunt body and sat down, Jeremy, staring at him, envied him more than anyone else in the world.

Now was the time when people could go out if they wished to. Jeremy was one of those who so desired, partly because he wanted some fresh air and partly because he was not sure whether he were not going to be sick.

He slipped quietly away, down the passage, out into Coulter's.

The fresh air at once restored him. And what a night! The sky was simply plastered with stars, as though you'd stuck them on with a shovel. It was deliciously quiet and cool. In the distance singing could be heard. All the Houses tonight were having their Suppers. Soon they would be singing at their own Supper and how Jeremy loved that! Lifting his voice to its full — "John Peel" and "Forty Years On" and "Hearts of Oak" and "Sally in our Alley" and "It's My Delight" and "Crale For Ever Free and Strong".

But before he went back he would stand there a moment and sniff the clean air and feel the stars. That other part of him that was unusual, shy, reticent, full of emotion that mustn't be expressed, was drawn out of him by the beauty and splendor of the night.

He didn't often think of himself, but just at this moment he considered the term, the most dramatic and eventful that he had ever known at Crale. Yes, in spite of some things

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it had been a good term, but why had it been odd and strange and bewildering?

With a flash of comprehension he realized. His childhood was over. He wasn't to be a kid any longer. He was on the way to manhood. Other people realized it. He realized it himself.

He knew it in his relation to games, work, the School, and he saw it in the relation of Leeson, Llewellyn, Jumbo to himself. There was something odd there, something that had shut him up inside himself so that, with the exception of Uncle Samuel, he seemed to be able to give his real feelings to no one. Only there was Ridley, to whom he had never spoken. That would give him what he wanted. He could tell Ridley things. . . .

And then the amazing blinding coincidence occurred, something that made him in after years when people said that coincidence in books were ridiculous answer, "I don't know. . . . They *do* happen. . . ."

He turned to go in because it was cold and ran straight into someone who came round the corner.

"Hullo! Look out!" said the someone catching him by the arm.

It was Ridley.

He stood, holding his arm, trying to see who it was.

"Sorry," said Jeremy. "I didn't see you."

"That's all right," said Ridley.

"I say — " Jeremy began. His heart was beating wildly. He was oddly afraid.

"Yes?" said Ridley, visible now from the lamp at Leeson's corner.

"I'm Cole. . . . I — I just came out for a moment. It was hot in there."

"Yes?" said Ridley again. Then, very pleasantly: "You're the football Cole aren't you? I've seen you in Chapel."

"I've seen you too," said Jeremy. "Lots of times. I've wanted to speak often." —

"Have you?" said Ridley. "Why?"

"I don't know," said Jeremy. "I'd awfully like to talk to you sometimes, though."

Ridley laughed. "Well, you can if you want to," he said.

"Next term," Jeremy went on, "would you think it awful cheek if — would you mind if — could we go for a walk one Sunday?"

"Of course," said Ridley, laughing again. "You'll find me awfully dull."

"Oh, no, I won't," said Jeremy fervently.

"Right. It's your risk. Any time you like."

"Thanks most frightfully," said Jeremy.

There was a pause.

"Good night," Ridley said.

"Good night," Jeremy answered.

Then, happier than he had ever been in all his life before, he went into Leeson's.

THE END

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A BOOKMAN'S NOTES

ANNOUNCING A PRIZE AWARD

ONE of the troubles with journalism in America is that men and women who enter the newspaper game rarely look upon reporting as a career. They think of it as a step toward something else. If they aspire to write fiction, they do newspaper work to "gain experience" and to "get into contact with life". Or if they are ambitious to become dramatic critics, editors, columnists, sports authorities, or heads of Washington or foreign bureaus, they are merely meanwhiling as reporters. One is always hearing of financiers and ambassadors, critics and editors, novelists and playwrights who once were reporters.

The reasons for this are obvious. Except in war time there is rarely any great reward in either cash or glory to be got out of the profession of reporting. The work is mostly anonymous; and the reward for writing a news story that might, if it were fiction, be classed as excellent literature is usually only the inner satisfaction of doing a good job. Occasionally a managing editor will award a $5 or $10 or $25 bonus to a reporter for having dug up a scoop or for having written a story of special distinction. And if the reporter is consistently good as a news writer, he is on the way to promotion in salary and to the dignity of a "by-line" or to some post that carries more kudos with it than does the work of chasing news.

This condition makes for impermanence in the profession of reporting. Yet at the same time it is probably a condition which results in the astonishing amount of excellent writing in the anonymous news columns of the American press. Especially in the newspapers of the smaller towns and cities. Young men and women, staking their faith upon eventual recognition, are content to expend their energy and their talents in the composition of brilliant news stories which will be read one day and forgotten the next, in the hope that soon or late their efforts will eventually attract attention. They will sweat over their "copy", exercise care in the choice of a word, lavish all their creative talent upon the proper phrasing of a paragraph. But only too often their efforts are buried forever in newspaper files and the honors they hoped these efforts would bring them are a long time coming. Competition in the game is keen; the choice jobs in the profession are comparatively few; and the good break of luck that sometimes means the big opportunity is not always happening on every newspaper. And so there are hundreds of good reporters on the newspapers of this country who are daily turning out fine examples of news writing without any immediate hope of recognition.

For the encouragement of good writing and for the stimulation of the profession of newspaper reporting generally, THE BOOKMAN is establishing a monthly and an annual prize award for the best news stories published throughout the country. A board of awards has been made up of six nationally known newspaper men. One member of the board is to be responsible for the selection of the prize story for one month, another for the selection of the prize story for the next month, and so on. To the reporter who has written what one of the judges considers the best news story submitted to him will go a prize of $100. That story will be republished in THE BOOKMAN (with credit to the reporter and to the newspaper) for its intrinsic value as a piece of literature and as a model of news writing. At the end of the year, the six members of the board of awards will vote upon the best story among the twelve they have individually selected, and to the author of the news story will go an

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additional $100. In the event of a tie this amount will be given to each of the winning contestants.

The members of THE BOOKMAN'S board of awards are:

Julian Harris, editor, The Enquirer-Sun, Columbus, Ga.

Julian Mason, editor, the New York Evening Post.

Paul Patterson, editor, The Sun and The Evening Sun, Baltimore, Md.

Clarke Salmon, managing editor, The Item, New Orleans, La.

Henry Justin Smith, managing editor, The Daily News, Chicago, Ill.

Casper Yost, editor, The Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.

The award is open to all writers actively at work as reporters for newspapers in the United States and its territories and possessions. THE BOOKMAN solicits the cooperation of managing editors, city editors and reporters in sending in news stories published by their newspaper which they consider of unusual merit. Two clippings of each story should be sent, with the name of the reporter who wrote it, and the date of its appearance; the name of the newspaper in which it appeared should be plainly indicated on a slip of paper accompanying the clippings or pasted to one of them. The news stories should be addressed to Editor of THE BOOKMAN, 452 Fifth avenue, New York City.

News stories for the month of November will now be considered. Paul Patterson will be the judge for that month. The announcement of the prize winner, together with the prize winning story, will be published in the February issue of THE BOOKMAN. The prize winner for the month of December will be announced in the March issue and so on.

* * *

"Human credulity," writes Virginia Woolf in the Herald Tribune for October 9, 1927, "is indeed wonderful. There may be good reason for believing in a King or a Judge or a Lord Mayor. When we see them go sweeping by in their robes and wigs, with their heralds and their outriders, our knees

Rosamond Lehmann, author of "Dusty Answer", a first novel of unusual distinction.

begin to shake and our looks to falter. But what reason there is for believing in critics it is impossible to say. They have neither wigs nor outriders. They differ in no way from other people if one sees them in the flesh. Yet these insignificant fellow creatures have only to shut themselves up in a room, dip a pen in the ink, and call themselves 'we' for the rest of us to believe that they are somehow exalted, inspired, infallible."

I liked that ever so much better the way Clarence Day, Jr., expressed it five years ago in the New Republic:

"The great point is never to admit it's only you who are talking. The modern Jeremiah or Charlie Sniff accordingly rents a small office, and talks his opinions on to paper as fast as he can; and then instead of signing them C. Sniff, he signs them The Editor. The editor is a self-bestowed title, yet people respect it. They observe that any man who is an editor takes himself seriously. And not only himself, but other editors—he takes them all seriously—they all pretend to take each other that way, same as Kings or High Priests. They quarrel, and

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they criticize each other, but that doesn't hurt — the main thing is for each of them to speak of himself by his title and never allude to himself as 'I' or to his views as 'my' views, but to call himself 'We', so as to sound like a bishop or a king."

* * *

If Alexander Woollcott is drawing anything like decent royalties for the use of one of his phrasal inventions, he ought to be a good person to hit for a loan if you happen to be hard up. It was Mr. Woollcott who first evolved the literary conceit of attributing surprise or astonishment to a person or even to an inanimate object in circumstances which do not ordinarily admit of surprise.

Thus when Mr. Woollcott first wrote (let us say), "Last night Mr. Whatsisname found himself to his mild surprise wandering about in the rôle of a grandfather", we all appreciated the conceit; for we knew that Mr. Whatsisname had hitherto been cast as an ingénue. We knew that Mr. Whatsisname was not really surprised to find himself in the rôle on the opening night of the show, for he had been rehearsing for several weeks and the rôle was certainly not new to him. But the phrase did suggest a comical or an ironic situation very aptly.

It was a good phrase until Miss Alison Smith and some others worked the life out of it. Miss Smith caused me to hurl my World out of the faintly surprised car window of the Stamford Local-Express two mornings in succession by writing:

"That erstwhile vaudeville house now chastely known as Hampden's opened still faintly surprised doors last night for the first Ibsen revival," and "Last night the suave and mundane Arthur Byron found himself, somewhat to his own surprise, in the white whiskered and palsied aspect of ole Massa Barr, a Southern planter of the early mint julep era".

Finally, I found myself reading, to my mild astonishment, the first of the delightful papers on life's hurly-burly in the theater, vaudeville, burlesque, hopping pictures, night clubs and skating rinks which Mr. Robert C. Benchley may be somewhat flabbergasted to learn that he has agreed to write for this magazine. And in that article the following phrase, somewhat to its astonishment, found itself playing merrily about with Mr. Benchley's own brain-children: "I have 'ended up' at a night club, *much to my surprise*, after an evening which had been set aside for catching up on my reading".

Alfred E. Smith, a portrait by Wilfred Jones, from "Alfred E. Smith: A Critical Study", by Henry F. Pringle. Published by Macy-Masius.

I hope that Mr. Woollcott is also drawing royalties on the use of his phrase, "this old meany". If he is, maybe he can pay something to Mr. George Jean Nathan for his frequent use of Mr. Nathan's phrase, "these old ears".

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If the Messieurs Goldsmith, Gabriel, Watts, Anderson and Vreeland should pay Mr. Percy Hammond what they owe him for the use of his orotund circumlocutions that fat and famous critic should be able to retire forever from the harassments attendant upon chronicling for the press the cerebra-

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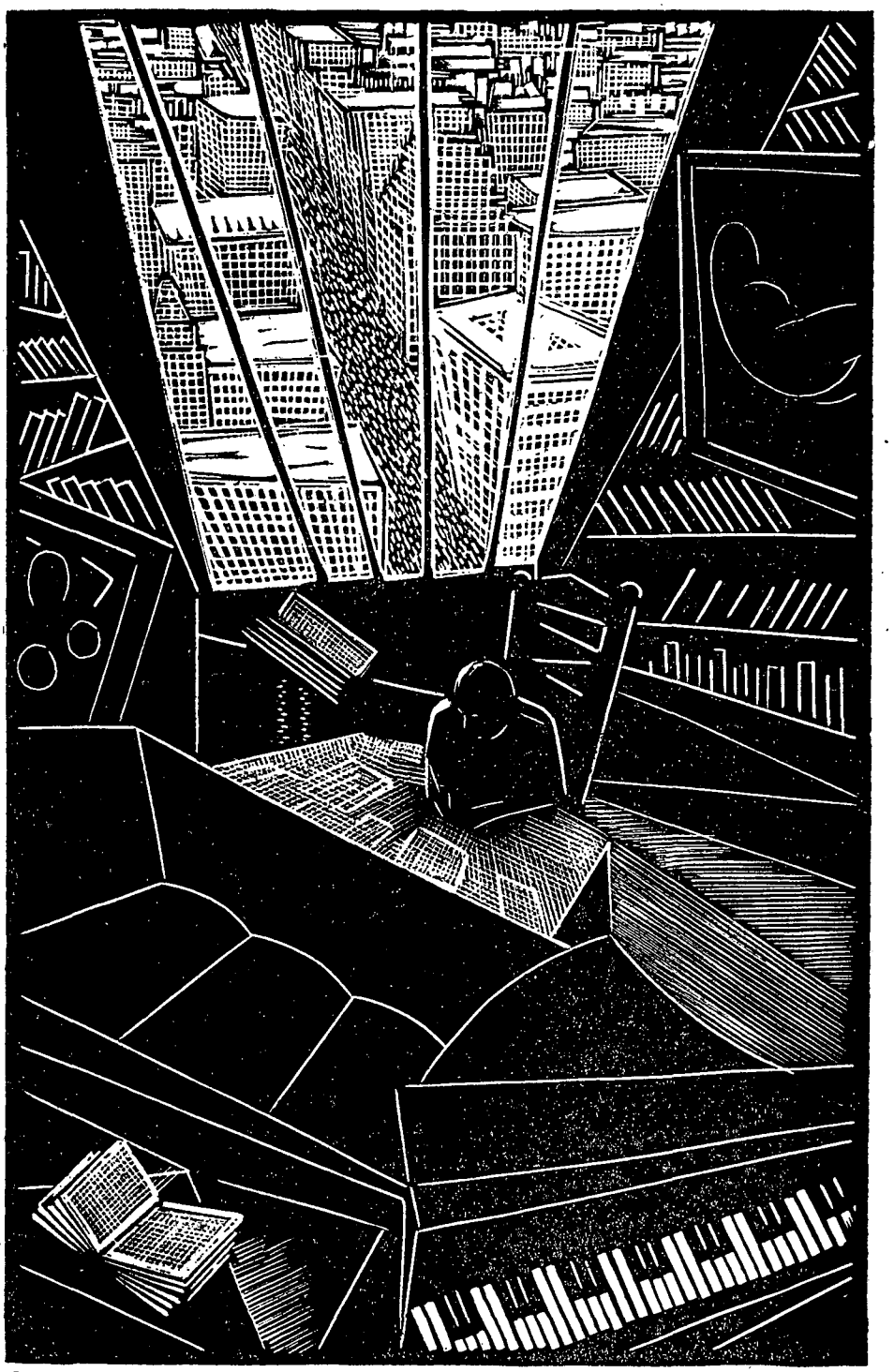

Of a Great City

A Woodcut impression of Theodore Dreiser in his study. By Wharton Esherick.

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tions provoked within him by the nocturnal rites of Thalia, Melpomene, and Terpsichore as they are enacted on Broadway.

* * *

Elsewhere in this issue, Mr. John Farrar, relieved of that incubus of gravity and caution which weighs heavily upon the style of an editor, expresses his views in certain matters with the utmost extravagance. Never, never, never shall we exercise our right to prevent him from saying whatever he wants to say in his corner of this periodical. But we can contradict him. If he believes that Emanuel Eisenberg is Dorothy Parker or Burton Rascoe, his blond and stately head is full of tin cups.

Moreover whatever Mr. Eisenberg said in disparagement of Humbert Wolfe's "Requiem", it was a courteously uncritical understatement. That poem excited a lot of superlatives out of critics in England when it first appeared there. But, as Frisco said in another connection, pay no attention to them; they cry at card tricks. "Requiem", in philosophy and sentiment, is about on a par with "The Face on the Barroom Floor" although technically it compares favorably with the work of Robert W. Service.

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In his profound, though at the same time diverting, new philosophical treatise, "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride", Mr. George Jean Nathan is under the impression that he has hit upon an observation concerning the mysteries of nature and got it into print for the first time. But he will not be the first to suffer the disillusion of learning that what seems to be an original idea has been expressed before.

Although the fact has never been articulated, writes Mr. Nathan, the very aim and goal of love is the one thing most quickly erased from masculine memory. "What remains in the masculine mind," he says, "is not the consciousness of sex, but only what may have proceeded from it, to wit, affection, companionship, friendship, or spiritual, as opposed to physical, love."

Let Mr. Nathan turn to page 206 of the Heinemann edition or page 167 of the Carra edition of George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life", where he will find the idea very beautifully articulated.

* * *

Isabel Paterson writes in the Herald Tribune: "We have one other claim to fame. Burton Rascoe reminds us of it by giving in the October Bookman a list of 'ghosts', the clever and versatile journalists who write stuff for non-literary celebrities to sign. He mentions that there ain't no sich person as Beatrice Fairfax; many have sheltered under that classic pseudonym. Little did he wot — we never told him, for fear of losing his esteem forever — that we were Beatrice Fairfax once, for a week or two".

I'll bet it was only once, and for a week, not two. Just as soon as the editor found out what sort of advice she was giving the lovelorn, I have no doubt he transferred her to some department on the paper where she wouldn't be having so much fun.

* * *

Last month I called attention to some of the anagrams in James Branch Cabell's new novel, "Something About Eve", and told what they were anagrams for. Cabell wrote me that I had missed the anagram he was most proud of, Mispec Moor. I hadn't missed it: I had tried it and couldn't make anything of it. Neither could Seward Collins. We showed the anagram to Dorothea Brande and she solved it right off. Then, of course, I wondered why I hadn't seen it all along. It is a really good anagram for a word embodying one of Cabell's most insistently reiterated philosophical ideas. With that clue, it ought to be easy.

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It is probably not generally known that Ray Long (who contributes a memorial to James Oliver Curwood to this issue) has an instinct for artistic design which is as great as his instinct for pleasurable and popular fiction. It is a fact that makes him as much the art editor of the magazines he edits as he is the editorial arbiter of their text. When Dean Cornwell was supporting himself not very luxuriously (he shared a

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bare little studio with Ray Sisley) by making layouts and drawing vignettes to illustrate Herbert Kaufman's editorials on The Chicago Tribune, and was furiously painting nearly all night — an expenditure of energy that wore him down until he looked like a skeleton — Ray Long, chancing to see some of Cornwell's paintings of New York's Chinatown, reproduced them in The Red Book. Although the paintings were done in full color, they were reproduced in black and white; but the effect was such as to put Dean on the way to becoming one of the highest paid magazine illustrators in the country.

Mr. Long sent Cornwell to the Holy Land a couple of years ago to make some paintings for which William Lyon Phelps supplied the text. Cornwell found that the heat of the country made it inconvenient to carry oil colors about with him because they deliquesced, so he sent for a supply of water colors. He made his sketches in water colors and went to London to work them out in oils. One of these water color sketches, which had served him merely as a memorandum, was seen by an art critic, who sent it to the Royal Academy, where it was awarded high honors in an annual exhibition. Under the terms of Frank Brangwyn's will, all commissions for mural decorations that Brangwyn leaves unfinished, Cornwell and only Cornwell is to complete. Cornwell is the only painter whom Brangwyn has deemed sufficiently talented to help him in his great undertakings.

Although Cornwell's magazine illustrations are ordinarily reproduced in black and white, he invariably does them in full color. They are thus paintings which are of great value in themselves and not only as illustrations for a text. Cornwell has worked out a color technique which gives special qualities to his paintings when they are reproduced in black and white which they would not have if they were done in crayon or wash.

* * *

Arthur B. Maurice, who drops into the office every now and again to see how we are getting along, gives us great encouragement: he looks so young in spite of the fact that he spent many years editing this magazine. He writes and plays golf. And he says nothing ever bothers him. We can see how he might have got that way: when you have gone through the mill you arrive at that happy state Carlyle described as the center of indifference. Just now we find editing a magazine too exciting, too appalling, too full of worriments to give us a chance at a game of golf.

Whenever we receive an article from Mr. Maurice, we wish that more contributors had once been editors of THE BOOKMAN; for his copy is superbly designed to lessen the strain of preparing it for the printer. Another former editor of THE BOOKMAN, the late Frank Moore Colby, was also ideal in this respect. If one ordered an article from Mr. Colby and told him to make it *about* 1,200 words long, the article would come in exactly 1,200 words to the count. By going back through the script, one would find where Mr. Colby, having exceeded the number of words very slightly, had gone through his stuff and carefully marked out a word here and there so that the count would be exactly 1,200. And on the margins of his copy were little pencil marks indicating the count in the words of his manuscript.

B. R.

* * *

H. D. C. sends us this from California:

An international art hoax by which Paul Jordan Smith fooled critics of the futurist school has occasioned no end of amusement here on the Pacific Coast. For nearly three years Mr. Smith has been exhibiting "pictures" in New York and Chicago under the name "Pavel Jerdanowitch", none of the "critics" suspecting that this "Russian" artist was none other than the author of "Nomad" and "Cables of Cobwebs". Mr. Smith, be it known, knows nothing whatsoever about painting, the hoax being, as he now confesses, a revenge upon certain ultra-modernists of the art world for their disparaging comments on the author's artist-wife, Sarah Bixby Smith, whose work was described by them as "of the old school". Until that time Mr. Smith had never handled a paint brush and had never had even a

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day's instruction in the art. Now he says one need know nothing of art to receive the praises of the "advanced" critics. The worse the pictures, he maintains, the louder the praise. Roughly sketching on a piece of plaster-board what purported to be a female inhabitant of a South Sea island eating a banana, Mr. Smith daubed it with weird impressionistic colors and called his work "Yes, We Have No Bananas". Later he used the thing as a fire screen in his study, and when a young artist came to visit him remarked that he thought the painting the crude work of a novice. The young visitor, thinking it a Gauguin, demurred with the remark, "Oh, but you can't see into the artist's soul. There is probably a great thought behind it".

Renaming the banana picture "Exaltation", Smith shipped it in the spring of 1925 to the exhibition of the independents held at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York. Within a month he received a letter from the "*Revue du Vrai et du Beau*" (Review of the True and the Beautiful) a Paris art journal, which later reproduced a picture of the painting with this comment: "This artist has a distinctly individual manner in representing people and objects, and uses the brush to symbolize the sentiments. In this he is at times a little literary and, not satisfied with the merely plastic phase of art, tries to express psychology. This preoccupation seems to be the dominant interest of a young and new school. Pavel Jerdanowitch is not satisfied to follow ordinary paths. He prefers to explore the heights and even, if necessary, to peer into the abyss. His spirit delights in intoxication, and he is a prey to the aesthetic agonies which are not experienced without suffering". In a subsequent issue of this expensively printed journal appeared a biographical sketch of the "Russian" artist, together with a picture for which Smith posed with grotesque facial grimace to carry out the deception.

Then Smith painted another alleged picture, labeled it "Aspiration", and entered it in the no-jury exhibition at Marshall Field's in Chicago. Out of 480 entries the art critic of a leading Chicago newspaper selected it for reproduction and lavish encomium. Last fall other impressionistic what-nots from Mr. Smith's uncertain brush elicited praise from *L'Art Contemporaine* and *Livre d'Or*. *La Revue Moderne* last June referred to "this strange artist's inspirational paintings". But the whole farce was too much for Paul Jordan Smith, and he let it be known, much to the chagrin of the futurists, that Pavel Jerdanowitch was no more real than the "pictures" which the author of "Nomad" had been producing. So literary circles of the Coast have been laughing heartily, and Mr. Smith is become a real hero to his friends.

CELEBRATED EVERYWHERE FOR THE NEATNESS AND GALLANTRY OF HIS ATTIRE.

An illustration from "John Paul Jones: Man of Action" by Phillips Russell, published by Brentano's.

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WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD AND SOME OTHERS

By Burton Rascoe

A HEART LAID BARE

THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD. *By William Ellery Leonard. The Century Co. $4.*

IN reviewing this book, I feel almost as a priest might feel if he were called upon to recite in public the gist of a peculiarly anguished confession toward which he had been sympathetic, greatly in awe, and utterly without the resources necessary for either comfort or advice. Perhaps I can express my feelings better if you will imagine me for a moment as such a priest — a well-meaning, vastly inexperienced and unresourceful priest of a country parish who had been called upon to give ear to the confession of Prometheus. There are no rules in the handbook to guide me in this emergency; there is no formula of words provided for my comment. The honor is too great for me to bear with equanimity — even though it is an honor shared by all who read this book — and to speak of it seems treason to my sense of fitness if not precisely a violation of a sacred trust.

At this point, indeed, I wish I had Mr. Hergesheimer's firm serenity and jaunty nonchalance. It would be a relief to be able to say, as Hergesheimer said, to the tortured Prometheus, "Leonard, don't be so noble." It would help some to be able to become flip and facetious, to be able to say something that would get a laugh, a Heinesque laugh, even, — with a sardonic twist; but if I grinned it would be a rictus and I would loathe the appearance of humor in it.

For this book is a confession that is made as a release, a necessary release, lest an imminent madness conquer the confessor. It is intimate, searching, febrile, terrifying — and arrogant. Professor Leonard has no humility, feigned or natural, no capacity for self-abasement. He has none of the wheedle and whine of one who craves for the absolution of pity. His testament is proud, defiant, and magnificent. Right in the very midst of telling of his insane wife's suicide, he interrupts himself as though he heard at a certain point a remark from the reader, and he squelches that hypothetical reader before going on with the story.

In autobiography, to find the equal of "The Locomotive God", you must go not to the classical confessions-in-print, but to those passages in the work of the great poets into which they have put their most intense feeling about the mystery and terror of tragic lives — or to Dostoyevsky. It is a torrential confession. One should be phlegmatic in order to read to the end without being affected by it. Yet the "normal" man will find little in it to produce the satisfying emotion of recognition.

Among the faults of the book is that it contains too much, and, yet in one essential, nothing. Morbidly introspective, Professor Leonard has struggled desperately to discover what is wrong with him, what is the cause of his phobias and neuroses. He has no faith in the Freudian theory of the sexual cause of psychic disturbances and he traces his fear back to a recurrent image that aroused fear in his childhood. Standing on a railway platform with his mother when he was a little child, he saw a gigantic locomotive engine bearing down upon him. It aroused his fright and wonder. The engine seemed, or came to seem, the material symbol of an all-powerful and relentless fate. It became his idea of God — the fearful God of the Old Testament in the guise of a soul-less machine.

Professor Leonard has intellectualized this emotion he associates with the Locomotive God. A man who has never been able to reconcile himself to his surroundings and who has always been at odds with society, he thinks of the Locomotive as the god of the Industrial Age — a god inimical to the poet and the professor of the humane sciences.

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I think (perhaps unwarrantably) that while endeavoring to lay bare his heart, Professor Leonard is unconsciously reticent about the most important physical fact in his life. I cannot pretend to diagnose his neurosis; for I am neither a Freudian adept not a specialist in psychiatry; but one of his difficulties, it seems to me, is as familiar as the case-histories that are commonplaces in old wives' tales.

For Professor Leonard's sake, of course, I should like to see him relieved of his neurosis and to see him become a happy, normal, dull and commonplace mortal. But I believe there is no cure for such as he. He is what he is, a great spirit and a fine poet, whose tormenting disabilities enable the more sluggish and apathetic among us to experience vicariously through his writings intensities of experience which we otherwise would not have.

Professor Leonard believes that he has hit upon the best method of recovering memories of childhood. That method is to achieve a state of serenity by freeing the mind of all current worries and problems and to think back upon some particular event. That event once recalled stirs up a train of associations and there are thus brought to the consciousness remembrances of things past which had never been present in the mind since they happened. The difficulty, he says, lies in the natural tendency to recall these events not in their pure state — just as they occurred — but in an ideal or romanticized state.

Professor Leonard makes a common mistake here which Dr. Watson and the Behaviorists (with all their errors) set us right upon: we do not really recall these events, that is we do not re-live them: we merely think about them, and in thinking about them we use the machinery of thinking which consists mostly of words. Therefore whatever we are able to recall of our childhood — at least for others to hear — is conditioned not only upon our vocabulary, but also upon the factors that influence the use of that vocabulary at a particular time.

What I have just said is possibly confusing; but there is less in it than meets the eye. For example: you may wake up one morning after a good night's sleep, with your digestion in good condition and your financial and domestic affairs in happy shape. Suddenly you may recall some event in your childhood. Your natural tendency in such a mood would be to describe that event not as a tragic but as a comic predicament. You are in a fairly well adjusted state; it would be difficult to imagine yourself any happier or more contented than you are at the moment; therefore you cannot feel past events as tragic, even though they were, at the time, tragic; and the words you use in describing those events inevitably tend to present the event in a humorous light.

But supposing things have gone wrong with you for some time. Your health is not all it should be; you have financial worries, and you are not pepped up by an active love interest that is evenly matched. In such circumstances you can recall the past only with nostalgia; what you have experienced and what you have had, in the past, is inevitably (to your mind) much finer, more enjoyable, lovelier and more ideal than anything you can possibly experience at the present time or in the future. Therefore, in recalling a past event in such a mood, you use words to describe it which are compact with tenderness. And the aspect in which that event is presented is romantic.

There is probably no way of using the vocabulary to present a situation in life precisely as it happened. Realism, then, is an illusion. What we mean by "realism" is the presentation of a situation in words which common experience recognizes as being uninfluenced by the prevailing clichés of sentiment. Those clichés are arrived at by the compulsion of mass wish-fulfillment: we all want to be happy, and the secret of happiness is the avoidance of certain things which really cannot always be avoided and by the cultivation of virtues which biological necessity rejects.

Professor Leonard, then, is not realistic, even in this remarkable endeavor to tell us all about himself. What he writes is written with the highest and at the same time the most selfish of motives. He doesn't care about you or me, or about what you and I think; what he cares about is solving his

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own problem. And in attempting to solve it, he has made clear to his readers a great many things, I think, which are not clear to himself.

One of those things, I suspect, is the importance of money in his life. We are taught to regard money as something base and material and never to relate our spiritual difficulties to the difficulties of our pocketbook; yet for many of us, at one time or another, the condition of our pocketbook is the most insistent and the most important problem in our life. We don't want it to be so; but it is there, clamantly, plangently. To avoid it we would have to be clods, incapable of exterior irritations and deaf to the demands of our creditors.

That, if I may say so, not in criticism but as a matter of record, is one of the factors which has made Professor Leonard's adjustment to life peculiarly difficult. There is in him no compromise or tendency toward evasion. It is magnificent but it butters no parsnips. He has borne, in his time, tremendous responsibilities; he has had to support, out of meagre means, relatives who have found themselves incapable of paying their way in life; he has had sickness to finance; and he has had himself thrown out of jobs with amazing frequency on account of his temperament and his views. "A brilliant man", so runs the sinister and damaging recommendation, "but dangerous". And so, money, or the security of an income, has become a major factor in, at least, his unconscious thinking.

It is extraordinary that he has remained throughout his tragic experiences so kindly, so detached, so impersonal, and so acute. He recalls his first impression of George Sylvester Viereck: "On my first interview he had followed his mother down the corridor and, agitated that the stranger had not noticed him, popped out from behind her skirts with the anxious cry; 'Ich bin ein Dichter; ich bin ein Dichter'. He was. A German lyrist even then. . . . He founded the Poetry Society. Then the Literary Vigilantes decreed him dead as a bad poet because of politics. They still keep him out of the Anthologies. And Haldemann-Julius reprints him in his Little Blue Books with reprints of Swinburne and Wilde and Villon and other pariahs." Professor Leonard is kind and sympathetic to another tortured man, whose temperament is as much to blame for his difficulties as are the external features in life against which he has run afoul — Ludwig Lewisohn. He saw the young and exuberant John Erskine rising at Columbia to heights which now mean rock-bound solvency through the popular reception of his "Private Life of Helen of Troy" and his "Galahad". He was visited by the electric Sinclair Lewis; and in this autobiography there are many memorable impressions of celebrities who have made their way to that restricted area of a few square miles out of which Professor Leonard dares not venture on account of his terrific fears.

Of "The Locomotive God", I can write no more. It is a book that may torture you, or give you a terrifying glimpse of inner experience, or leave you cold and unmoved. But I submit that it is a tremendous book, one of the great autobiographies in our literature.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AL SMITH

ALFRED E. SMITH: A CRITICAL STUDY. *By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius, $3.*

IF Al Smith goes into the White House, his official biographer has taken care that there will be few misapprehensions about him — those misapprehensions that might arise among his well-wishers should he fall, as Cabell said statesmen have a habit of doing, a shade short of omniscience. Mr. Pringle has been at pains to show the worst as well as the best about his subject and seems almost to fear that his book might be taken for the usual applesauce of campaign biographies — which it certainly is not.

He reveals the Governor as a just and likable person, honest, intelligent, a good mixer, well-dressed and without a trace of scandal in his private life. He describes him also as an almost illiterate man, who reads no books and doesn't even care enough about

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books to appreciate their decorative value in his house and who apparently knows nothing of economics, international finance or foreign affairs. Almost, it would seem that his greatest qualification for the presidency is that he is just a real good guy.

But that isn't all: he has an advisor who makes up for all he lacks in education, culture and general knowledge of things it is important for a chief executive to know. That adviser is Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, a remarkable woman whose influence in the career of Al Smith Mr. Pringle sets forth in illuminating detail. Mrs. Moskowitz and, to some extent, her husband have managed Al's campaigns and Mrs. Moskowitz has practically made him. She is in constant touch with him by telephone and rarely does the Governor decide any question of importance without first consulting her. She writes or rewrites most of his speeches, she tells him when to talk and not to talk, she has drilled in the use of good grammar and smoothed some of the Oliver Street atrocities out of his vocabulary and accent — although he still slips into "boid" for "bird" and "erl" for "oil".

The chapter on Mrs. Moskowitz should do much to allay the silly fears that are current about Al Smith's religious affiliations; if he goes into the White House his policies will not be dictated from the Vatican but by the extremely able brain of a Jewess.

Mr. Pringle has neglected to tell us what Mrs. Moskowitz's stand on the prohibition question is at present and he himself trembles in fear that Al is going to give in to the drys. Is the suspicion of a change in the Governor's attitude due to Mrs. Moskowitz's voice in the matter or is it Al's own wonder whether his known wetness is not more harmful to his presidential chances than is his religion?

Mr. Pringle has written an exceedingly interesting biography. He has almost leaned over backward in refusing to describe Al Smith as a hero compact of all the virtues and he has presented in the biography a history of contemporary politics in New York. Mr. Pringle's story of Smith's break with Hearst is somewhat confusing because it is not made entirely clear what the fight was all about. All that is clear is that two political factions were at war and that Hearst hit below the belt with some scathing caricatures, one of which caused Al's little son to ask his mother, "Why do they say that Daddy kills little babies?" The point is repeatedly made, however, with proof, that the Governor is incorruptible, that he is a fine type of man with a sense of justice that is not affected by any pressure of moneyed power or mass emotions. The book should show good reasons to many citizens why they should vote for Smith for President unless some one else shows up who is as fine a character as he is and has more wisdom than Mrs. Moskowitz.

VARIOUS RECOMMENDATIONS

I HAVE a confession to make. This month I have been remiss in my duties to authors and to publishers and to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. And it is too late now to make up for my delinquency: the managing editor tells me that I have only so many words left to write in order to fill the space I was injudicious enough to tell her I was going to fill and that those words must be written within an incredibly few minutes; and the big boss, a most terrible tyrant (though a very understanding sort), tells me, with a sinister inflection in his voice (I could kill him for it!) that we had a tremendous bill for over-time to pay the printers because of our lateness (and he was partly responsible) last month and that it simply will not do for me to monkey around any longer with the stuff I am supposed to turn in. "Editor or not," he tells me with the most frightful acerbity (Do you have to put up with that sort of thing?), "you have simply got to pay as much attention to the deadline as you exact of our contributors. Now play your little tune on the typewriter and make it snappy! Shall I send out for a sandwich for you or a cigar? Call your luckless family on the 'phone and tell them that you won't be home until late again because papa's got to work tonight."

Well, you see, editor or critic, I still am

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human. I love books and I like having a good time when there is a chance. And as I come into the office of a morning I look over the new books that have arrived from the publishers and, with that mild kleptomania that afflicts all bibliophiles, I exercise the prerogative I have as chief cook and bottle-washer and grab off the books that seem most interesting, put them on my desk, tell Miss Naar (who is responsible for seeing that books get reviewed) that I will review them. Having read and enjoyed them, at the last moment I discover that I have been reading so much that I haven't any time left to write a large number of those long, adequate, operose, visiting-English-critic sort of reviews that are so self-satisfied, so beside the point, and yet so welcome to publishers and authors, who do not read the words but count with a space rule the extent of the notice that has been given them.

In other words I have been spending what time I had away from editing the magazine and listening to people who want jobs and such emaciations, in reading a number of interesting books instead of reading only three or four of them and writing at length about them severally.

I really should have given some of these books to people who came in wanting to do book reviews. They would have written much more about them than I have time now to write and everything would have been very jake for THE BOOKMAN. I really feel very sorry.

Here (still stalling) I can mention one book in extenuation of my dereliction of duty. One of my earliest heroes was Leonardo da Vinci. There is a book by Emil Ludwig that has just been translated called *Genius and Character* (Harcourt, Brace) in which there is a study of Leonardo (among biographical studies of many other geniuses), and in this study much point is made of the fact that Leonardo was a great procrastinator and a most undependable sort of fellow when it came to doing jobs he was supposed to do.

"Neither his sense of duty nor his desire for fame could drive him to complete a work, so that he hardly ever abided by any of his contracts; and since none of his contemporaries understood him, and least of all his biographer, Vasari, no one who gave Leonardo a commission was ever satisfied with him."

And yet he was perhaps the greatest universal genius the world has ever produced. Leonardo had an ideal of completeness, an ideal founded upon a desire for universal knowledge and universal culture: he was an animated question mark that was never satisfied with an explanation of the visible world which he could not analyse and prove to be either false or true.

All of us can have heroes, of course, without ever imagining that we are anything remotely like our heroes, except possibly in some disagreeable trait, some weakness, some physical fault, or some downright mental disability. I know a rather prominent and rather successful author, a novelist, who has a hero in history and imagines himself to be like him whereas his only point of resemblance to that hero is in the fact that they both have blue eyes, or at least history seems to support the view that the hero's eyes were blue. And I know an eminent publisher who believes that he and Julius Caesar are very much alike because both of them happened to be bald. At least, then, I have this in contact with my hero, Leonardo: he was, and I am, rather more than likely not to get our stuff done on time. And all because (if you will pardon me the alignment) of a disinclination to do anything that is not pleasurably creative — or, if you will be so mean, to do anything. It distresses me indeed to read in Ludwig's book:

"The old man (Leonardo) toward the close of his career, tried to collect and order his material. He did bring together a few treatises, but it was too late: the constant experimentation of a lifetime could not at the last be assembled into the systems which he had always despised. When one has consistently become a learner one does not become a teacher in old age. . . . Then he felt his strength was diminishing. He apportioned his property among his friends, dignifiedly put all his affairs in order, and in the spring when he felt that death was near, the dying prophet wrote in his monologue:

"'Man, always festively awaiting the new

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spring and the new summer, complains that the longed-for things are slow in coming, and fails all the while to notice that he is longing for his own end. Yet precisely this wish is the true quintessence of the elements which feel themselves imprisoned in the body through the soul and wish constantly to return to their maker. But I would have you know: this same wish is also the true spirit of nature, and man is but a cosmos in miniature.'"

As a critic I am supposed to find some fault with *Genius and Character* if such a fault is of particular importance. Well, Mr. Kenneth Burke has translated the book, and, although he seems to have done very well by the translation, he has used a tautology, which Ludwig could not have used in the German and which is one of my abominations: he uses the expression on page 160, "from whence."

And now, having stalled so long, dear reader, because I don't want to go to the tedious trouble of telling you which you should like among these books, I am going to list some of the books on the current publishing lists, concerning the merits of which next month I may have the time and inclination to be more specific, and recommend them to you as worth inspection.

DUSTY ANSWER, by Rosamond Lehmann (Henry Holt & Co. $2.50), is a novel by a young Englishwoman who is the most promising apparition on the literary horizon since Margaret Kennedy charmed us all with "The Constant Nymph". In many respects I believe that part of "Dusty Answer" is the finest portrayal of the emotions of childhood and adolescence that I have ever encountered in English. Miss Lehmann has a genuine sympathy with and remembrance of the poignant tragedies of our early contact with people and our disappointments in our hopes and ideals of life. Her treatment of these tragedies is most unusual among writing grown-folk: the usual treatment is that of detachment and of humor. "What absurdly quaint and foolish little creatures they are", is the ordinary point of view. Miss Lehmann has shown that a child's disappointment in something the child expected in life can be a tragedy of tremendous consequence. "Dusty Answer" is the story of a sensitive and affectionate girl, who found throughout life that the experiences she knew of love and friendship — even when they were perforce somewhat perverse or abnormal — were not entirely satisfying. It is not a new discovery, certainly, but Miss Lehmann has given it special significance in a novel of real charm and beauty.

PROFANE EARTH, by Colger Cahill (Macaulay Co. $2). This is a novel by a new American writer, whose distinctive style, sense of character, and facility in description makes him bid fair to become one of the novelists most to be reckoned with in the younger generation. "Profane Earth" is the story of the son of an immigrant family and of his adjustments to life, first in the poverty of a large family on a farm, later in a village, and later still in Chicago. Mr. Cahill has got into his descriptions of Chicago one of the most vivid and authentic portrayals of that city's crude and relentless power that I ever remember having read. There is a love story in the novel and it is a moving one; but the love interest is subordinate to the ambitious story of a whole generation of immigrant offspring and what they had to deal with in life in the middle-west when their parents failed to provide them security.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE, by George Jean Nathan (Alfred A. Knopf. $2). A philosophical treatise, written in a deceptively light and even flippant vein, on life and love and morals in America. Mr. Nathan holds pretty much with Moses in the final analysis, but he believes that something has happened in our national *mores* to make what was once called immorality a distressingly light and frequent occurrence.

SO THIS IS ART, by Percy Hammond (Doubleday, Page. $2). These are some of the best pieces that Mr. Hammond has written upon first-nighters, the present condition of dramatic art in America, the things that audiences laugh at, and other matters about which a dramatic critic is required to write. Mr. Hammond has invented a style peculiarly his own — a cadenced and polysyllabic style, in which a feigned sententiousness is employed for humorous effect. His book, like his daily dramatic reviews, is a civilized treat.

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A NEW THEORY OF NEUROSES

By D. H. Lawrence

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS. *By Trigant Burrow. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.*

DR. TRIGANT BURROW is well known as an independent psychoanalyst through the essays and addresses he has published in pamphlet form from time to time. These have invariably shown the spark of original thought and discovery. The gist of all these essays now fuses into this important book, the latest addition to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method.

Dr. Burrow is that rare thing among psychiatrists, a humanly honest man. Not that practitioners are usually dishonest. They are intellectually honest, professionally honest, all that. But that other simple thing, human honesty, does not enter in, because it is primarily subjective; and subjective honesty, which means that a man is honest about his own inward experience, is perhaps the rarest thing, especially among professionals. Chiefly, of course, because men, and especially men with a theory, don't know anything about their own inward experiences.

Here Dr. Burrow is a rare and shining example. He set out, years ago as an enthusiastic psychoanalyst and follower of Freud, working according to the Freudian method, in America. And gradually, the sense that something was wrong, vitally wrong, both in the theory and in the practice of psychoanalysis, invaded him. Like any truly honest man, he turned and asked himself what it was that was wrong, with himself, with his methods and with the theory according to which he was working?

This book is the answer, a book for every man interested in the human consciousness to read carefully. Because Dr. Burrow's conclusions, sincere, almost naïve in their startled emotion, are far-reaching, and vital.

First, in his criticism of the Freudian method, Dr. Burrow found, in his clinical experience, that he was always applying a *theory*. Patients came to be analysed, and the analyst was there to examine with open mind. But the mind could not be open, because the patient's neurosis, all the patient's experience, *had* to be fitted to the Freudian theory of the inevitable incest-motive.

And gradually Dr. Burrow realised that to fit life every time to a theory is in itself a mechanistic process, a process of unconscious repression, a process of image-substitution. All theory that has to be applied to life proves at last just another of these unconscious images which the repressed psyche uses as a substitute for life, and against which the psychoanalyst is fighting. The analyst wants to break all this image business so that life can flow freely. But it is useless to try to do so by replacing in the unconscious another image — this time, the image, the fixed motive, of the incest-complex.

Theory as theory is all right. But the moment you apply it to *life*, especially to the subjective life, the theory becomes mechanistic, a substitute for life, a factor in the vicious unconscious. So that while the Freudian theory of the unconscious and of the incest motive is valuable as a *description* of our psychological condition, the moment you begin to *apply* it, and make it master of the living situation, you have begun to substitute one mechanistic or unconscious illusion for another.

In short, the analyst is just as much fixed in his vicious unconscious as is his neurotic patient, and the will to apply a mechanical incest-theory to every neurotic experience is just as sure an evidence of neurosis, in Freud or in the practitioner, as any psychologist could ask.

So much for the criticism of the psychoanalytic method.

If then, Dr. Burrow asks himself, it is not sex-repression which is at the root of the

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neurosis of modern life, what is it? For certainly, according to his finding, sex-repression is not the root of the evil.

The question is a big one and can have no single answer. A single answer would only be another "theory". But Dr. Burrow has struggled through years of mortified experience to come to some conclusion nearer the mark. And his finding is surely much deeper and more vital, and also, much less spectacular than Freud's.

The real trouble lies in the inward sense of "separateness" which dominates every man. At a certain point in his evolution, man became cognitively conscious: he bit the apple: he began to know. Up till that time his consciousness flowed unaware, as in the animals. Suddenly his consciousness split.

"It would appear that in his separativeness man has inadvertently fallen a victim to the developmental exigencies of his own consciousness. Captivated by the phylogenetically new and unwonted spectacle of his own image, it would seem he has been irresistibly arrested before the mirror of his own likeness and that in the present self-conscious phase of his mental evolution he is still standing spell-bound before it. That such is the case with man is not remarkable. For the appearance of the phenomenon of consciousness marked a complete severance from all that was his past. Here was broken the chain of evolutionary events whose links extended back through the nebulous aeons of our remotest ancestry, and in the first moment of his consciousness man stood, for the first time, *alone*. It was in this moment that he was 'created', as the legend runs, 'in the image and likeness of God'. For breaking with the teleological traditions of his age-long biology, man now became suddenly *aware*."

Consciousness is self-consciousness. "That is, consciousness in its inception entails the fallacy of *a self as over against other selves*."

Suddenly aware of himself, and of other selves over against him, man is a prey to the division inside himself. Helplessly he must strive for more consciousness, which means, also, a more intensified aloneness or individuality: and at the same time he has a horror of his own aloneness, and a blind, dim yearning for the old togetherness of the far past, what Dr. Burrow calls the preconscious state.

What man really wants, according to Dr. Burrow, is a sense of togetherness with his fellow men, which shall balance the secret but overmastering sense of separateness and aloneness which now dominates him. And therefore, instead of the Freudian method of personal analysis, in which the personality of the patient is pitted against the personality of the analyst in the old struggle for dominancy, Dr. Burrow would substitute a method of group analysis, wherein the reactions were distributed over a group of people, and the intensely personal element eliminated as far as possible. For it is only in the intangible reaction of several people, or many people together, on one another that you can really get the loosening and breaking of the me-and-you tension and contest, the inevitable contest of two individualities brought into connection. What must be broken is the egocentric absolute of the individual. We are all such hopeless little absolutes to ourselves. And if we are sensitive, it hurts us, and we complain, we are called neurotic. If we are complacent, we enjoy our own petty absolutism, though we hide it and pretend to be quite meek and humble. But in secret, we are absolute and perfect to ourselves, and nobody could be better than we are. And this is called being normal.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Dr. Burrow's book is his examination of normality. As soon as man became aware of himself, he made a picture of himself. Then he began to live according to the picture. Mankind at large made a picture of itself, and every man had to conform to the picture, the ideal.

This is the great image or idol which dominates our civilization, and which we worship with mad blindness. The idolatry of self. Consciousness should be a flow from within outwards. The organic necessity of the human being should flow into spontaneous action and spontaneous awareness, consciousness.

But the moment man became aware of himself he made a picture of himself, and began to live from the picture: that is, from without inwards. This is truly the reversal of life.

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And this is how we live. We spend all our time over the picture. All our education is but the elaborating of the picture. "A good little girl" — "a brave boy" — "a noble woman" — "a strong man" — "a productive society" — "a progressive humanity" — it is all the picture. It is all living from the outside to the inside. It is all the death of spontaneity. It is all, strictly, automatic. It is all the vicious unconscious which Freud postulated.

If we could once get into our heads — or if we once dare admit to one another — that we are *not* the picture, and the picture is not what we are, then we might lay a new hold on life. For the picture is really the death, and certainly the neurosis of us all. We have to live from the outside in, idolatrously. And the picture of ourselves, the picture of humanity which has been elaborated through some thousands of years, and which we are still adding to, is just a huge idol. It is not real. It is a horrible compulsion all over us.

Individuals rebel: and these are the neurotics, who show some sign of health. The mass, the great mass, goes on worshipping the idol, and behaving according to the picture: and this is the normal. Freud tried to force his patients back to the normal, and almost succeeded in shocking them into submission, with the incest-bogey. But the bogey is nothing compared to the actual idol.

As a matter of fact, the mass is more neurotic than the individual patient. This is Dr. Burrow's finding. The mass, the normals, never live a life of their own. They cannot. They live entirely according to the picture. And according to the picture, each one is a little absolute unto himself, there is none better than he. Each lives for his own self-interest. The "normal" activity is to push your own interest with every atom of energy you can command. It is "normal" to get on, to get ahead, at whatever cost. The man who does disinterested work is abnormal. Every Johnny must look out for himself: that is normal. Luckily for the world, there still is a minority of individuals who do disinterested work, and are made use of by the "normals". But the number is rapidly decreasing.

And then the normals betray their utter abnormality in a crisis like the late war. There, there indeed the uneasy individual can look into the abysmal insanity of the normal masses. The same holds good of the bolshevist hysteria of to-day: it is hysteria, incipent social insanity. And the last great insanity of all, which is going to tear our civilization to pieces, the insanity of class hatred, is almost entirely a "normal" thing, and a "social" thing. It is a state of fear, of ghastly collective fear. And it is absolutely a mark of the normal. To say that class hatred *need not exist* is to show abnormality. And yet it is true. Between man and man, class hatred hardly exists. It is an insanity of the mass, rather than of the individual.

But it is part of the picture. The picture says it is horrible to be poor, and splendid to be rich, and in spite of all individual experience to the contrary we accept the terms of the picture, and thereby accept class war as inevitable.

Humanity, society, has a picture of itself, and lives accordingly. The individual likewise has a private picture of himself, which fits into the big picture. In this picture he is a little absolute and nobody could be better than he is. He must look after his own self-interest. And if he is a man, he must be very male. If she is a woman, she must be very female.

Even sex, to-day, is only part of the picture. Men and women alike, when they are being sexual, are only acting up. They are living according to the picture. If there is any dynamic, it is that of self-interest. The man "seeketh his own" in sex, and the woman seeketh her own: in the bad, egoistic sense in which St. Paul used the words. That is, the man seeks himself, the woman seeks herself, always and inevitably. It is inevitable, when you live according to the picture, that you seek only yourself in sex. Because the picture is your own image of yourself: your *idea* of yourself. If you are quite normal, you don't have any true self, which "seeketh not her own, is not puffed up". The true self, in sex, would seek a *meeting*, would seek to meet the other. This would be the true flow: what Dr. Burrow calls the "Societal consciousness" and what I would call the human consciousness, in

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contrast to the social, or "image-consciousness".

But today, all is image consciousness. Sex does not exist, there is only sexuality. And sexuality is merely a greedy, blind self-seeking. Self-seeking is the real motive of sexuality. And therefore, since the thing sought is the same, the self, the mode of seeking is not very important. Hetero-sexual, homosexual, narcistic, normal or incest, it is all the same thing. It is just sexuality, not sex. It is one of the universal forms of self-seeking. Every man, every woman just seeks his own self, her own self, in the sexual experience. It is the picture over again, whether in sexuality or self-sacrifice, greed or charity, the same thing, the self, the image, the idol: the image of me, and norm!

The true self is not aware that it is a self. A bird, as it sings, sings itself. But not according to a picture. It has no idea of itself.

And this is what the analyst must try to do: to liberate his patient from his own image, from his horror of his own isolation, and the horror of the "stoppage" of his real vital flow. To do it, it is no use rousing sex bogeys. A man is not neurasthenic or neurotic because he loves his mother. If he desires his mother, it is because he is neurotic, and the desire is merely a symptom. The cause of the neurosis is further to seek.

And the cure? For myself, I believe Dr. Burrow is right: the cure would consist in bringing about a state of honesty and a certain trust among a *group* of people, or many people — if possible all the people in the world. For it is only when we can get a man to fall back into his true relation to other men and to women, that we can give him an opportunity to be himself. So long as men are inwardly dominated by their own isolation, their own absoluteness, which after all is but a picture or an idea, nothing is possible but insanity more or less pronounced. Men must get back into *touch*. And to do so they must forfeit the vanity and the *noli me tangere* of their own absoluteness: also they must utterly break the present great picture of a normal humanity: shatter that mirror in which we all live grimacing: and fall again into true relatedness.

I have tried more or less to give a *résumé* of Dr. Burrow's book. I feel that there is a certain impertinence in giving these *résumés*. But not more than in the affectation of "criticizing" and being superior. And it is a book one should read and assimilate, for it helps a man in his own inward life.

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AN AUTHENTIC BIOGRAPHY OF WOODROW WILSON

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS. IN TWO VOLUMES. *By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Page & Co. $5.00*

WOODROW WILSON kept no diaries, wrote no personal memoirs. But before his death there was begun and since his passing there has continued the collection, arrangement and publication of the source-material upon which every biographer, commentator and historian of the future must rely for an interpretation of the man in terms of his times and his reaction upon them. The gigantic task of systematically, painstakingly assembling every known or ascertainable fact about Woodrow Wilson, from his most remotely traceable ancestry to his last act in life, was intrusted to the one American man of letters whose qualities as author and journalist made him, in Mr. Wilson's opinion (with which this reviewer most heartily agrees) the best fitted man to perform it, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker.

On January 25, 1924, ten days before his death, Mr. Wilson wrote the last letter which he ever signed. Addressed to "My dear Baker", it began: "Every time you disclose your mind to me you increase my admiration and affection for you", and, referring to his personal correspondence and papers, said: "I would rather have your interpretation of them than that of anybody else I know".

Long before Woodrow Wilson's dramatic entrance upon the stage of practical politics, Ray Stannard Baker had made two distinct and enviable reputations in the field of letters. Under his own name he had become recognized as one of the most accurate and thorough analysts of the social movements of the times, a reporter who brought a penetrating vision and a lucidity of style to whatever he wrote, upon whatever topic. His sympathies and interests, moreover, were those of that notable group of journalists, of which he was one, who seceded from the old McClure's Magazine and founded The American Magazine as a medium for the interpretation of the social and political unrest which was seething with increasing turbulence under the surface of things American in the first decade of the present century. And under the *nom de plume* of "David Grayson" a pseudonym carefully guarded for years, he had won a wide following of readers with that series of wholesome essays, "Adventures in Contentment" and its successors, essays which revealed their author as a person of keen sensibilities, warm sympathies and a clear understanding of the difference between sentiment and sentimentality.

A Progressive Republican, as we "come-outers" of 1910 styled ourselves, Baker met Woodrow Wilson early in that year, under circumstances which not only revealed to him the Princeton President's penetrating grasp of the problems of political reform, but brought him into that intimate personal contact which never failed to charm those favored with an invitation to step behind the curtain of reserve with which he guarded his sensitive shyness against the intrusions of those of whose like-mindedness with himself he was not assured. In spite of their mutual attraction, Mr. Baker records, he could not regard Mr. Wilson at that time as a potent political factor; even so astute a judge of men and affairs regarded him as "too academic" ever to make a deep impression upon the extremely practical methods of politics as it was played. But by 1912 Mr. Baker had succumbed to the logic of events and was casting his vote for Wilson for President. It was not until 1918, however, that the relationship between them was established which resulted in his becoming the privileged confidant and authorized interpreter of Woodrow Wilson to the world.

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Late in 1918, upon his return from Europe, where he had served as a special commissioner of the Department of State to report on economic and social conditions in the Allied countries, Mr. Baker was appointed by President Wilson to direct the press arrangements of the Peace Conference. From then on the two men were in continuous contact, in Paris and in Washington. Working in an upper room of the White House until Mr. Wilson's retirement from the Presidency, then in the Wilson home on S Street, with full access to all the documents, Mr. Baker wrote the three-volume history of the Peace Conference which was published in 1922 under the title "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement". He followed this by compiling and editing, in collaboration with Professor W. E. Dodd, "The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson", in six volumes. Then, in January, 1925, almost a year after Mr. Wilson's death, Mrs. Wilson turned over to him all of her late husband's private papers and correspondence, without any reservations whatever as to his use of them.

What an opportunity for the biographer! Merely to list the documents which he had with which to work indicates the incalculable richness of the material out of which Mr. Baker has written these first two volumes of his biography of Woodrow Wilson, "Youth" and "Princeton."

There was, first, the President's official file, sixty-seven steel cases containing more than two hundred thousand letters and documents. Then there were fifty-eight letter-books containing copies of 29,000 letters written by Mr. Wilson while in the White House, and his confidential file, seventeen boxes containing more than thirty thousand more letters and documents. Add to that imposing list the personal file which the President kept in his own private study, comprising the ultra-confidential letters and messages relating to the War, some of them in secret code, many in the original shorthand of the President himself—some sixteen thousand documents here. In another set of files were all of the documents relating to the Peace Conference, including the secret minutes of the Council of Four. Still another treasure-trove was the collection of fifteen thousand letters written by and to Mr. Wilson between his retirement from the Presidency and his death; another was the collection of his private letters and papers up to his inauguration as President, some twenty-five thousand documents here, mainly concerned with his career at Princeton as professor and President.

Five tons of Wilsoniana! Ten thousand pounds, in their packing cases, these memorabilia weighed as shipped to Mr. Baker's home at Amherst. And they are not the only sources from which he has drawn. In 1921 the author began a systematic correspondence with every person still living, of whom he could learn, who might have letters or personal records or recollections of events which would throw light on his subject. From the members of Woodrow Wilson's numerous family, from boyhood friends, college classmates, associates on the faculties of Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan and Princeton, and from hundreds of others there poured in a flood of intimate and illuminating detail. And the most valuable contribution of all was a corded and sealed wooden box containing, among other voluminous family records, the twelve hundred letters which had passed between Woodrow Wilson and the wife of his youth, Ellen Axson, between 1883, two years before they were married, and his entrance into National politics nearly thirty years later. Love-letters, every one of them, from the first to the last.

There is nothing left for the biographer of the future to discover about Woodrow Wilson. Ray Stannard Baker has it all. Not that every minute detail is included in these two volumes or will be contained in the volumes to follow. How many those will be neither the author nor his publisher professes to know. "I have necessarily had recourse to the generous use of asterisks," writes Mr. Baker, "but with this assurance, that they are asterisks of condensation, never of concealment. Without omissions, this book might easily run to fifty volumes, and nobody ever read it."

But the books as he has written them will certainly be read, by friends and foes alike of Woodrow Wilson. They present to both a new picture of the man, and a truer one

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than has heretofore been drawn. A fascinating picture, the first two volumes of which, covering the first fifty-four years of Mr. Wilson's life, reveal the sources both of his strength and of his weaknesses.

We see the boy, first, in the light of his ancestry and youthful environment; an ancestry of great preachers, learned teachers and adventurous journalists, an environment in which the stern Covenanter tradition ruled the conscience but in which Southern courtliness and gaiety lent grace to the atmosphere of plain living and high thinking, where education was deemed the prime essential of life, in which Darwin was reconcilable with the Word. Lax in his formal schooling, we see him sitting at the feet of a brilliant and cultured father, learning to think clearly, reading omnivorously, spending in reflection and introspection many of the hours which more vigorous boys devoted to outdoor sports; for Woodrow Wilson never had robust health. The whole story of his life is constantly being interrupted with records of nervous breakdowns, physical collapses; a temporary paralysis of the right hand which compelled him to train the left to write, a rupture of the optic nerve which doomed him to lifelong partial blindness in one eye. These physical inequalities helped to make him the shy, retiring boy and man which he always was.

"He was never schooled in the habits of the crowd," writes Mr. Baker, revealing in a sentence the roots of the personal animosities and antagonisms which beset his later years. The crowd desires its heroes to be like itself, merely magically elevated by circumstance; it can understand a Coolidge, the apotheosis of the commonplace; it could not understand a Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Baker draws a picture to help the discerning to understand him; a picture of an unusual boy, hanging a portrait of Gladstone over his desk at sixteen and announcing that he, too, intends to become a statesman! We see him engrossed in Walter Bagehot's exposition of the operation of the British Constitution, pondering in his youth the defects in the American system of government which made the Civil War possible, building on the foundation of these boyhood experiences and reflections the project of adapting to American institutions the British scheme of a Government directly responsible to the people, a theme which, developed in his remarkable thesis "Congressional Government", became the cornerstone of his political philosophy. Only a man thoroughly imbued with the principle of "going to the country" over the heads of politicians and party leaders would have relied, as Woodrow Wilson was to rely, upon the support of the mass in preference to that of its chosen representatives. The appeal to the people was his sole political weapon. We see him forging it through all of the formative years, as a student at Davidson college and at Princeton, in the University of Virginia Law School and at Johns Hopkins; testing it with pen and voice throughout his teaching career; using it with effect in his great controversy as President of Princeton, as he was to use it with still more devastating effect in the later years to which these present volumes do not extend. It never failed him so long as he had the strength to wield it.

There was no anti-British tradition in Woodrow Wilson's inheritance, to deter him from attempting to adapt American politics to British principles. While Mr. Baker does not directly indicate that conclusion, he points out that, with the exception of Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson was the only man who ever rose to the American Presidency without pre-Revolutionary American ancestry; all four of his grandparents were nineteenth-century immigrants, Scotch, Irish and English, with the Scottish strain dominant. And he was the only President who ever publicly compared his responsibilities and position with those of a British Prime Minister.

Tradition, indeed, meant little to Woodrow Wilson. Born in the South, reared in an atmosphere in which sectional hatreds were at their fiercest, in the dark days of the war between the States and the nightmare aftermath of Reconstruction, so completely a Southerner that until he entered Princeton he had never heard the "Star-Spangled Banner" played, he nevertheless saw so clearly what disaster would have ensued upon the success of the Confederacy that, while still

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a student, he declared himself a Federalist, a Hamiltonian. Not until he was well along toward middle life did he come to hold Jefferson and the Jeffersonian principles in any considerable respect. In the evolution of his political *credo*, an evolution which Mr. Baker traces through forty years of documentation in the shape of personal memoranda, letters, public addresses and writings, Mr. Wilson found himself in the end more of a Jeffersonian than a Hamiltonian, but holding such a balance between the two that partisans of either could conscientiously follow him.

The great service which Mr. Baker has done for the historian of the future is to organize and present the narrative of these preparatory years in such fashion that the subject himself tells the story of his political mind. At fifty-four, when Woodrow Wilson at last entered politics, his character was fully formed, his principles sharply defined. How this character, these principles grew, with the aid of what books, what experiences, what loving friends (and how many of them there were!); what manner of man he was in his domestic and personal relations, behind the armor of reserve which guarded his shyness against public intrusion; what, in short, was the reaction of his times and environment upon Woodrow Wilson is the theme of these first two volumes. The reaction of Woodrow Wilson upon his times began in 1910, and historians will be wrangling on the question of what that reaction was, one supposes, until the end of time. Every reader of the present volumes will, however, look forward with impatience to Mr. Baker's exposition of those later phases of Mr. Wilson's life.

It hardly needs to be set down that in manner as well as in matter the biography of Woodrow Wilson is an intensely interesting book; Mr. Baker's style has suffered no diminution of charm with the years. He is never dogmatic, pronounces no magisterial judgments, realizing that his task is to present his subject with all the impartiality of which a loving friend is capable, a task in which he has succeeded admirably. If there be a fault to be found it is that the author has succeeded too well in self-repression, in a natural revulsion against the "I said to Wilson and Wilson said to me" school of biography, of which far too many examples have found their way into print.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

SAGAS OF THE FORTUNE MAKERS

By Louis Sherwin

COMMODORE VANDERBILT. *By Arthur D. Howden Smith. McBride. $3.50.*
CERTAIN RICH MEN. *By Meade Minnigerode. Putnam. $3.50.*
JACQUES COEUR, MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. *By Albert Boardman Kerr. Scribner's. $3.50.*

"WISE men and Gods are on the strongest side," chirruped the jovial Sir Charles Sedley, whose daughter became the mistress of King James II. A motto I piously commend to all biographers, especially in the United States. The lack of it left us for many years poisoned with an insufferably mawkish, hag-ridden conception of nineteenth century America. The fortune makers, the men of real ability and vitality, were held up before us as villains all. We were taught to look at them with the sickly vision of the Sunday school and the priggish envy of the Socialist lecturer. Serious biographers avoided the really interesting figures in the history of the republic, magnificoes of the railroads, mines and counting houses. They asked us to admire instead the floundering gesta of flatulent "statesmen", the pompous posturings of reformers, the sanguinary blunders of soldiers.

To any one with a groatsworth of wit it is quite obvious now that the best brains of this country in the last century went into what is loosely described as business. Even the least stupid of the clowns in Washington were a feeble lot compared to such stout sons of Belial as Collis P. Huntington and Commodore Vanderbilt, the subject of this lively, though partisan, biography by Arthur D. Howden Smith and one of Meade Minnigerode's "Certain Rich Men". Unscrupulous they were, to be sure, and grabbed whatever they wanted that was not nailed down. It is true that they bribed legislatures, which probably was shocking. But it can hardly be urged that they corrupted the animals. You can't corrupt a carbuncle.

Men like old Van Derbilt (as he always signed himself) were fashioned by and for their times. Obstinate and weaker fellows who got in their way — which turned out to be the way of progress — they ruined without compunction. Such competitors as they could not buy up they devoured as voraciously as a Russian Kommissar will gobble a tubful of caviar. But even Meade Minnigerode, who takes the less admiring view of the cantankerous Commodore, admits that "the country gained by it, he and his stockholders profited". It is quite apparent, for instance, that if our country's solons had had their way we should still be having to change trains three times between New York and Chicago. In order to accomplish the necessary work the railroaders had undertaken, it was necessary either to bribe the cattle or shoot them, an alternative patently expensive and impractical.

Howden Smith has achieved a spirited piece of work, graphic, informative, even exciting. He freely admits the ungenial commodore's erotic wanderings, his brutality towards his family, his Boeotian manners and military habit of speech. (Like Bugs Baer's grandfather, Cornelius Van Derbilt never used oaths except in conversation.) All of which adds enormously to the picturesqueness of the character. For he was, after all, an amazing old Roman. When you consider that his greatest achievement, seizing a group of decrepit railroads and building them up into the New York Central system, was not even begun until he was in his seventieth year you are bound to be infected by some of his biographer's admiration.

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On the other hand Howden Smith does unquestionably lean over a trifle in defending the brutalities and slantendicularities of his character. He minimizes, even champions the stock-waterings that Van Derbilt perpetrated. He faintly attempts to excuse the incarceration of the hapless Sophia in an asylum. In this book there is no approach to the ironic temper of Lytton Strachey nor the judicious attitude of Minnigerode. It frequently lapses into the romantic, even the heroic, strain and the popular magazine writer crops out in many passages. The imaginary conversations with which it is freely adorned may add artistic verisimilitude for some readers. Many of them are too questionable, to my mind. The research has evidently been done with the utmost pains, but a bibliography would add considerably to the value of this biography.

Minnigerode's "Certain Rich Men" includes sketches of Stephen Girard, John Jacob Astor, Jay Cooke, Vanderbilt, the mountebank Jim Fisk and that amazing, unspeakable pair, Daniel Drew and Jay Gould. Naturally, none of these sketches pretends to compare with the exhaustive work of Howden Smith. Nor is any of them in Minnigerode's best vein. I have read a much better account of the Stokes-Fisk feud and the Astor narrative as well as that of Daniel Drew leaves me unsatisfied. Nevertheless, an interesting collection, on the whole, especially the story of Jay Gould.

In "Jacques Coeur" we have a bird of a different feather altogether. A fascinating tale, despite the rather dry style of the author. Imagine the son of a shopkeeper in the Middle Ages who became the foremost merchant prince of his country, manufacturer, ship-owner, Minister of Finance and Ambassador, soldier, sailor, adventurer, Maecenas, the favored friend of Popes and Cardinals. How could even the most desiccated of historians spoil the biography of such a man? Jacques Coeur, the obscure clerk of Bourges, contributed as much to the success of Charles VII as Joan of Arc and Dunois. He was shipwrecked and captured by corsairs. He acquired a fleet that was famous in every Mediterranean port. His signature was honored all over the Levant and Asia Minor. His cargoes enriched his own country and made him the wealthiest man north of Genoa. The king he had helped to a throne turned upon him, imprisoned, tortured, banished and tried to ruin him. His own employees thought enough of him for the hardiest of his captains to effect his rescue and escape from France. And it was a Pope who finally procured his vindication and the restoration of part of his confiscated fortune.

Arthur Boardman Kerr's valuable contribution thus demolishes the prevalent idea that a son of the poor could not climb to celebrity and power in the Middle Ages save as a priest. It also gives a comprehensive interesting account of commerce, banking and customs, of the relations between the banking houses of the merchant princes and the sovereigns in the Renaissance. The style of the book, while dry, is lucid. Perhaps I am wrong in believing the grand manner would have been more suited to the history of such a brilliant and versatile life.

At any rate, it is the first attempt to tell in English the tale of this gallant and amazing fellow. For which all felicitations are due the author.

A RENAISSANCE KNIGHT AND SOME LADIES

By Lorine Pruette

THE PERFECT COURTIER. *By Julia Cartwright. 2 vols. Dutton. $10.*
THE WOMEN OF THE MEDICI. *By Yvonne Maguire. The Dial Press. $4.*

YOU may not come to Urbino by train. If you are wise and properly humble you will approach it by foot, over the old Roman road or the Umbrian way from the headwaters of the Tiber. We came to it one evening in the clear twilight, when the changing light made the little city on the hill more incredibly lovely than any mortal place has the right to be. We had come like pilgrims, staff in hand, walking in the dust, acquiring fleas, following the high Italian roads that take you always across mountaintops; we had come fearfully because we could not quite believe all that we wished to believe. Step by step and town by town we

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had sloughed off this modern life; we were becoming fit to come to Urbino. We had purified ourselves in sleeping by the rushing headwaters of the Tiber, we had acquired a flavor of holiness from eating *pasta* with the monks at La Vernia, we had even slept above a church in Bibbiena. We had gone into little towns where no school-book Italian helped you to understand the dialect; we had met an amazing variety of discomforts, had eaten quite dreadful food; we had bought sour wine from an old woman who could not conceive of our going so far that we could not bring back the wine-bottle the next day or the next; we had seen the slow courtesy of the peasant, the filth and the ignorance; all this had been excellent to develop a properly mediaeval attitude.

We had kept our faces toward the Appenines and our hearts set on Urbino. At last we saw it, serene and untouched, upon the hill-slope. We saw it a great way off, and we were not tired any longer. A pink city is absurd, and yet it was not absurd; the pink was yellow-pink and mellow as old wine. Five hundred years of Italian sun have made that color but the centuries have not touched the perfection of Federigo's palace. The two fine towers, more French than not, are still there, the splendid court with its carvings to the glory of the duke, the impossible dream of a study, the tall rooms where the finest library of the renaissance once was housed, the hanging gardens of the duchess; from this loggia between the towers Guidobaldo and Elisabetta must have watched many a gay cavalcade wind up the hill to the city gates; the apartments of the duchess hold the memory of the dances and the plays and disputations of the wits, with Messer Bembo and Messer Castiglione defending the charms of the "vulgar tongue" even while writing most acceptable verse in Latin; in these seats lovers' vows must have been exchanged to the tinkle of music in distant apartments; Giuliano de' Medici perhaps came here with his mistress, while the court of Urbino offered him refuge denied him in Florence and here must have come the luckless lover of the sister of Francesco Maria, whom the duke was to stab with his own hands.

All the stories of gallantry are quite conceivable when set against the background of this palace. It is not to be wondered at that "the perfect courtier" found here, in the service of his duke, in the society of great lords and ladies and the company of famous writers, the happiest times of his life. Nor is it remarkable that Castiglione, with many another knight, found food very scarce in this hill town and sometimes resorted to desperate straits to buy corn for his horses. In this gem-like city the famous *Cortegiano* was begun and from the society in this palace came the characters who discuss so charmingly all the requirements of that perfect courtesy which Castiglione, according to his biographer, himself exemplified.

This popular edition of "The Perfect Courtier" first published in Great Britain in 1908, traces in great detail the life and times of the author of one of the world's rare books. Castiglione himself declared that only the future could show whether he had written a good book about courtesy and the court of Urbino; the more than a hundred editions leave no doubt of the world's verdict, but it seems a real pity that he who was so poorly rewarded by his masters should have missed the satisfaction of knowing the instant success of his book throughout the courts of Europe. It has been said that no one at the court of the late Czar could be both intelligent and honest, but Castiglione seems to have achieved this combination in sixteenth-century courts that could have been no less corrupt. He managed to be sincere at a time when sincerity was suspect and personal integrity scarcely to be found. He was the perfect servant, a ritualist and traditionalist, taking his duties with the utmost seriousness and serving bad masters with the same loyalty he offered to the good. He believed in the shibboleths and fine phrases, found peculiar virtue in lords and cardinals, and received only the privilege of serving. It is surely more than accident that the Medici, rising from obscure merchants to the throne of France and to the papal seat, accepted none of the things which their contemporary found holy.

After Leo drove out the rightful lords to give Urbino to his nephew, Lorenzo de'

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Medici, the charming days mirrored in the *Cortegiano* were no more. Castiglione returned to the service of the Mantua princes and spent much of his life trying to advance the cause of the Mantua and Urbino lords with the Medici popes, succeeded admirably, received almost no reward, entered the service of the pope and died at last a perplexed and practically dishonored ambassador at the imperial court in Spain. The trickery of Pope Clement and the vacillations of the Emperor laid a heavy burden upon one who persisted in being loyal to both. Although Castiglione must have been a diplomat of unusual ability his chief interest is as a man of letters reproducing the life of his times. In his voluminous correspondence he has fortunately continued these pictures which the *Cortegiano* so ably began. Urbino and Rome were his chief loves, although he found delight also in the cities of Spain. He was apparently never more happy than when serving some great lady with the hope of her gracious smile as a reward. He was warmly received by kings and popes, he was the adviser of Raphael and the friend of famous writers; he knew a few short years of happiness with a young and devoted wife; he was constantly harassed by debts, he served many inferior rulers with diligence and ability. "The Perfect Courtier" might be taken as an object lesson to enterprising young men warning them against the possession of too many virtues; it might also be read as a pleasant antidote to Machiavelli's "Prince".

"The Women of the Medici" tells the story of the wives of Cosimo, Piero, Lorenzo and Piero, covering four generations. The able Lucrezia Tornabuoni is easily the most vital of the group and it seems clear that her famous son inherited much of his ability from his mother. The only one of these ladies who crossed Castiglione's path was Alfonsina Orsini, whose greed and ambition were a factor in the seizure of Urbino for her dissolute son. The letters of these wives and helpmeets of the merchant princes of Florence have a quaint charm of their own, filled as they are with details of their daily life, shirts needed for the spare bedroom, supplies which have not come, purges taken for the fever and hot baths for eczema and the family curse, the gout. They serve to remind us, as do also Castiglione's letters, how seldom men and women of this period were really well. The magnificent Lorenzo died at forty-two and Castiglione had little more than turned fifty; these short and troubled lives may console us a little for the introduction of modern plumbing and the loss of those glamorous days when Urbino held much of the best that a strange and fabulous age afforded.

TAMMANY'S FOUNDER

By Edward Hale Bierstadt

"Boss" Tweed. *By Denis T. Lynch. Boni & Liveright. $4.00.*

OF necessity, and properly, this study is rather less concerned with the man than with the epoch through which he moved. Yet one could wish a somewhat more vivid personal portrait. The truth is that Mr. Lynch has permitted the wealth of his material almost to engulf his protagonist. The background of the story is so rich that the hero does not stand out against it clearly. Undoubtedly this is a fault — how splendidly avoided by Arthur Howden Smith in his fine biography of Commodore Vanderbilt — and, if only for this reason, I fear that "'Boss' Tweed" will be more sought after by the student than by the general reader. There is too much detail, and there are too many digressions to make easy reading. Also, while we are on the subject of faults, let us get them over at once. The author has a poor sense of sentence construction and an unfortunate tendency to substitute jargon for the living phrase. But, if only for the mass of material that has here been collected and set down, Mr. Lynch's book is both interesting and important.

I have spoken of digressions and while, it is true, these do detract in some degree from the magnitude of the central figure, they remain in themselves as bright spots of color in the panorama of New York's mid-Victorian stage. Jay Gould, that mixture of fox and skunk, going on Tweed's bail to the tune of $1,000,000; the pompous and pusillanimous John Jacob Astor signing a report that white-

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washed the entire Tweed Ring; Jim Fisk at the head of his troops, throwing himself from his horse in the face of an armed mob and flying for refuge into the nearest saloon; Tilden, cold and relentless, deftly pulling the strings that compassed Tweed's ruin; and George Jones of the New York Times refusing a bribe of $5,000,000 to give up the evidence against Tweed that was in the possession of his paper. The subtitle of this book calls it "The Story of a Grim Generation". I doubt the complete aptness of the adjective. The generation was both more and less than grim. Indeed, it contained that admixture of melodrama and farce that is never found in its full flower in any country other than our own. It possessed in its essence that very American quality of being both incredible and true.

It is perhaps a little difficult to realize today, with all our crime waves, that not so long ago gangsters fought behind barricades in New York streets, putting the police to flight, and were finally only subdued by the militia; that by the time the draft riots of Civil War days were at their height, hardly a citizen of consequence remained in the city, and whole blocks of houses were in flames; and that in its heydey the Tweed Ring was able to steal an average of $1,000,000 a month from the people of the city of New York. Yet all these happenings are no more than just around the corner of the past.

Tweed and many another figure of his time, Vanderbilt, Gould, Fisk, Drew and Astor, exemplify in a remarkable degree just what is likely to happen when the doctrine that "might is right" is taken at its face value. Picturesque they most assuredly were, as vivid as the robber barons of the feudal ages, and, in some strange and devious way, one cannot but believe, they were essential to the development of the experiment in democracy that has not, even yet, emerged from the test-tubes of the political laboratory. As the picture of a very remarkable American era, the book should be read, and the practised reader will skip judiciously; to the very last Tweed is a somewhat shadowy figure moving against a background so vivid that one is reminded of a horned devil silhouetted against the flames of the pit.

PLEASANT HISTORY

By Frederick H. Martens

HARPER'S LITERARY MUSEUM. A MIRROR OF AMERICAN MANNERS AND MORALS FROM POCAHONTAS TO THE DAYS OF DOLLY MADISON. *Composed by Ola Elizabeth Winslow. Harper. $4.00.*

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. *By E. Keble Chatterton. Harper. $4.00.*

NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL LIFE. *By Robert Means Lawrence. The Cosmos Press. $2.00.*

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH, VIRTUES AND EXPLOITS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON. *By Mason Weems. American Book-Shelf Series, Ed. by Mark Van Doren. Macy-Masius. $2.50.*

PATRIOTS OFF THEIR PEDESTALS. *By Paul Wilstach. Bobbs. $2.75.*

THE CAPTURE OF OLD VINCENNES. *By George Rogers Clark and Governor Henry Hamilton. Ed. by Milo M. Quaife. Bobbs. $2.75.*

READINGS IN HISPANIC AMERICAN HISTORY. *By N. Andrew N. Cleven. Ginn. $3.60.*

CALIFORNIA. *By Gertrude Atherton. Liveright. $3.00.*

A PIONEER OF 1850. *By George Willis Read. Ed. by Georgia Willis Read. Little, Brown. $3.50.*

THE WOLF CUB. *By Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon. Tr. by Farrell Symons. Bobbs. $3.00.*

AMERICANA HISTORICA, once a sapling, is now a towering evergreen, profusely dropping cones of memoir and reminiscence, biography and history, spring, summer, autumn and winter, in keeping with the new laws of book-publishing nature. Recently, autobiography balances descriptive history, while a compilation like "Harper's Literary Museum", by Ola Elizabeth Winslow, mirroring "American morals and manners from Pocahontas to Dolly Madison", a clever, entertaining miscellany, grave and gay, partakes of the nature of both. It has, for example, a whole section devoted to "Women".

Ah, for the etiquette of the good old days! In Boston (1836) " . . . There may be occasions, when girls over twenty, may go into general society without this protection (mother, chaperon), but for girls in their teens it is very undesirable . . . a look from the lady who matronizes them may save them from something they would be sorry for!" In Philadelphia (1838), they stressed a rule which still holds good: "It is better for a lady to say too little in company than too much", though today, when sex and age are mere figures of speech, the suggestion that

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"Her conversation should always be consistent with her sex and age" no longer has a meaning. We discover, too, that a favorite modern social gesture originated in Penn's town: "There is another habit, from which some females who class themselves as ladies, are not entirely free — that of lolling back, balanced upon the two hind legs of a chair. . . . How must the feelings of a truly religious and devout man be wounded, when he sees the legs extended, in the same indecent posture, in the house of God!"

Following delightful sections "For Children", and "Forcasting the Future", drawn from old books and magazines, comes "Concerning Weathers", from almanacs, and a concluding section of "Advertisements". These, from ancient broadsides and gazettes, offer quaintly illuminating glimpses of American life from the seventeenth to the early nineteenth century. Book notes include one of John Cotton's "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes. . . . Drawn out of the Breasts of Both Testaments for their Soul's Nourishment" (Cambridge, 1656). Alas, today even our spiritual milk is synthetic, and the Old Testament breast (in any event) is suspect.

The "Literary Museum" under the section "The Times Recorded", reprints Captain John Smith's original Pocahontas story, as told in his general history of Virginia. E. Keble Chatterton, in his "Captain John Smith", however, has done a very readable, yet reliable and complete biography of the adventurous founder of Jamestown, Virginia, whom many American historians — the more shame to them! — have so long decried as one of the seventeenth century's most picturesque liars. Mr. Chatterton makes out an excellent case, on documentary evidence, for this earnest, whiskered battler against Turk and Indian, who remains an astonishingly romantic figure despite an almost total lack of sex interest. For the Captain's love for adventure practically superseded love for women, and if ladies Turkish, Muscovite and French were "kind" to him, he has discreetly omitted to mention it.

Captain John Smith's "Description of New England" was written five years before King James I created a council for the future Puritan colony. And Robert Means Lawrence's "New England Colonial Life" offers a fill of information, pleasantly told, anent seventeenth and eighteenth century New England life — pioneers, early homes, Sunday observances, stage-coaches, Old Boston and much else, though he sheds no light on the custom of "bundling" so amusingly exploited by Woodward in his "George Washington".

And now we come naturally to that "image" the last author has so sternly assailed, in the shape of a happy addition to Mark Van Doren's "American Book Shelf" — the "History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington", by Mason Weems, the book which Woodward quite truthfully says is "stuffed . . . with fables". While for the unsophisticated American it supplies (more or less) in one volume what Washington Irving does in two, the sophisticate will revel in its absurd and entertaining rhetoric. Yet despite the shrewd blows which of late have been dealt the olden concept, there may be many who still feel that Weems's is the true King James's gospel of the Father of his country. They will agree when he cries: "To be constantly placing him then, before our children, in this high character (directing the storm of war, or 'ravishing' the ears of deeply listening Senates), what is it but like springing in the clouds of a golden Phoenix, which no mortal calibre can ever hope to reach? . . . Oh, no, give us his *private virtues!* In *these* every youth is interested. . . ." And they will wish to have their children inoculated early in life with the pietistic virus so that later they will be immune to the germs of irreverence. Besides, as "Parson" Weems says in his first chapter, "Private life is always *real* life" — even though its reality be invented. Mr. Van Doren has earned the thanks of both factions by resuscitating this delightful antique.

As a pendant to Weems we have Paul Wilstach's "Patriots Off Their Pedestals". The title suggests a dragging in the mire of venerated statues, but the author's eight intimate portraits of great figures of the heroic age are Weemsian rather than Woodwardish.

George Rogers Clark's own story of "The

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Capture of Old Vincennes", one of the far Western triumphs of the Revolutionary War, is a soldier's straightforward memoir of the great event of his life, set down in honest, convincing style in 1789, ten years after the surrender to him of the British fort and garrison which controlled the Illinois country. It gains completeness by the inclusion of Governor Hamilton's bitter official report to Sir Frederick Haldimand, regarding his treatment as a common felon in an American jail, a prey to "a variety of vermin", until Washington secured his exchange.

It is a pity that Professor Cleven's "Readings in Hispanic American History" appears in a self-confessed text-book garb, for it is full of vivid pictures from the past and comparatively recent present of that Spanish America too many regard merely as an excuse for the Monroe Doctrine. The ponderousness of its official quotations (reports, addresses, proclamations, etc.) is more than offset by intimate views from diaries, letters and memoirs, which cover the entire continent from Indian days to approximately 1914. Since in these 142 excerpts, in most cases, the very men speak who made the history of South America, the book deserves more than a "collateral reading" public.

Father Kino's account, in Professor Cleven's volume, of his missionary work among the artless Pimas, (1681–1711), may serve to introduce a new edition of Gertrude Atherton's enjoyable "intimate" history, "California", a good popular story of the author's native state. And fresh from the original "worn sheepskin notebook", are the reminiscences of George Willis Read, on an overland trip to California, on the Oregon Trail, in 1850; one by sea, via Panama, in 1862; and a visit to the Nevada silver mines in 1863. Edited by his daughter as "A Pioneer of 1850", these artless jottings have the interest attaching to scene and times rather than to the telling. There are copious notes and good pictures.

Far more vivid and colorful, however, is Maurice Soulié's "The Wolf Cub", which deals with the Count de Raousset-Boulbons' madly quixotic attempt to carve out a Sonoran colonial empire for an indifferent France (1850–1854). Farrell Symons, who has made a good job of the translation, is quite right in saying that "written by a Frenchman for Frenchmen, its interest is probably greater for Americans than for the public for whom it was originally intended". In a simple, compelling way it tells the romantic tragedy of a chivalrous filibuster and may be commended to all who enjoyed Blaise Cendrar's "Sutter's Gold", which Henry Longan Stuart has so inimitably Englished. The black and white illustrations of the original "*la grande Aventure*" seem preferable to their red-brown reproductions in "The Wolf Cub", but that is a matter of taste.

General readers, as well as special students will find in these volumes a wealth of interest. They illuminate fascinatingly a number of the more engrossing episodes in the history of our continent and country.

IN MINOR VEIN

By Emanuel Eisenberg

BALLADS FOR SALE. *By Amy Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.25.*
BOY IN THE WIND. *By George Dillon. Viking Press. $1.50.*
THE CYDER FEAST AND OTHER POEMS. *By Sacheverell Sitwell. Doran. $2.*
THE TALL MEN. *By Donald Davidson. Houghton Mifflin. $2.*
A CELTIC ANTHOLOGY. *By Grace Rhys. Crowell. $1.75*

HERE is Amy Lowell with a third posthumous collection of poems. Up to the time of her death she was one of the outstanding figures in the country — but this was a personal, not a literary renown. Here, where it is possible to consider the verse apart from the individual, it is a little stunning to hear (though one had incredulous suspicions of it before) the utter hollowness of her work. We are purely in an external world: the top layer of emotions, the surface of flowers, the direct conscious statements of mood. We are shown color without warmth, pain without anguish, rage without hate and energy without strength. Controlled, decisive, very well aware of what she is doing and how she wants it done, Miss Lowell walks down the literary garden in her stiff theoretic brocade . . . so stiffly, so glittering with theory, that

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I am led to recall her own "Christ! what are patterns for?" in order to give the badly needed, inevitable response: "To be broken, of course". Never, however, does the volume reveal more than order; always it betrays the insistent execution of a creed that never transcended itself for the purpose of producing poetry. There are many lapses into utter prosiness. I can hardly believe that Amy Lowell meant every piece of hers, including the most casual scraps of free verse, to appear between covers. This collection will certainly not add to her reputation.

George Dillon exhibits in "Boy in the Wind" a curious tranquillity which is amazing when one discovers that he is only twenty-one. What! so young and not burning with rebellion! But soon the reason is plain: technique-worship has wrought its invariable disaster. He expresses himself much too well. The clean cameo accuracy of the scrupulously chiseled phrases, the firm precision with which the lines run into each other, the felicitous paragraphing (much in the modern prose style) — these have kept Mr. Dillon exclusively busy and he has not had much time to say anything in particular. Of course, he has fallen in love and wondered about death and undergone a religious experience: but unless he tells us of these with less finesse, I am inclined to think his listeners will reserve practically all their attention to the deftness of the stanzaic progression. Mr. Dillon's comparative tranquillity is therefore explicable as the result of a self-dictated "style" and manner, though it may additionally arise from natural temperament. His first volume is admirable as a specimen of fresh unhackneyed phraseology, but never for any of its essential speech.

Dutiful pursuance of tradition is another of the countless means whereby poetry's utterance is restricted and repressed and reduced to conscientious arrangement of form rather than brought to any genuine, independent expression of thought or feeling. Sacheverell Sitwell's "The Cyder Feast" moves along with almost unbelievable sedateness and grace, always rounded, always correct. He makes copious references to the figures of mythology — quite as expected. There are reworkings of old legends. These are dull and obvious enough, but they repeatedly tend to fall into a somber obscurity. In this the three Sitwells are astonishingly similar. We have a poetic trio here too, the Benéts, but the difficulty with them is to reconcile their acute differences. Edith Sitwell writes a bright, crackling prose; Sacheverell's is fluid and softly luminous; Osbert's is brilliant, pantherine, opulently exotic. Why they do not exclusively adopt this medium is a mystery to me. They are all insufferable poets — insufferable minor poets, I mean, and minor poetry rarely becomes unbearable to me, since I can usually find a transient pleasure in efficiency of manufacture.

Donald Davidson, author of "The Tall Men", seems to me to have more to say than any of the poets being reviewed; but he will never break into full voice if he continues forcing his speech inside the mould created by a predetermined style. Not that the pentameter line is here an artificial imposition — rather is it extraordinarily appropriate. But Mr. Davidson has been too conscious that he was writing an "epic" of the modern rugged Tennesseean and his stern primitive history: he gives us the desired epical effect and the solid rumbling blank verse line, and stops right there. If he can throw off his deplorably purposeful restraint, Mr. Davidson — I am convinced — has the material for major poetry of distinction.

W. B. Yeats is doubtless the most notable minor poet living. Grace Rhys gives him too little space, I think, in her ample compilation, "A Celtic Anthology". He is remarkably typical of all Celtic poetry, which is essentially a folk-music. To write an Irish (or Welsh or Scotch) song, you must confine yourself to the prescribed themes: elegy over the dead, handclapping delight in the loveliness of nature, eulogy of your loved one, lament on the grievous fate that separates you from your native soil. I looked faithfully through the book for a poet who did not either wail or revel, and found only Edwin Muir, the critic. But even he is longing for the land he knew as a boy. . . .

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EXPERIMENTS IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Mary Graham Bonner

THERE used to be a time, and not so far distant, when justifiable complaints were made that illustrators did not co-operate adequately with authors. They seemed to be removed from the creations of their authors' minds. But no such complaint can be made this year. The illustrators deserve only the grateful appreciation of authors, the publishers deserve credit for securing suitable illustrators, and the public — children in particular — will benefit. The authors have been considerably responsible for this change, too. They have tried their wings more than usual. They have been more bravely original and experimental, and the illustrators could not have done such fine work had they not had something upon which to work. It has all turned out beautifully. But enough of generalities.

Susan Meriwether has re-created the dramatic story of Troy with its Greek and Trojan heroes, its wooden horse of historic safety and unfailing delight to children, in a book entitled *The Playbook of Troy.* (Harper, $2.)

Esther Peck has made striking cut-out illustrations so that the book is a game as well as a retelling of one of the world's immortal stories. There are some translated quotations from the Odyssey and Iliad and a vivid word picture of old Homer telling his tale to the people of his time.

The Magic Pawnshop, by Rachel Field, illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry (Dutton, $2), is a story for the holiday time and for any time. It was a stroke of genius to take a pawnshop as a setting, to put magic into it, and to carry it through as a story that delights because of its originality and pleases because of the beauty of phraseology with which it is written. Such a magical place as the pawnshop was with its owner Miss Minerva MacLoon and her steed Charlie, the Broom. Charlie could carry his mistress on flights for more magic, while at the same time he could be utilitarian and do his duty as a sweeping broom. They leave Prinda, the heroine of the story, in charge of the shop. It is no commonplace charge. And how gaily and with what spirit every character, object, action is described! It shows, too, a normal trend in books for the young. Fancy a book of an earlier century permitting one of its characters to pawn a Conscience! But that is just what Rose Martha does. Imaginative children will love this tale and its pictures.

Peter Pocket, by May Justus, illustrated by Mabel Pugh, (Doubleday, Page, $1.50) tells the story of a little boy of the Cumberland mountains. He was so named, this lovable little boy, "because he was always going around with his hands out of sight and asking: 'Guess what I have in my pocket'." Peter's life is one of keen interest to the reader at the start. That is because he is so very real. I cannot believe that Peter isn't a reality. The reader feels with him — his affections, his loyalties, his suffering poverty and self-denials, his passion for music. And how deftly the author has given him the chance for earning money. Even Peter didn't understand it at all at first. The ending just couldn't have been any other way. So much do I care for Peter and this little book that I found myself at the end of the book dreaming dreams of Peter's future musical career! It's an enchanting story, full of freshness and poignancy.

Petersham's Hill, by Grace Taber Hallock, decorated by Harrie Wood, (Dutton, $2) is a story of Jemima and Little Papa who go beyond a faraway blue hill, leaving the familiar green ones back home. There are adventures to be had there, as of course there would be, and they are told with imagination and attractiveness.

Then there are other adventures to be had in other books. Siri Andrews has translated a Swedish picture book by Maja Lindberg. *Karl's Journey to the Moon,* (Harper, $1.50)

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gives an account of his ride in a soap-bubble (could any ride be more effervescently fairy-like?), his experiences in that remotely exclusive domain, and at the end one sees the sleeping Karl, smiling so delightedly as the Moon-Giraffe stalks in to make him a present of an apple.

Mickey and the Monkeys, by Victorine Kirk, (Viking, $2) illustrated by Christopher Rule, cavort themselves without cessation in the varied excitements that occur without a doubt if one has the good fortune to be dropped without warning right into the center of Monkeyland. Marion Bullard gives a rabbit and a number of night animals the chance to work out their problems in *The Somersaulting Rabbit*, (Dutton, $2) while William Nicholson contributes the best picture book of the year in *Clever Bill*, (Doubleday, Page, $1). Bill was a toy soldier, left out in the final packing by Mary, his young owner. It almost broke his toy heart. There is a picture of him, completely bent over in spite of his soldierly stiffness, shedding huge tears. But he ran after Mary. And he meets her train. Clever Bill!

Frank Ernest Hill and Joseph Auslander have written a valuable and a fascinating book in *The Winged Horse* (Doubleday, Page, $3.50). It is sub-titled "The Story of Poets and Their Poetry"; it contains a bibliography by Theresa West Elmendorf, and is illustrated by Paul Honoré. In a line the authors have been capable of illuminating a lifetime such as the one regarding Robert Burns: "He was miserable and sang marvelously". The authors have shown not only a profound knowledge of their subject but an admirable facility in handling it so that it is inclusive without being cumbersome.

A. A. Milne, with the aid of his complete illustrator E. H. Shepard, is on the scene this year with a small volume of verses called *Now We Are Six* (Dutton, $2). The best poem has to do with that age, and should really be quoted. The other poems in the volume aren't equals of those contained in "When We Were Very Young", but Mr. Milne has contributed enough to the world to be forgiven a quite human aptitude for unequal work. "The End" however is a poem that couldn't be better:

"When I was One,
I had just begun.

When I was Two,
I was nearly new.

When I was Three,
I was hardly Me.

When I was Four,
I was not much more.

When I was Five,
I was just alive.

But now I am Six, I'm as clever as clever.
So I think I'll be six now, for ever and ever."

Edith Ballinger Price has written and illustrated a book of verses called *The Four Winds* (Stokes, $2.50), with simple poetical subjects simply yet charmingly versified. Cicely Mary Barker has also written and illustrated verses contained in three little books called *Flower Fairies of the Spring*, *Flower Fairies of the Summer*, *Flower Fairies of the Autumn* (Macmillan, 60¢ each), and Rachel Field has written and illustrated *A Little Book of Days* (Doubleday, Page, 75¢). There is a humorous footnote to the verse for Washington's Birthday which indicates that it will also do for Lincoln's birthday!

Rose Fyleman, best known for her verses of fairy people, has a prose work this year — *Letty*. It is called "A Study of a Child", and is illustrated with scissor-cuts by L. Hummel (Doran, $2). Primarily the book is for parents, teachers and lovers of children, but children too will feel a bond of understanding and sympathy and kinship with Letty — which makes it quite a family book after all. Another book for this specified audience is *The Little Long-Ago*, by Laura Spencer Portor, illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney (Dutton, $5). It is a pity the book is so expensive, for parents should have this book. It is quite a lovely thing.

Nimble-Legs, by Luigi Capuana, translated by Frederic Taber Cooper (Longmans, Green, $1.50), introduction by Faith E. Smith, and illustrated by I. B. Hazelton, is a story of a little boy who hated quiet chores

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but loved running. And he was rewarded and finally appreciated for his celerity in the work he did carrying messages which helped the cause of the Italian patriot Garibaldi. It is a vigorously written little book and moves along with the rapidity that a book with such a title should move.

Italian Peepshow, by Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by Rosalind Thornycroft (Stokes, $2.50), contains fanciful tales of Italy, and those who remember the author's "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" know how beautifully she can write.

Among other excellent books this year are *The Trade Wind*, by Cornelia Meigs (Little, Brown, $2); Beacon Hill Bookshelf prize, $2,000) illustrated by Henry C. Pitz; *The Wind that Wouldn't Blow*, by Arthur Bowie Chrisman (Dutton, $2.50), illustrated by Else Hasselriis; *Heroes of the Air*, by Chelsea Fraser (Crowell, $2); *Wonder-Tales from Pirate Isles*, by Frances Jenkins Olcott, illustrated by Herman Rosseo (Longmans, Green, $2); *Canute Whistlewinks*, translated from the Swedish of Zacharias Topelius by C. W. Foss, edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott and illustrated by Frank McIntosh (Longmans, Green $2.50); two fine books of particular interest to boys — *The Indian How Book* by Arthur C. Parker (Doran $3), and *The Boy's Life of Colonel Lawrence*, by Lowell Thomas (Century, $2). There are three stirring stories for girls that must be listed too: *Roselle of the North*, by Constance Lindsay Skinner (Macmillan, $1.75), *Storey Manor*, by Ethel Cook Eliot (Doubleday, Page, $2), and *Downright Dencey*, by Caroline Dale Snedeker, illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney (Doubleday, Page, $2).

And still others! Children's Book Week, which celebrates its birth-week in November, can certainly celebrate right royally.

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NOTES ON NEW NOVELS

By Miriam Colgate

THE SENTIMENTALISTS, by Dale Collins (Little, Brown, $2), is a book worth reading on a number of counts, although to me the reason given most urgently by Mr. Collins's other admirers, that in any of his books one may always be sure of a story, is the weakest of them all. The plot of this latest book is trite to the last degree: Cap'n Whelan, of the brig Hirondelle, finds a white baby adrift in a canoe on the heaving tropic sea. The Captain, fat, coarse, capable of any brutality, melts into a quivering jelly at the touch of a baby's hand, and goes ashore to find a foster-mother for his foundling. He finds as young, hard and lovely a girl as ever cheated her way from England to the Outposts of Empire. Impulsive for all her cynicism, she goes away to sea and to the baby, leaving bewildered behind her the married lover to whom she has been on the point of succumbing, and starved parental love springs as miraculously to birth in her breast at the sight of the infant Samuel as it had in the Captain's. Add a charming wastrel to be reclaimed, a marital tangle to be unravelled, a gross of hard-drinking derelicts to feel momentary flares of noble emotions, the infant's true mother to turn up at the precise moment when Mr. Collins's charming heroine is about to go down before the Love that Conquers All, and you have the story that the wilder Collins-enthusiasts ask you to bow down before in awe and thanksgiving.

But aside from the story, which may or may not be to your taste, there are Dale Collins's talent for conveying the qualities of adventure and excitement, his ability to set a scene and sketch a character, his way of bringing to reality the sea and the tropics and the desolate out-stations where the world's failures congregate. And above all, there is Mr. Collins's real feeling for words; so that to miss one of his books is a minor tragedy.

I believe that Mr. Collins errs through an excess of honesty. He wants to give his best *and* a story, and in the fervor of his zeal he occasionally scatters scene, character, atmosphere and conviction to right and left so that the Juggernaut-story may pass through. Nevertheless he remains a writer to whom one may sacrifice sleep, eyesight and the next morning's freshness without any feeling of being cheated.

It takes a woman to give as unsentimentalized and still as fair a picture of one type of her fellow-woman as Susan Ertz does in *Now East, Now West* (Appleton, $2). Here is so recognizable a portrait of *la jeune Americaine mariée* — smart, attractive, pseudo-intellectual, adored of her husband and all right-minded hostesses, and yet truly so shallow, selfish, insensitive and pretentious — that it seems as if even the legions of her prototypes must wince in reading about her.

It is the measure of Miss Ertz's gift for characterization that at the very moments when she is with merciless clarity showing Althea as a pushing, ruthless young climber she indicates almost with tenderness the bewilderment and confusion of ideals that make her heroine's successes fall into dust and ashes as she gathers them. London is better than New York; a baronet takes a business-man; freedom to go to Florence trumps motherly solicitude for all the Altheas in the world; and yet they are never quite sure why. Avid reading about What Our Best People Are Doing, trashy standards set at adolescence in the best finishing schools — these are implicit in the background that Miss Ertz has not needed to sketch in, since she has been able to give its end-results so concisely.

The story of "Now East, Now West" is straightforward. Althea Goodall outgrows New York and pushes her husband, who is

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gullible only where she is concerned and dull only in her eyes, to London; she pushes her way from a Buick to a Rolls-Royce; she pushes herself — and the friendly, simple husband who never appears to her as an asset — very prettily and successfully into the country-houses of the English Blest. She believes that she is on the point of being able to discard her business-man for a titled husband; and at the moment when her triumphs seem headiest and most enchanting she finds that she has been as ruthlessly exploited by the man she hoped to marry and the woman he loves as she ever exploited any of the pawns in her own game. With her dramatic picture of herself turned overnight into a caricature, without a single unselfish emotion to see her through the wreck of her vanity, without a real conviction in the world to steer by, Althea uproots her husband at the very moment he has begun to find stability and advantage in his new environment and flies back in utter rout to New York, where the unannotated record of her English success will stand her in miserable stead of the conquests of which she had dreamed.

"Now East, Now West" is to my mind the best of Miss Ertz's books. There is not a character that fails to carry conviction. And beside the oblique but devastating indictment of one type of woman, there is the best account of a relationship beyond friendship and this side love — between Althea's husband and the older woman to whom, in his simplicity, he believes he can turn without danger of infidelity — that I have ever read.

One day I found a defective copy of H. M. Tomlinson's "Old Junk" on a literary scrap-heap outside a shop in the lower section of Fourth Avenue that is New York's equivalent of the Quai Voltaire. The next morning I went to a proper book-store and bought "London River" and "The Sea and the Jungle" — and an unmutilated copy of "Old Junk". For forty-eight hours after I was lost to all sense of responsibility and to the claims of domesticity and friendship. And since that day I have felt that the fact that H. M. Tomlinson is alive and that from time to time he writes a new book is one of the best possible reasons for living at all.

Gallion's Reach (Harper, $2.50) is Mr. Tomlinson's first novel. No review of Tomlinson's work would be legitimate without mention of Conrad. Tomlinson has been likened to Conrad by more reviewers than any living man, — even Francis Brett-Young. They are almost a hemisphere apart. To Conrad English character and the Englishman were always an enchanting mystery, and on the sea one could isolate them and study their beguiling and elusive difference from all other forms of human life in circumstances most propitious for bringing out their more quixotic and hare-brained traits. Tomlinson takes Englishmen in his stride. The terror and immensity and beauty of the sea, the courage of the little men who sail on it in little ships, are his material.

In "Gallion's Reach", to be sure, Jimmy Colet runs away to sea thinking he has killed his intolerable employer. He commits his crime and flies to his mother the sea, and the sea receives him and teaches him and sends him back; and that is Mr. Tomlinson's story. There is a ship-wreck in this book for which I would trade three Niggers and any conceivable number of Lord Jims; there is a captain who goes down on his foundered ship, not through any need of making an heroic British gesture but because going down on his ship is for him the only possible death.

No one today writes prose as H. M. Tomlinson writes it. Only one line in English literature moves me as some sentence does on almost every page Tomlinson can write: "The surge and thunder of the Odyssey".

Black Stream (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is Nathalie Colby's story of the interwoven lives of two households — that of a physician and his ambitious wife, and that of the deceptively glittering home of the woman the doctor's wife has chosen to envy and emulate, a home where a man and woman live together courteously and formally, surveying each other through a glass wall of pride and misunderstanding. Some of Mrs.

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Colby's characters are always more than life-size, and in this book it is the doctor and his assistant, who loves him. But she is turned from the house because she was kinder than she was discreet, in war-time France, to a doughboy who turned out to be a college friend of the doctor's son. . . . A pregnancy and a marriage with a dupe, a suicide, a death, heart-break and disillusion all around: these may separately or in judicious combination be the materials of great fiction, but heaped up and running over they may be said to obscure the real virtues of a well-written book.

NOTHING BUT THE SLEUTH

By Donald Douglas

OF late years a sinister influence has come to corrupt the fine tradition of the great Sherlock Holmes who was a knight without fear and without a love interest. Now you can't get through a fine tale about battle and murder and sudden thugs without having to spend half your time with a blue-eyed heroine intent on getting into trouble so that the detective-hero can fish her out from the nets of crime. In this regrettable practice the incomparable Edgar Wallace is the very worst offender. No other writer can equal his astounding fabrics of complicated plots woven into a bright carpet of romance, but there's always the inevitable girl etched right in the center of the carpet. Even so delightful a thief-taker as his Mr. J. G. Reeder has got to go and fall in love and shave off disfiguring side-whiskers to make himself a boy again for the sake of a sweet wench. You can buy "The Mind of J. G. Reeder" in London for a shilling and get a real shocker; but now in *Terror Keep* (Small, Maynard) you observe the astute and slightly acid Mr. Weeder unravel hideous fabrics of dark crime only at the last to feel the sweet pressure of a girl's soft lips upon his aged mouth. No doubt M. Lecoq did at times get all tangled up in romance, but it never got in the way of the story. You can count on Edgar Wallace doing the best mystery tales of anyone now writing and then taking up at least two pages with a rapturous description of a girl's blue eyes and rose-bud mouth and other fascinations right enough in the way of a maid with a man but downright irritating in the way of a thug with a sandbag.

It's a proof of soft effeminacy lain like a blur of mould on the fair tapestry of the skeined plot which should stick to master-minds and villains popping in and out of every fifteenth page (cutting throats from left to right) in an orgy of thickening suspense and secret panels and a coupla chases over roofs at midnight, with a few hand-to-handcuff encounters thrown in at the last haul by the fisher of thugs. Now in *Hardican's Hollow* (Doran), as in all other J. S. Fletcher cerebrations, you do get a crime-haunted inn and dark gypsies with rings in their ears and a stored treasure and dead unhappy nights with rain on the roof, but likewise you get a vast amount of pother over a plot of no importance. Refreshing as it is to survey Mr. Fletcher's cold cynicism about his heroines you do wish he'd not spread his blood so thin. You get real blood and a vampire doctor in Sydney Horler's *Vivanti* (Doran), wherein an implacable master-mind distils its poison to the discomfiture of a brave and thick-headed Secret Service gent who at last applies a Scotland Yardstick to the craniums of the wicked. Here again a fair heroine gets in the way but not quite enough to spoil the fun. Another girl just like her pops up in J. M. Walsh's *The White Mask* (Doran) which displays a mysterious dispenser of oblique justice at last brought down by the coursing bloodhounds of the law. Take off the white mask and you find a master-face made of putty doing its best to look like Edgar Wallace's "Four Just Men" or "Jack o' Judgment" and with none of Wallace's

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distinction. There's nothing worse in art than a bad imitation of a good detective.

At times the true lover of the great tradition in detective mythology (M. Lupin and M. Lecoq and Sherlock Holmes and Father Brown of imperishable memory!) wonders whether there's not something really worse than a heroine marrying the handsome young inspector and that is a tale wherein the author insists on inventing a sleuth who makes wise cracks for three hundred pages. Let wisecracks stay with the young intellectuals where they belong. Give us all the crack of the truncheon on the splintered dome of the tough guy or the crack of a pistol shot at a bad man creeping on all fours down into the drain! There's the distinction of real humor in Frank Heller's charming rogues or H. C. Bailey's most engaging Dr. Fortune or Mr. G. K. Chesterton flopping about in the robes of Father Brown. There's very little except acute distress at a Philo Vance story or John G. Brandon's *The Joy Ride* (Dial Press) where four young Oxford graduates engage in the best Oxford battle of wits with a gang of crooks. They drop their g's and get their man; but can you swallow nearly three hundred pages of a novel just bent on bein' so bloomin' funny? Try if you like Anthony Berkeley's *The Mystery at Lover's Cave* (Simon and Schuster) and listen to Roger Sheringham engage in amateur detective work at the expense of the Force. It's an ingenious plot with a society woman thrown over a cliff and pretty girl suspected of the murder and it's pleasant reading; and yet you wish Roger wouldn't give the impression of Oscar Wilde trying to wear gum-shoes.

So far this fall there's been no new Heller book or Dr. Fortune book; and therefore very little to write about to Scotland Yard. This summer at least one unwearying romanticist read fifteen Edgar Wallace ninepenny reprints in the rapt seclusion of an English railway carriage (third class) and all were first-class works. We can only hope that the American publishers will do right by Edgar Wallace. For the moment there's nothing better than Foxhall Daingerfield's *The Silver Urn* (Appleton) and George Gibbs's *The Castle Rock Mystery* (Appleton) and that better turns out to be no better than just bad. A crusty old lady puts her treasure in a silver urn and she and her brother are bumped off by a bad man; and a spinster solves a plot of such incredible obviousness and dullness that you just can't give her too much credit. Then in "The Castle Rock Mystery" a writer of mystery stories finds a man murdered and is himself suspected because that very night he'd been sleep-walking, and there's a Pennsylvania Dutchman named Krouse who tries awfully hard to be a new kind of detective. He makes shrewd remarks and does shrewd things; and somehow it doesn't seem to matter. Won't J. Jefferson Farjeon and H. C. Bailey and Frank Heller please hurry on with a new nifty?

Time was when Frank Packard gave us all the thrill of our lives with Jimmy Dale; and then he began to imitate his own plots and lately he's gone in heavy for the South Sea Islands and combs beaches for romance. *The Devil's Mantle* (Doran) puts a fine young fighter in the unpleasant position of being suspected of murder. They put a price on his head and do their best to put a rope round his neck. There are ships foundering and nasty yellow men and all the fights you can wish and a nice girl and blood spilled on the decks. From first to last it has a mounting thrill, even though this time Jimmy Dale doesn't drive an eight-cylinder Packard. Now in the absence of good mystery yarns we might as well try books of adventure and you know what that means. It means the isles of the southern seas where men go pearl-mad and sock other men in the jaw and sail boats to lagoons cupped with blue water under the glare of the tropic sun and the hardly less torrid influence of tropic love.

At this kind of thing Frank Packard's nonstop flights come in first; and yet Basil Carey's *The Dangerous Isles* (Dial Press) doesn't run such a bad second. Quite apart from the thrill at seeing Morgan pummel the evil Stewart into a blood-stained pulp there's real joy in reading such phrases as "He had a sudden desire to conquer this defiant slip of womanhood". You can say what you like, but in "The Dangerous

(*Continued on page xxxviii*)

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Coöperation with the Public Libraries of America

One impression which is strengthened whenever the monthly reports of the public libraries come under analysis for the purpose of this Monthly Score is that there are surprisingly few modern writers who can tell a good story interestingly enough to fix and hold the attention of the great mass of American readers. It would be possible, if it were worth taking the trouble to do it, to set up a standing list of not more than two dozen living novelists and to project with almost mathematical certainty the appearance of the next book of each in the Monthly Score; possible, even, to forecast the relative position of each and its probable duration in public favor, much as an astronomer projects the orbit of Halley's comet.

Outside of that changeless two dozen or so of authors, it is reasonably certain that not more than once or twice a year will the name of another fiction writer creep into these records, and then only for a momentary flash. And the sad part of it all is that the outsiders who do creep in are so seldom the new writers whose work is acclaimed by the critics as "literature". Literature seems to be one thing, the art of telling a story quite another. Whatever the critics may say of Harold Bell Wright as an interpreter of life, he knows how to tell a story in the way in which the public likes to have a story told. If, in addition to being a good story, a book happens also to be good literature, the fact does not seem to militate greatly against its general acceptance; but if these meticulous records of America's reading tastes prove anything it is that the story's the thing. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	Lost Ecstasy	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
3.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
4.	Twilight Sleep	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
5.	A Good Woman	*Louis Bromfield*	STOKES
6.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
7.	Doomsday	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
8.	God and the Groceryman *	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
9.	The Old Countess	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
10.	Barberry Bush *	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	The Immortal Marriage	*Gertrude Atherton*	LIVERIGHT
12.	The Sea Gull	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Revolt in the Desert	*T. E. Lawrence*	DORAN
3.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
4.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
5.	"We"	*Charles A. Lindbergh*	PUTNAM
6.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	LIVERIGHT
7.	Trader Horn *	*Alfred Aloysius Horn (with Ethelreda Lewis)*	SIMON
8.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
9.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*George A. Dorsey*	HARPER
10.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
11.	Mother India *	*Katherine Mayo*	HARCOURT
12.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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(*Continued from page 336*)

Isles" you have refreshment both from "She looked very young and helpless as she lay on the divan" and from an unending series of damned clever Chinks and young battling heroes and sweet slips of girls and boats sailing and men tussling. In Louis Moresby you get *Rubies* (Doran) and not pearl; and likewise you get the steamy jungles of Burma and a great golden Buddha and Cornwall smugglers and black-hearted gentlemen singing a song of greed. Your chief interest lies in the discovery that Louis Moresby is none other than E. Barrington as well as L. Adams Beck; and that's enough to keep you awake. If you get too sun-struck with southern seas you can lope to the Canadian wilds in A. E. Forrest's *Silent Guests* (Covici) where you have a baronial mansion in the wastes, and a gang of ex-convicts and panels that open and deliver up their spooks and other hair-raising matters. That sort of thing really requires Algernon Blackwood.

Beyond doubt the best yarn this fall is Dornford Yates's *Blind Corner* (Minton, Balch) where three men try to raise buried treasure from a deep Wagensburg well with unpleasant interruptions by a gang of crooks. Mr. Yates's narrative style is an unfailing delight. Indeed it's an anti-climax to mention Pierrepont B. Noyes's *The Pallid Giant* (Revell) where the former American Rhineland Commissioner tries to mix business with Rider Haggard.

All the books in this article are $2.00.

EARLY BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

By Isaac Goldberg

THE MOB (*La Horda*). *By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated by Mariano Joaquin Lorente. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.*

THE latest of Blasco's novels to appear in English is more than twenty-two years old; "The Mob" belongs to the early days of sociological revolt, when its author, taking also a spiritual inventory of his nation, set forth his findings in the guise of tales. The church, the agrarian question, the bull fight, the slum proletariat — these were all grist that came to his mill for the grinding out of

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SONNETS TO CRAIG *by* George Sterling

Upton Sinclair told in the September Bookman of the hundred unpublished sonnets which Sterling wrote to Mary Craig Sinclair. We are pleased to announce that we have secured this treasure of poetry and shall begin printing from it in an early issue.

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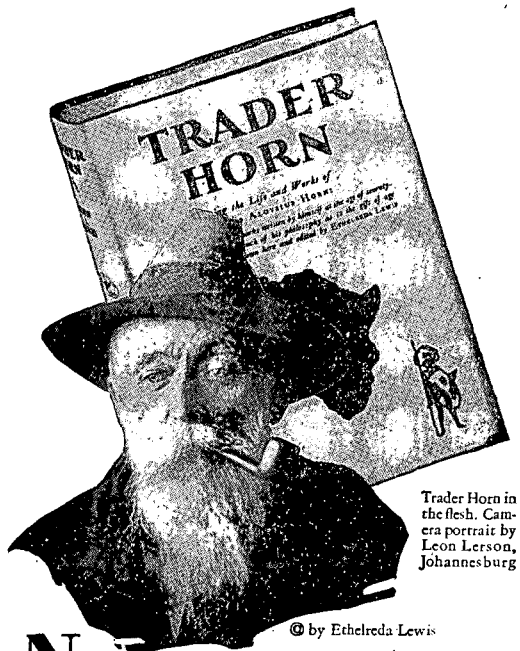

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novels. Because it was Blasco, the novels throbbed with a certain crude vigor; love, in its more lustful aspects, peered shyly or insolently through the leaves of his note-books; always one came away with a sense of the plea behind the plot. These books, too, had a certain obliqueness, an indirection of style, that linked them to a period of the Spaniard's life. Only in *"La Barraca"* (The Cabin) and *"Cañas y Barro"* (Reeds and Mud) did the man so interpenetrate his material and become in turn so interpenetrated by it that he produced tales laying a just claim to artistry. "The Mob" is of the lesser category.

The unsanctioned love affair between Maltrana and Feliciana serves as a background against which we are treated to a descent into the maelstrom of Madrid. Here is a living merry-go-round of writers and politicians, of ragpickers, petty municipal officials, poachers, madmen, saints, sinners, drab domesticates (that noun should be in the dictionary) and gypsies of the body and the soul. Among them Maltrana, who some day is to write the book that shall make him fame and a fortune, wanders in an alternation of exaltation and despair; now he is what he himself calls the Hellenist, now the driven hack, and always the spinner of words and mere webs of prophecy. When life in the eyes of Feliciana traps him there is a smiling interlude of promise, but disillusion waits for him faithfully around the corner; she dies after their child is born, leaving a son that at last gives meaning to the penitent father's aimless existence. Away with the hollow ideals of abstraction; here is something concrete to work for, to fight for.

"The Mob" is a haunt of deepening gloom. It has moments of tenderness and of power, but it is, after all, a labor of purpose, not of passion. One cannot better conceive the difference between Baroja and Blasco Ibáñez than by reading, in connection with "The Mob", such a trilogy as "The Struggle for Life", which is laid in the selfsame underworld of the Spanish capital. And there must be a moral hidden somewhere when it is possible to read, after an interval of two epochal decades, the tale of a hack writer across the sea and discover it to resemble so closely the trials that await the same species in our own metropolis, anno domini, 1927.

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FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the spring of 1937 two men will be sitting in a down town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now — but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

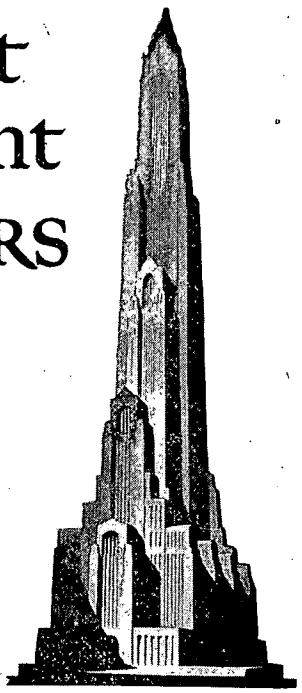
The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1927," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively — and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history — more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me* . . . "

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history — more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

RIGHT now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

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The Story of Philosophy is beautifully printed in large clear type, superbly bound in black vellum cloth, and measures 6¼ x 9¼ x 2 inches. It contains 592 pages, including glossary and index, with 21 full-page illustrations. It is so "good, bright and clear" that in 18 months it has already sold over 175,000 copies. It is available at all book stores, price $5.00.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, *by Marie Catherine, Baronne D'Aulnoy (Dutton, $5.00).*

THERE is little to be said about the latest addition to the Broadway Translations except that it is characteristic of its period, that of Charles II, and of other memoirs of the time. The memoirs are spritely, inconsequential and amusing. Like the court they depict, they are animated and unimportant.

One is tempted to indulge in the odious and to compare the small library of memoirs finding their genesis in the court of Charles with that other five-foot-shelf produced by the court of Louis, just across the channel.

The courtiers of Charles are so casual as to be almost unreadable at times. Fornication seems to have been an end in itself and, while I do not desire to deprecate unduly this point of view, it does in the end grow wearisome. The life of this court is almost too volatile to be put on paper: it is so thin that it is shadow-like. Not so with the Sun God. His courtiers have left some traces of real passion and, more than that, the very intrigue of his court had a stamina that that of England lacked. I think that it can be summed up very simply in saying that nothing whatever was considered to be of any importance in the court of Charles, and that nearly everything, including the most unimportant matters, were of vital importance in the court of Louis.

There is not a dull page in *Some Memories and Reflections*, by Emma Eames (Appleton, $5.00). The author has confined her "Reflections" to discreet, lively comments upon the interesting people she knew in the course of an eventful life. Born in China, of Yankee parentage, reared partly in France, Emma Eames combines the traits of three nationalities; being at once idealistic, shrewd, and artistic to the innermost fibre. Her youth was wistful; "cribbed and confined" by the iron fetters of Puritanism which clung to her even after she virtually freed herself from the control of that rigid old grandmother who restrained her genius. She writes with picturesque fidelity of her early struggles

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with poverty; her difficulty in obtaining an engagement with an opera company. Her quaint allusion to "the warring stars" that surrounded her at birth seems justifiable in view of the extraordinary vicissitudes that beset her through life. An iron will and unswerving purpose brought her through the trials of ill health and a persistent enmity on the part of an unnamed rival. Generous as well as just, she praises those of her artist comrades who deserve it; withholds blame from the unworthy. After all, her life must have been a fairly happy one. Her marriage with Mr. Story seems to have been a real idyl; her early association with Mr. Grau a fortunate connection, for he deferred to her preferences and permitted her to have her own way to a remarkable degree. She was never forced to sacrifice her high ideal of her art. She loved acting more, even, than singing, and threw herself into her rôles with enthusiastic abandon. Juliet, Desdemona, Tosca, Sieglinde, Aida, Elsa — what a magnificent repertoire she covered in her original creations! Her fixed resolve to retire before her voice showed any signs of deteriorating, was carried out and the splendid maturity of forty-three saw her bidding farewell to the operatic stage, and retreating to her home in Maine. But that genius may not rest is demonstrated by this volume, which shows some of the finest traits of the literary art. It is simple, natural, and singularly free from the blemishes of self-consciousness and affectation that too often taint the memoirs of actors and musicians.

So Mr. Walter Geer may be pardoned for some inconsistencies between his enthusiasms and betrayals of actual truths in *Napoleon and His Family* (Brentano. $5.00). Having in mind the obloquy attaching to the name of the Corsican usurper, he becomes his apologist. He explains fantastic exhibitions of temperament, deliberate acts of injustice, as motivated by family affection and the tendency to be swayed by consideration of the family welfare. He is shown to be almost absurdly generous and forgiving toward his brothers and his sisters, who continually interfered with his plans and defeated his arrangements. The Corsican's fixed ideal was the Clan, and although, being

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Plain Talk For November

THE TYRANNY OF LOVE *By Louis Bromfield*

Here is one of the most sledging attacks on the rule of the American woman in many a long day. Can the husband of this country, rich or poor, keep his nose to the grindstone and still be a satisfactory lover to his wife? If a woman demands more luxuries than he can really afford, is it strange that he concentrates so much on the job that he eventually thinks of nothing else?

WHY DENVER KNIFED BEN LINDSEY *By Hendrik Willem Van Loon*

Mr. Van Loon explains why Denver prefers a Kluxer in a nightshirt to Ben Lindsey in a judicial gown. Hendrik Willem Van Loon is justly celebrated, but here is one of the most brilliant articles ever pounded out on his typewriter.

THE PROHIBITION CRAZE *By Judge Frank Doster*

After having been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, and after having watched for years the conflict of laws and nature, Frank Doster's article is not exactly anything to make the Anti-Saloon League rejoice.

WHY ALIMONY? *By Hon. Frederick Hackenburg*

Has a woman who can earn her living the right to ask her divorced husband to support her?

THE SOUTH BUNGLES THE NEGRO QUESTION *By Howard Snyder*

Northerners have been howling about the South's treatment of the Negro for years, but here comes a trenchant article from darkest Mississippi.

MARY BAKER EDDY *By Morris Fishbein, M. D.*

An article by the Editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"The Atheist Nobody Knows," "Do Chautauquans Think?" "The Cabots Speak Yiddish," "Freel Kendrick of Philly," "The Big Bully of Europe," "The Psychology Tests and I" and many other articles and features are in

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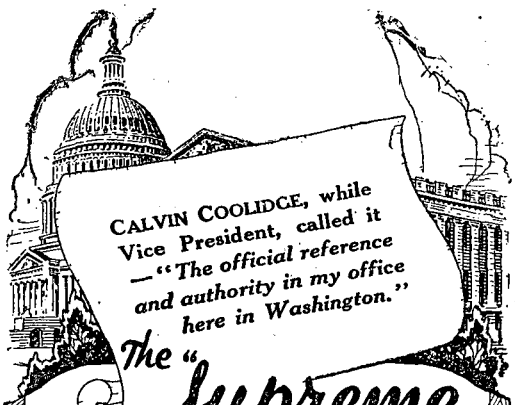

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younger than Joseph Bonaparte, he was not the natural head of the family, he demonstrated his indubitable superiority and made them yield to his rule, willingly or not. He evolved a "System" into which he determinedly fitted every relation and intimate friend. Standing alone in Europe, with hostile eyes upon him everywhere, he bulwarked himself with what he considered an impregnable breastwork; a chain of sovereigns formed of relations. But the defect in his system was that he never allowed any one of the sovereigns he created the liberty of thinking for himself or acting for the welfare of his own subjects. A reincarnated Roman, he had neither understanding nor sympathy for the growing spirit of individuality. Napoleon the man, the brother and son, is a fascinating study. The two volumes in preparation upon his subsequent life and end at St. Helena may be looked for with keen anticipation.

Mr. P. T. Etherton, as a veteran official of the British government in China, has had ample opportunity to observe and draw conclusions in the Orient.

In *The Crisis in China* (Little, Brown $3.50), he proceeds from a brief review of political history, with kaleidoscopic impressions of home life, government administration, finances, and historical warring factions within the government, to his objective, present day China: its conditions, their causes, their remedies. So brief and unsatisfactory are his glimpses of the various phases, that one feels tantalized and thwarted at the conclusion of each chapter.

As might be expected, Mr. Etherton has a strong British bias which he tries honestly to subdue; no one who is at all familiar with present conditions in China can doubt Mr. Etherton's knowledge and insight into Eastern affairs. He is to be congratulated on his fairness, his sympathy, his toleration; he is to be commiserated because of his inability to reject material.

The Mad Carews, by Martha Ostenso (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), is a novel of farm life on the prairies of Minnesota, tinged by the flatness and dullness inherent in the landscape. The Carew family is a wild and

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romantic legend in the community. Down through the generations it has always possessed money, shrewdness, and rakes of men who marry good women. Elsa Bowers from Elder's Hollow (need more be said about her?) marries young Bayliss Carew and spends some time in adjusting herself to the disagreeable women, the pride, and the wildness in the Carew tradition.

The book is a careful but rather hard-breathing record of rural personalities and situations. Michael Carew gets his sensational tribe into more trouble by investing the townspeople's money in a shaky scheme. There is a riot, a fight (Bayliss *versus* one of the detractors of his family) and the town is paid off in grandiloquent fashion to the tune of the proud slogan: "The Carews settle". In the settlement most of the family goods are wiped out, and the Carews decide to move on. Elsa declines to move with them. ". . . I will raise no children in the fear of the heritage of the Carews. . . . I don't want a child of mine to be a coward!" And Bayliss, noble youth, casts his lot with her. Of the style and mechanics of the book nothing can be said save that they have competence.

Writers may come and writers may go, but Joseph C. Lincoln stays on Cape Cod forever. *The Aristocratic Miss Brewster* (Appleton, $2.00) is the twenty-ninth volume he has turned out, and the unkind would add that it is exactly like the other twenty-eight. But none dare deny the popularity of the pattern. Lincoln gets serial publication in the women's magazines and the men acclaim him in book form — no mean feat in itself.

"The Aristocratic Miss Brewster" deals with that dark era before woman broke her shackles and fought hand-to-hand with brutal man for subway seats. Genealogically speaking, Miss Brewster belonged to the elite of Wapatomac. She was a lady with all the restrictions attached. But at thirty-five she rose in rebellion against genteel poverty and went to work in a bank for fifteen dollars per week. It was the president of that institution, Captain David Cummings, whose humble forebears exhumed the succulent clam, who got the job for her

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by a little adroit politics. But a half-brother turns up, claiming riches, and asks her to give up keeping banking hours to keep house for him. To that temptation she foolishly yields. Her love story is centered around this same Captain Cummings.

The careful, flowing Lincoln attention to detail is here, and several of the beloved Lincoln stock figures are reintroduced to his heavy clientele — like retired and crotchetty sea-captains and the faithful old family servitor who talks in twisted proverbs. The half-brother is the best drawn of the lot.

"My God, Jerry — look!" That exclamation is come across often in the course of *The Devil of Pei-Ling*, by Herbert Asbury (Macy-Masius, $2.00), and if you are not the nervous type of reader it is worth a look in every instance. Inspector Conroy points out some passingly bizarre sights to his friend Dr. Smith. The book is crowded with matters quite beyond the pale of mortal understanding.

Among the human phenomena on exhibit are a self-crucified woman; a perfectly nice girl possessed of an evil spirit that sharpens her teeth and raises her eyebrows diabolically at the tips; and a murderer who was able to curse his executioners even after he was pronounced dead. This *corpus delicti* came shooting disconcertingly back up through the trap for that grisly curtain call.

Of the inanimate things that amaze are bits of deadly rope that writhe across rooms; floating gobs of detached blood, capable of battling the police department of New York; shafts of malignant yellow light; and a dank, tomblike odor that is the man they made the mistake in hanging returning unsanitarily for his revenge. Then there is a brass idol that comes to life at midnight and that no bullet can stop.

Out of this horrific hodge-podge Asbury constructs a detective story with thrills enough to prickle the spine of the ultra-jaded.

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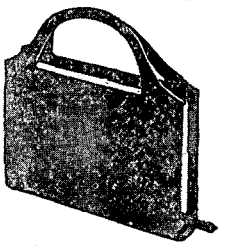
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GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

AFTER a prolonged immersion in these extended travelogues one comes to the surface a bit breathless, wondering if there is a great deal left to be said on the subject of France. Mr. Emile F. Williams's *Undiscovered France* (Houghton, Mifflin, $7.50) almost covers the entire matter himself, if a mere marshalling of impressive facts, together with dates and measurements, can be said to cover it. Mr. Williams carries his pedantic tape-measure and his assorted guide books in a wide sweep through the less celebrated areas of France, beginning at Angers and working southward through Angoulême and the Périgueux of "Beloved Vagabond" fame to Toulouse, and back again east and north through Le Puy and Clermont-Ferrand to Bourges. His itinerary consists chiefly of churches, with here and there an episcopal palace or a twelfth-century château. In spite of its size, the book is so compact that only the barest details find place. Manifestly it is not a work designed to provide a pleasant evening for those of us who stay at home.

Nor, for that matter, is *A Wayfarer on the Seine* by E. I. Robson (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.00), although the genial temper of its author and his love for the life and legends of the country through which he wanders give charm to his account. Mr. Robson follows the Seine from Havre to its source, pausing to consider Paris only in its aspect as a river port, but devoting full and loving attention to Caudebec, Jumièges, Rouen, and above Paris, to Troyes and Châtillon. At heart Mr. Robson is an antiquarian, and he is content to leave to the ordinary sources of tourist information matters which they are competent to treat. But he has the rare ability to present his technical knowledge in such a fashion that it is interesting to the layman without, at the same time, subjecting it to the emasculating influences of popularization.

The table of contents of *Cloud-Lands of France* by Amy Oakley (Century, $4.00) is a roster of all the colorful and romantic names of the ancient provinces, Provence, Dauphiné, and Savoy. Mrs. Oakley, together with her artist husband, follows the route of the Alps from Nice to the heights of Chamonix and Mont Blanc. The journey ends at Evian by Lake Geneva. The book, in spite of its vivid anecdotal flavor, somehow fails of its promise. It is rather as if the too rapid succession of bright hues had combined, against the author's will, into that neutral shade which the physicist sometimes evokes from a whirling color-disk. Occasionally, also against her intention, Mrs. Oakley provokes a smile from her reader — as, for example, in her strictures upon the rude Alpinist who was so lacking in poetic sensibility that he smoked his pipe upon the summit of Mont Blanc. The drawings of Thornton Oakley, with which the book is lavishly illustrated, are admirably executed and constitute the chief charm of what is, on the whole, a graceful performance.

The attribution of *Sketches on the Old Road through France to Florence* (Dutton, $5.00) to A. H. Hallam Murray is at first confusing, until one realizes that the drawings in color are Mr. Murray's, and that his companions, Henry W. Nevinson and Montgomery Carmichael, are responsible for the text. And it is a responsibility which almost anyone, from Mandeville to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, might be happy to share. Here is no hurried listing of facts and dates, no elaboration of the guide book technique. Instead, an air of leisureliness and reflection,

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and a present sense of that association which is the charm of old countries. Mr. Nevinson states his own conviction in this matter;

"Close beside the baths at Nîmes is a church built for the Nymphs, probably during the life of Christ. It does not in the least interest us to know the size of the stones, though they are large, or the nature of the decoration, though it is said to be good. But we would give much to know what the builders really thought about the Nymphs, what the priests thought who were paid for their service, what the people thought who came to their worship."

You may derive instruction from the other books of travel, but this last one is worthy to be a companion, read and re-read with delight, both for the quality of the writing it contains and for the mellow beauty of Mr. Murray's drawings.

Baedeker's "London", new edition, is the latest attempt of the Karl Baedeker company to win back the business lost during the war to Murray in London and Hachette in Paris. All the familiar qualities are in it, making it now the best guide to London.

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BOOK auction sales have started up again in this country, though nothing sensational is to be expected in the early season's offerings. It looks as though this season of 1927–8 is to be another series of field days for the autograph collectors. Last season's autograph sales, with a Button Gwinnett document selling for $51,000 as the outstanding event, were highly successful, and the number of people who are interested in autographs seems to have been increased suddenly. Gabriel Wells, the New York dealer, came back from England last month with three signatures of Button Gwinnett, that Revolutionary worthy who seems to have performed his greatest service to his country by signing the Declaration of Independence, and to autograph collectors by signing his name elsewhere for their benefit. The sale at the Anderson Galleries of the famous Hollingsworth autograph collection may well be the outstanding event of this season's autograph sales. The Hollingsworth family is one of the oldest in Boston, and the late Zachary T. Hollingsworth had been collecting autographs and engraved portraits for nearly half a century. Anybody can understand what a start this gave him over any present-day collector. He had a complete set of autographs of the Signers of the Declaration, every letter and document of which was written within the period of the Revolutionary War, and many of which are dated in 1776. The Button Gwinnett document is of 1777 date and is an order approving payment to a dispatch rider. His signature of Thomas Lynch was originally in the famous Raffles collection in England, and later was owned by Eliot Danforth. Mr. Hollingsworth also had a second set of the autographs of the Signers, included in his collection of autographs of members of the Continental Congress, with the exception of the signature of Arthur Middleton.

What kind of autographs are most in demand? Generally speaking, autograph letters signed, relating to the history of America. Rarity, condition and many other factors enter into the determination of the value of autographs, but the greatest factor is the contents of the letter. If George Washington declines an invitation to dinner, that is one thing, and if he writes a letter approving the execution of Major André that is another, and the difference in value between these two things will be represented by many hundreds of dollars. What collectors most desire nowadays is good autograph letters signed, with interesting contents and in good condition. Of course if an autograph letter signed cannot be had, a letter written by a secretary and signed by the sender will be desirable. If the signature is still rarer, an autograph document signed must be secured, or at least a document signed.

There will be some good book sales this season. It is understood that the magnificent collection of the late William A. White of Brooklyn has been appraised for purposes of sale, and that it probably will come into the auction market this season. Mr. White's collection is well known through the catalogue of it which was compiled by Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett a couple of years ago. It is practically a library of early English literature, very strong in Shakespeareana, including a set of the Four Folios and a large number of the quarto plays in splendid condition. Mr. White's library contains many unique volumes and a sale of this collection will attract not only all American collectors but some from abroad.

The booksellers who have been abroad the past summer have all returned safely — none of them essaying the aeroplane — and have settled down to the serious business of distributing among American collectors the treasures they picked up from English dealers or found in old country houses. Some of the collectors have been abroad also and captured prizes. A. Edward Newton of "Oak Knoll", Daylesford, Berwyn P. O.,

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Pennsylvania, U. S. A., heads the whole list. He captured the famous First Folio of Shakespeare formerly in the library of the Earl of Carysfort, known as one of the finest copies of this work in existence, and report says that it set back his bank account (which could stand it) to the amount of $62,000.

Mr. Newton likes to write about books, but he does not like to write about books he does not own, for with his own books he is on intimate terms. Following the series of reminiscences of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach Mr. Newton has broken into The Saturday Evening Post with some of his book-lore. As Mr. Newton leads all living writers on books about books — and there is a host of them — we may expect another book from him one of these days. Dr. Rosenbach's reminiscences have been put into book form, and among the latest entrants into this field of literature are William Dana Orcutt, Douglas C. McMurtrie, the typographical experts, and Cyril Davenport, late of the British Museum.

Let 'em come! The number of book collectors is increasing, and collectors seize with avidity upon books about books. Foley's "American Authors", published a generation ago, is now being rewritten, and will be as useful and stimulating as was its predecessor, now outlawed. By the way, this Boston bookseller, P. K. Foley, in collaboration with Andy McCance, another Boston bookseller, ought to write a book on "What we Saw in One Week in Ireland", where they spent seven days together the past summer. Arthur Swann, who has resigned as head of the book department and as vice president of the American Art Galleries, might write a very interesting book of personal reminiscences about the concern with which he has been connected for so many years. Mitchell Kennerley, president of the Anderson Galleries, might write a still more interesting one, and there are others whose reminiscences would prove a

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valuable addition to the literature of book collecting. The veteran Stan V. Henkels of Philadelphia, who at the time of his death last year was the oldest book auctioneer in America, had written a volume of reminiscences which is full of interest, but which, on account of its length, seems to have failed to find a publisher up to the present time.

With the present craze for antiques of every kind there has grown up a profession hitherto known in the book world as "scouting". Junk dealers and sub-junk dealers scour the countryside in search of Duncan Phyffe tables, Sheraton sideboards and Chippendale mirrors, and buy, to sell to some dealer, whatever they can cajole the ignorant possessor into selling cheap. Not infrequently these blind leaders of the blind fall into the ditch. A short time ago a young painter working for the writer told of buying a lot of old books for three dollars from a woman in Massachusetts. He looked them over, and in one found a slip of old writing which with some difficulty he deciphered in part, finding it of no interest, and so put it back in the book. He sold three of the antique books to a dealer for a dollar each, and had the rest left. This lot he finally disposed of to another dealer for eight dollars. The slip of paper was sold to a bookseller for fifty dollars, and went to another dealer for $300. Later it became the property of a private collector for $2000, and was presented to one of our greatest libraries as properly belonging there, being a letter of John Harvard. Probably the story is altogether wrong in its details, but a better and absolutely true one can be told of the unique copy of Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue" which the late George D. Smith purchased in Boston for fifteen cents, sold to Scribner's for sixty dollars, went to the late Frederick W. French of Boston for $120 and was sold at the French auction for $1,000 after Mr. Smith and Scribner's representative had vainly tried to buy it back.

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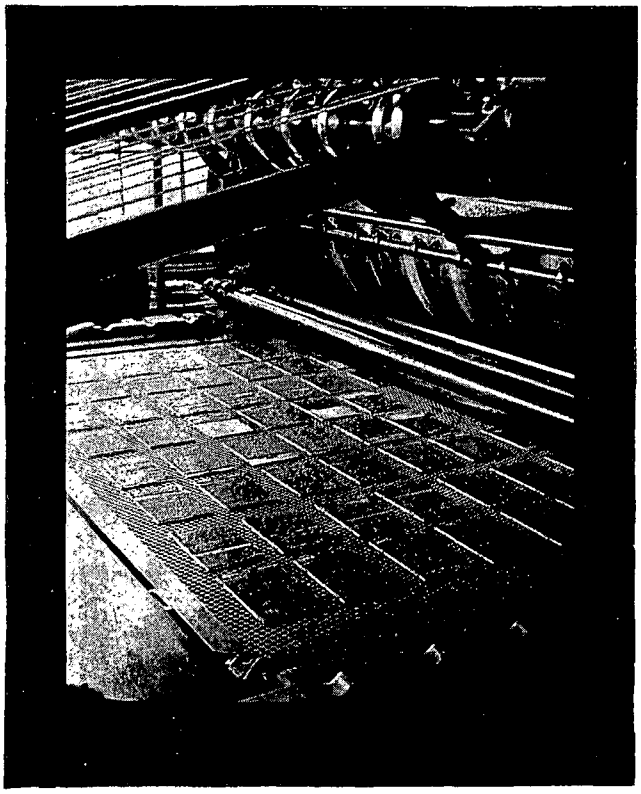

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